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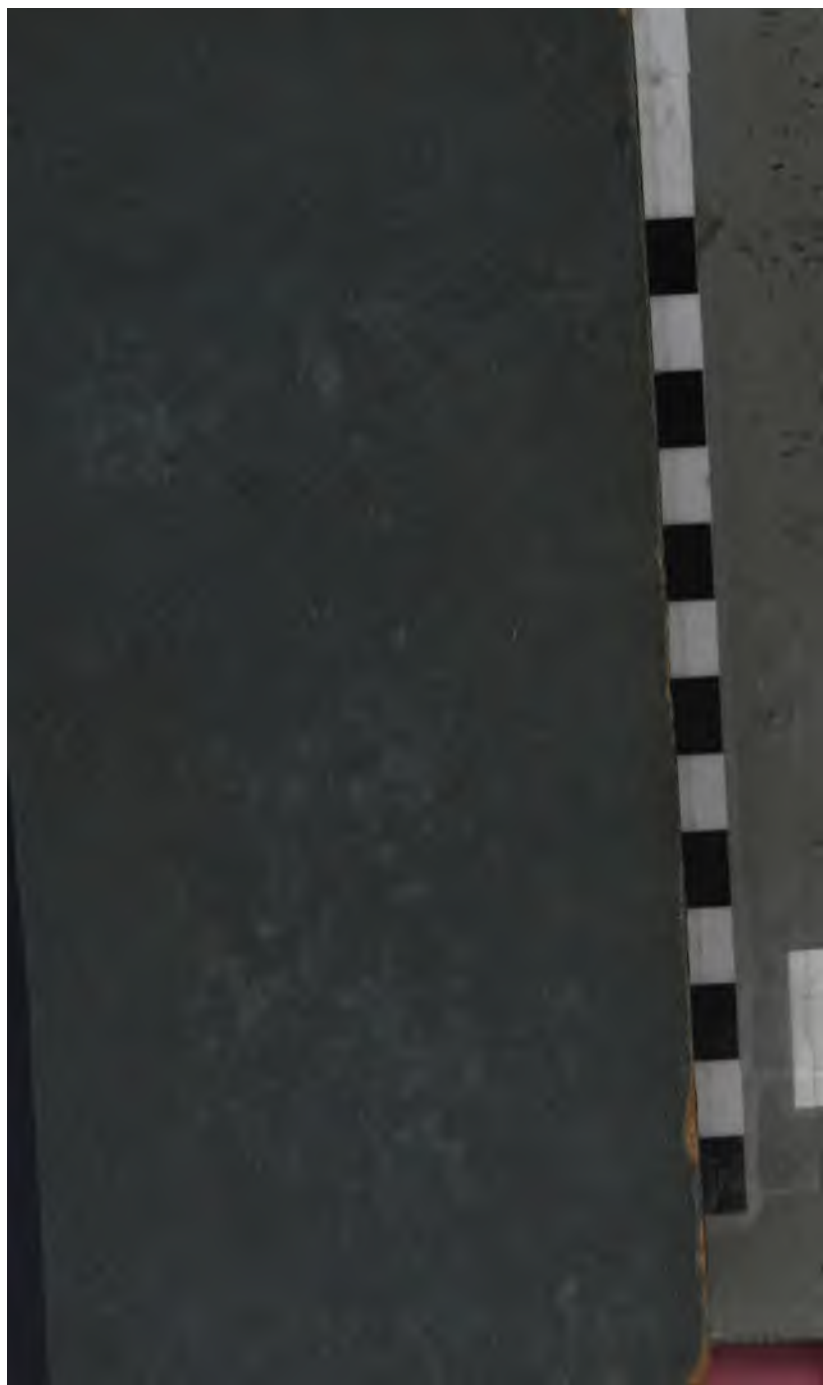
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THE DRAMATIC WORKS. OF
RICHARD BROME CONTAIN-
ING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW
FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE
VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

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176206

FIVE
PLAYS,

Viz. :

The Northerne Laffe.

The Sparagus Garden.

The Antipodes.

A Jovial Crew.

The Queen's Exchange.

By RICHARD BROME.



LONDON

1632—57.

THE
NORTHERN
LASSE,
A
COMOEDIE.

As it hath beene often Acted with good
Applause, at the *Globe*, and *Black-Fryers*.
By his Majesties Servants.

Written by RICHARD BROME.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.



LONDON :
Printed by AVG. MATHEVVES, and are
to be sold by NICHOLAS VAVASOVR,
dwelling at the little South dore
of *St. Paul's Church*.
1632.



The Persons in the Comædy.

Sir *Philip Luckless*, contracted to Mistresse
Fitchow the City-Widow.

Master *Tridewell*, Kinsman to Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Paul Squelch*, } Justices; Mistres *Fitchows*
Master *Bulfinch*, } friends.

Master *Widgine*, a Cockney-Gentleman, Bro-
ther to Mistres *Fitchow*.

Anvile, a Braggart, Governour to *Widgine*.

Master *Nonsense* a *Cornish* Gentleman, Suitor
to *Constance*.

Pate, a witty Serving-man to Sir *Philip*.

Beavis, a blunt Serving-man to Mistres
Traynwell.

Howdee, Mistres *Fitchows* man and Gentle-
man Usher.

Vexhem, a Constable.

Cleark to Sir *Paul*.

Masquers.

Mistresse *Fitchow*, the City Widdow.

Constance the Northern Lasse.

Mistresse *Traynwell* her Governess.

Con. Holdup, a cunning Whore.

Chambermayd to Mistresse *Fitchow*.



To the
Right Worthy, and no lesse Judicious than
Ingenious Gentleman,
RICHARD HOLFORD,
Esquire.

Sir,

RICH Friends may send you rich Presents, while poor ones have nothing but good wishes to present you. Though I be one of the last rank, and therefore cannot do like the first, yet it is my ambition to bring more than bare wishes with me, to one, of whom I have received real favours. A Countrey Lass I present you, that *Minerva*-like was a brayn-born Child, and *Jovially* begot, though now she seeks her fortune. She came out of the cold North, thinly clad; but *Wit* had pity on her, *Action* apparrell'd her, and *Plaudits* clapp'd her cheekes warm. She is honest, and modest, though she speak broad: And though *Art* never strung her tongue; yet once it yielded a delightful sound, which gain'd her many Lovers and Friends, by whose goodliking she prosperously lived,

lived, until her late long Silence, and Discontinuance (to which she was compell'd) gave her justly to fear their losse, and her own decay. Wherefore she, now, desirous to settle her self in some worthy service and no way willing (like some of further breed) to return from this Southern Sun-shine, back to her native Air; I thought it might become my care (having first brought and estrang'd her from her Countrey) to sue, with her, for Your noble *Patronage*; of Whom, she hears, (if Flattery abuse her not) she hath, heretofore, gotten some good opinion. Your love to witty and pleasant Recreations of this nature, hath brought her on; and Northern Spirits will soon wax bold. If you be pleased to accept of her, she will travel no further, but, together with my self, remain

Ever at your Service,

Richard Brome.

To my old Faithful Servant, and (by his continu'd Vertue) my loving Friend, the Author of this Work, Mr. *Richard Brome*.

I Had you for a Servant, once, Dick Brome ;
 And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts,
 Now, you are got into a nearer room,
 Of Fellowship, professing my old Arts.
 And you do doe them well, with good applause,
 Which you have justly gained from the Stage,
 By observation of those Comick Lawes
 Which I, your Master, first did teach the Age.
 You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your time
 A Prentice-ship: which few do now adays.
 Now each Court-Hobby-horse will wince in rime ;
 Both learned and unlearned, all write Playes.
 It was not so of old: Men took up trades
 That knew the Crafts they had bin bred in right :
 An honest Bilbo-Smith would make good blades,
 And the Physician teach men spue, or shite ;
 The Cobler kept him to his nall, but now
 He'll be a Pilot, scarce can guide a Plough.

Ben. Johnson.

To his approved Friend Mr. *Richard Brome*,
 on his
 NORTHERN LASSE.

W Hat! wilt thou prostitute thy Mistresse,
 (Friend)
 And make so rich a Beauty common? What end
 Do'st thou propose? She was thine own, but now
 All will enjoy her free: 'tis strange that thou
 Canst

*Canst brook so many Rivals in thy Lasse,
 Whose Wit and Beauty does her sex surpasse.
 I've learnt it; Thou hast try'd her, found her chaste,
 And fear'st not that she'll lewdly be embrac't:
 And now thou send'st her to be seen, and see
 If any be like fair, like good as Shee.*

F. T. Mag. Art. Oxon.

To his ingenious Brother, Mr. *Richard Brome*,
 upon this witty issue of his Brain, the
 NORTHERN LASSE.

*ALTHOUGH I call you by a Brothers name,
 I must confesse (nor do I fear the shame)
 I am in love with your fair Daughter, this,
 As fair condition'd as her Father is.
 Well met abroad, blithe, bonny Northern Lasse:
 Thy natural Beauties others far surpasse
 That are enrich'd with Fucusses of Art,
 Thy witty sweetness bears so fair a part.
 Not a Goodwoman, nor a Girle worth Gold,
 Nor twenty such (whose gaudy shews take hold
 Of gazing eyes) shall in acceptance thrive
 With thee, whose quaintness is superlative.
 Dick may be proud she's Daughter to no other,
 As I am proud that I have such a Brother.*

St. Br.

Of Mr. *Richard Brome* his ingenious Comedy,
the
NORTHERN LASSE.
To the Reader.

POets and Painters curiously compar'd,
Give life to Fancy and atchieve Reward
By immortality of Name: so thrives
Art's Glory, that All, what it breaths on lives.
Witness this Northern Piece. The Court affords
No newer fashion, or for wit, or words.
The Body of the Plot is drawn so fair,
That the souls language quickens with fresh air.
This well limb'd Poem, by no rate, or thought
Too dearly priz'd, being or sold, or bought.

John Ford.
The Authors very Frined.

To my Sonne Broom and his
LASSE.

WHich, then of Both shall I commend?
Or thee (that art my Son and Friend)
Or Her, by thee begot? A Girle
Twice worth the Cleopatrian Pearl.
No, 'tis not fit for me to Grace
Thee, who art mine; and to thy Face.
Yet I could say, the merriest Maid
Among the Nine, for thee has laid
A Ghyrlond by; and jeers to see
Pyed Ideots tear the Daphnean Tree;

Putting

*Putting their Eyes out with those Boughs
With which she bids me deck thy Brows.*

*But what I bring shall crown thy Daughter
(My Grand-child) who (though full of laughter)
Is chaste and witty to the time ;
Not lumpish-cold, as is her Clime.*

*By Phœbus Lyre, thy Northern Lasse
Our Southern proudest Beauties passe :
Be Jovial with thy Brains (her Mother)
And help her (Dick) to such another.*

Tho. Dekker.

To his known Friend Mr. R. Brome, on his
NORTHERN LASSE.

*M*Y Love may wrong thee, Friend, and should
I praise
Thy Book, I fear't would stain the wreathing Bays
That crowns thy Head ; No, they that know, can
tell

*This Piece craves not a bribing Prayer to sell.
Here's Beauty, Wit, and Language in a Glasse.
Who would not have a Copy of this Lasse.*

F. T.



THE
NORTHERN
LASSE.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Enter Sir Philip Luckles, Tridewell.

Tri. **B**UT I beseech you Sir, take me somewhat nearer your Council. May I assure my self, that this Report goes true ; that you are on this Treaty of Marriage with that Widow ?

Luc. Faith Cosin, I take it as my Fortune ; and am fully bent on the adventure.

Tri. Troth, in my mind, you were better venture your self, and Fortune to the *Bermudas*. Tis true, she has a good Estate ; some Nine thousand, I think : and were an apt match for one that knew how to govern it, and her ; some Hard-bred Citizen, Crafty Lawyer, or Countrey Justice. But you, a tender Nurfeling of the Court, altogether unmixt with such nature or education, to cast your self upon her, who for her years might be your Mother
(they

(they say: I never saw her) and has been the Town-widow these Three years, still conversant with Doctors, and Proctors of the Civil Law; of which Tribe her Husband was too. Never look to be better for her Riches: She'll consume yours and you too, though your back were *Herculean*; and lay you in your Grave, or in *Bedlam* (my life on't) before she dream o' dying, though it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

Luc. You speak Sir out of some unfortunate examples, and your extraordinary care of me. But truth is, all dissuasion comes too late, and all urgings against it are now uncharitable; For we are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What, married!

Luc. Lustily promis'd Sir. Absolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you joy. I'll out of Town.

Luc. I hope you'll see our Marriage. I sent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good Sir *Philip*, rather than I would be in sound of a Bell that should Ring at it, I would have my brains fillipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay, good Cofin: I intended you my principal guest. Wee'll have all very private, not above Four or five friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to be none of your Mourners, which indeed my presence there would make me; and so, perhaps, infect the rest. I leave my best wishes to you, and will endeavour to pray for you. Indeed I will.

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

A C T. II. Scene II.

Enter Anvile. Widgine.

An. Mr. *Tridewell* ! well met. Why so fast Sir, I took you for a Foot-post.

Tri. A Foot-post ! Indeed your fine wit will post you into another World one of these dayes, if it take not the whipping-post i'the way. And why Foot-post, in your little witty apprehension ?

An. Because you went so fast. But since you are angry, I would you were going twice as fast. If I interrupt you, hang me. Dee hear ?

Tri. Nay, I know you are apt to decline any mans anger, good Captain *Anvile*, you have been beaten to't.

Wid. Why, if he have, he may thank such as you are, that can endure no Jest.

Tri. What are you there too ? Mr. *Widgine*, I take it ?

Wid. My name is *Walter Widgine* Sir, not to be denied ; the only brother here of Sir *Philip Luckles* his betroth'd. She is a *Widgine* born Sir, and of the best family ; our Ancestors flew out of *Holland* in *Lincolnshire* to prevent persecution.

Tri. From *Crow-land* I warrant you, a little before a moulting-time.

Wid. Like enough Sir. My sister can tell you. Since, by Marriage, she was made a *Fitchow* ; her Husband was *Fitchow* the Civil Lawyer ; he was called the great Cannonier of the Civil Law, because he could discharge, or make report of every Canon therein ; Canon after Canon, or Canon upon Canon at his fingers ends, as readily as I can tell these pieces.

Tri. A fair demonstration !

Wid. He had many rare parts in him besides Sir, as my sister can tell you.

Tri. This fellow cannot choose but have a rare sister, he quotes her so !

Wid. But all the good I can speak of him, is, that he left my sister rich ; or at least a reasonable Estate, half a score thousand pounds, or so ; which she, with her self, bestows upon this honourable Knight, *Sir Philip Luckles*, to be a Lady of that name, and God gi' him joy. And for you, being his Kinsman, I shall desire your nearer acquaintance.

Tri. In good time Sir.

Wid. The match was not altogether her own seeking Sir, though she refus'd two Aldermen for him on my own knowledge.

Tri. Might she had 'hem both Sir ?

Wid. I and half a score Aldermens fellows to boot : yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed six yoke of such Cattel would plow up all his Acres in a forenoon.

Wid. My sister can tell you more Sir.

Tri. Still she is his Authority. I will see this Woman, *Sir Philip*, here are Guests will applaud your match. Bid 'hem welcom. God buy. *Ex.*

Wid. For my part I honour any man, that marries my sister. *Sir Philip*, and my noble brother in expectation, I pray embrace my Governor, Captain *Anvile*, here ; and give him and me our Gloves, you shall find him worthy your acquaintance. He has wit, I can tell you ; and breaks as many good Jestes as all the wits, fits and fancies about the Town, and has train'd up many young Gentlemen, both here, and in divers parts beyond the Seas. He was dry Nurse (that's one of his own Jestes upon himself) to the English youth, a dozen years together beyond Sea : And now he is my Governor, and I find profit in it ; you cannot think what an
Afs

As I was before I met with him : And I mean to travel with him, two or three years hence, my self. In the mean time, he shall spend a Hundred a year out of *Wat Widgines* purse. Sha't ifaith Governor, what ailest thou ? art thou not right ?

An. I shall find a time to right my self, I doubt not.

Luck. But will you travel at these years, Mr. *Widgine* ?

Wid. Will you not call me brother ? Two dayes hence, when you have married my sister, you must. Must he not, Governor ?

Anv. Yes an't please him.

Wid. He ails something.

Luc. Well then brother, two dayes hence, will you travel ?

Wid. I some two yeares hence, mistake me not. I know I am but young yet ; besides, I mean to marry first, as other young Heirs do. And then towry, lowry, faith, my noble Governor, and I ! 'Twill be brave going into *France* then ; I may learn half their fashions before I go, and bate so much, being taught at when I come there. What's the matter Governor ; thou wert not wont to be thus. Is thy money all gone ? Here's five peeces to buy pomps against my Sisters Wedding ?

Anv. Have I eyes and ears, and can think of trifling money matters ?

Wid. Pox on't, I had forgot. That scurvy furly Gentleman anger'd him ere while, and put him out of patience. How the hot some of his Rage boyls out of his mouth ? If I durst go so near the heat of him, I would skim the Pot.

Anv. If I trie not this *Tridewell* ; put him to the dearest trial of his life. —

Wid. I there 'tis, he will never come to himself till he beat, or be beaten.

Anv. Let me have these knock'd out, these pull'd off, these pluck'd out, and these saw'd off.

Wid. I must venture on him. Nay, Governor, pray thee consider. —

Anv. The time and place you mean. Think you he durst have done it, but in his Kinsmans house, he and the multitude of his servants present.

Wid. I, and we know not how many arm'd men in the next Room. Hearn Governor.

Luc. What things are these! I shall marry into a fine stock! How untimely some considerations fall into my mind! My Cousins counsel, which hath ever been oraculously good, against which I violently bear my self, to mix my blood amongst a race of fools. Had but these thoughts been mine but one day past, they had prevented all that may prove dangerous in this so great and doubtful undertaking.

ACT. I. Scene III.

Enter Pate, to Luckles, Widgine, Anvile.

Pa. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman would speak with you.

Luc. Who is it? Do you not know her?

Pa. I never saw her before Sir. I askt her name; but I perceiv'd some displeasure in her look (whether it were shame, grief, or anger, I know not) that made her conceal it; only telling me she was a Woman very hurtless, and warrantable against your fear.

Wid. I warrant 'tis my Sister. She frown'd, did she not, and look'd fightingly? If she did, 'tis my Sister, your Wife that shall be. She will look
so

so at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governor, for all he is a Captain. She fears no Colours I faith, to tell you true, she beat him once for a Jest he broke upon her *Monkey*. Is it not she, think'st thou?

Pa. No Sir it is not she, I know my Ladie that shall be.

Wid. My Ladie that shall be! how sweetlie it chimes! Here's something for that word.

Luc. Go bring her up. Good brother *Widgine*, flie into the next Room with your Governor. I'll wait on you presently.

Ex. Pate.

Wid. My Ladie! and brother *Widgine*! I must admire. Our house is rais'd by this two stories higher.—

Ex. Wid. Ann.

Luc. There's no recalling time, and vows of this high nature are no trifles.

A C T. I. Scene IV.

Enter Mistrifs Trainewell.

Tra. Sir, I suppose you are Sir *Philip Luckles*.

Luc. I am the man Ladie.

Tra. And you are shortlie to marrie a City-widow, one Mistrifs *Fitchow*?

Luc. Most true.

Tra. For whose deare sake, you purchas'd a Four hundred pounds Knighthood, to go a wooing in; out of which she is to give Nine thousand pounds for a Ladiship for term of life.

Luc. What mean you Gentlewoman?

Tra. Sir not to scold or brawle (a Vice too frequent in our Sex.) But, in few words (and civil ones) to make you sensible of a little of that infinite injurie

injurie you have done to one, whose unvaluable portion of Vertue makes her fit (besides the right she has already in you) to take a Brides place, before your later choice, or any she, whose wealth might weigh down hers. You stand as if you knew not who I mean.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd.

Tra. Pray Sir bethink your self, Has there not been a former contract made betwixt you and some other.

Luc. No. Nor any faithful promise neither.

Tra. That I may well believe, when you forget it.

Luc. I pray speak nearer to my understanding, whom may you suggest to be the woman so much forgotten?

Tra. If you have soul or sense, you must remember her. No? Read then her name subscribed to that.

Luckles reads.

*If pity, love, or thoughts of me,
Live in your Breast, I need not dye.
But if all those from thence be fled;
Live you to know, that I am dead.*

Constance.

Farewell good *Constance*, I am sorry I have no further for thee.

Tra. Do you know that name Sir?

Luc. Yes Lady so well, that I am sorry, that a Gentlewoman of your good seeming should have to do for so light a piece of vanity. Leave going o' the Devils Errands; his Kingdom's large enough, and too much peopled already.

Tri. Pray Sir, are you in sober earnest?

Luc. I good faith am I.

Tra.

Tra. You are unhappie then. For you shall loose, in this disdaine of yours, more Honour than your lifetime in Repentance can cover. So fare you well Sir.

Ex. Tra.

Luc. Farewell old Whiskin. 'Slid I'll marrie out of the way; 'tis time I think: I shall be tane up for Whores meat else. *Constance!* she had a Bastard tother day too. What a mischievous Maw has this she-Canibal that gapes for me! Slight a common Trader, with I know not how many! I marvel she was left out of *Cupids* Muster. Sure she brib'd the Ballad-maker; one that I have paid at all times too; here's one, there's tother. And now she hears I am towards Marriage, pretends a claim to me. And what a Minister she hath procur'd! A Devil in a most Gentlewoman-like apparition. It had been well to have pump'd her. Is she gone?

Enter Pate.

Pate. Who Sir, the Gentlewoman? I put her in her Coach.

Luc. Her Coach! Coaches must needs be common, when their Carriages are so. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd, a verie Bawd. Where's my Brother *Widgine*, and his Governor *Anvile*? They are wholsomer Companie o' the two, yet.

Pa. A Bawd! Blefs my Masters wits. But the best is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: A fine Cooler, call'd Marriage, to take his Batchelors button a hole lower! Can it be possible? She might ha' been Mother o' the Maids, as well, to my seeming; or a Matron, to have train'd up the best Ladies Daughters in the Countrie. Here comes her man again.

*ACT. I. Scene V.**Enter Beavis, to Pate.**Be.* Is Sir *Philip Luckles* i' the House still Sir?*Pa.* Are you the Cock-bawd to the Hen was here, erewhile Sir.*Be.* Are you mad, or are you drunk Sir?*Pa.* Come you to bargain for a Punk Sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? at the *Bridgefoot*, or the *Cat*? or where is it?*Be.* Nay then Sir, though your Master be allowed to measure his manners, by his pleasure, here, on his own Yard, I'll be bold to pull you out on't by the ears, and beat you into better fashion.*Pa.* Hold, hold. Pray hold a little Sir. I cry you mercy. I might be mistaken. I see thou art a good Fellow. I have half a dozen for thee faith. S'foot what big words and terrible action he has! Is this the Bawds language? Pray pardon me Sir, I have been overwatch'd of late, and knew neither place, person, nor what I said at the instant.*Be.* Indeed?*Pa.* I Sir, 'tis an infirmity I am much troubled withall; a kind of a — between sleep and waking — I know not what to call it. I would give Twenty Nobles to be cured on't. I pray take it not ill Sir, I use any man so, when the fits on me, till they throughly wake me.*Be.* What, as I did now? By the ears? Are you come to your self enough yet? or shall I help you further, Sir?*Pa.* No, 'tis very well now, I thank you Sir. Alas, I put my Master to the pains, twice or thrice a week, I assure you, to my grief.*Be.*

Be. A very strange disease! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into't first, with a conceit I took for over-buying a bargain of drink. Your business with my Master Sir? I pray.

Be. Onlie to speak with him from the Gentlewoman was here een now.

Pa. I shall acquaint him with it.

Be. I shall be your Servant.

Pa. I pray pardon my Error.

Be. And you my boldness.

Ex.

Pa. O not so Sir. Well Master Pimp I have a plot upon your employment, as brave as you carrie it. I know he is a Bawd by his out-facing. And I do humble and disguise my Manhood to work on him by policie: And if I put not a fine slur upon him for all his brave bravados, then *Oliver Pate* has no brains, nor is there anie difference betwixt a Serving-man and a Pandar. *Ex.*

Be. What a Trim-tram trick is this? the Master and the man both brain-cras'd; as the one used me, so did the other my Mistrifs. But I have brought this into a kind of civil sense again. Do we look like Bawds? There is some strange ground for this mistaking. I am sure she has ever been reputed a vertuous Gentlewoman, and has now the government and bringing up of a Virgin, of a most hopeful goodness. And I think I know my self, and dare beat anie man into a better construction of my quality.

Enter Pate.

Pa. Now wit, and be thy will! Sir, my Master desires to be excused; for he is with some friends, on private business, concerning his Marriage, which is to be to-morrow. But sayes, if it please

you to meet him in the Evening, between four and five, in the great Palace, and conduct him to the Gentlewoman, he will attend her with his best service.

Be. Between four and five in the Palace; but how shall I know him? I never saw him.

Pa. As I wish'd: But you may easilie. He is of a comelie stature, and will be in a red Cloak, and a white Feather: Besides, I'll wait on him.

Be. I thank you Sir. *Ex.*

Pa. Fare you well Sir. Good *Foist*, I shall make a whiskin of you now, and for nothing too. I have been a little bold with my Masters name in this answer, the knowledge of which he is unguiltie of. I saw how he shifted her off: Therefore I will further be bold with his name and person, which I will put upon a friend in store. My special friend, Captain *Anvile*, a notable lecherous Tuppe: He has been at me for a bit out of my Masters flock anie time these three Weeks. I'll pleasure him with her for readie monie. I know 'tis some cast stuffe, that my Master has done withall. And let him take what follows. *Ex.*

ACT. I. Scene VI.

Enter Fitchow, Howdee, with Ink and Paper.

Fit. Well Sir. And what said Master *Luckles*?

Ho. Sir *Philip*, you mean forsooth.

Fit. The verie same Sir. But I begin to call him now, as I must call him hereafter. Ladies do not call their Husbands, as they are Knights; as Sir *Philip*, Sir *Timothy*, or Sir *Gregory*. Did you ever hear my Ladie *Squelch* call her Husband Sir *Paul*? No, but Master *Squelch*. Indeed all
others

others must Sir them by their Christen names, because they are Knights, and to be known from other men; only their own Wives must master them by their Surnames, because they are Ladies, and will not know them from other men. But to our business, what said he to you?

Ho. His Worship said forsooth——

Fit. Nay, What said you to him first? I love to hear things in order.

Ho. I said that as you bade me forsooth.

Fit. As I bade you, Clotpoll? What was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman Usher think'st thou, that stand'st so? Come forwards Sir, and repeat.

Ho. My Mistriss commends her best love unto your Worship, and desires to know how your Worship came home last Night, and how your Worship have rested, and how your Worship does this morning? She hopes the best of your Worships health, and would be glad to see your Worship at your Worships best leasure.

Fit. This was verie well, word for word as I instructed. But did you worship him so much?

Ho. Yes trulie, and he commended me for it, and said, I shew'd my breeding.

Fit. Now Sir. His answer? in his own words.

Ho. Quoth he, I thank thy Mistriss, and I thank thee. Prithee commend my service to her, and tell her, my worship came home upon my worships Foot-cloath; my worship took verie good rest, in my worships Bed; my worship has very little to do this morning, and will see her at my worships leasure.

Fit. Did he say so?

Ho. 'Twas either so, or so much I am sure. But he did not make me repeat, as you did, till I had con'd it by heart.

Fit.

Fit. Well *Howdee* get you down. And do you hear *Howdee*? If Sir *Paul Squelch* come, bring him up.

Ho. I will forsooth Mistrifs.

Fit. I bade you learn to call me Madam.

Ho. I shall forsooth Ma-dam.

Fit. You shall forsooth Madam. 'Tis but a day to't, and I hope one may be a Ladie one day before her time. [*Ex.*

Ho. A day too soon I doubt in this forward age.

Fit. In the mean-time, let me studie my remembrance for after Marriage.

Imprimis. To have the whole sway of the house, and all domestical affairs, as of accounts of household charges, placing and displacing of all servants in general; To have free liberty, to go on all my visits; and though my Knights occasions be never so urgent, and mine of no moment, yet to take from him the command of his Coach; To be in special fee with his best trusted servant; nor to let one live with him, that will not bewray all his counsels to me. To studie and practise the art of Jealousie; To feign anger, melancholy, or sickness, to the life. These are Arts that Women must be well practis'd in, ere they can attain to wisdom, and ought to be the onlie studie of a widow, from the death of her first Husband, to the second; from the second to the third, matters of deeper moment; from the third to the fourth, deeper yet; And so proportionable to the seventh, if she be so long blest with life: But of these I may find time hereafter to consider in order as they fall, Besides, in all, to be singular in our will; to reign, govern, ordain Laws and break 'hem, make quarrels and maintain 'hem; profess truths, devise falsehoods; protest obedience, but studie nothing more than to make our Husbands so; controll, controvert, contradict, and be contrarie

contrarie to all conformitie ; To which end, we must be sure to be arm'd alwayes with prick and praise of the deceased ; and carrie the Inventorie of our Goods, and the gross Sum of our Dowrie perpetuallie in our mouths. Then does a Husband tickle the spleen of a woman, when she can anger him, to please him ; chide him, to kifs him ; mad him, to humble him ; make him stiffe-necked, to supple him ; and hard-hearted, to break him ; to set him up, and take him down, and up again, and down again, when, and as often as we list.

Enter Howdee.

Ho. Madam.

Fit. I marrie, now thou say'st well.

Ho. Andt please your Ladiship.

Fit. Well said again.

Ho. One Mr. *Tridewell*, a Gentleman, desires to speak with your Ladiship, from Sir *Philip*.

Fit. *Tridewell* ! O it is Sir *Philips* Kinsman, I have heard him speak much good of him, and entreated me to give him good Respect, which were enough to marre his entertainment, had I not another purpose of mine own, that may prove as ill. Bring him up *Howdee*.

Ho. I will Madam. —

Exit.

Fit. I that was verie well. This *Howdee* do I mean with a cast Gown to put in apparel, and make my Gentleman Usher ; Not onlie for the aptnes of his name, to go on my Visits ; but for his proportionable talent of wit and manners.

ACT. I. Scene VII.

Enter Tridewell to Fitchow.

Tri. If I can yet redeem him, he is happie. By your leave Ladie : May my boldnes prove pardonable ?

Fit.

Fit. Sir, the name of him you come from, is Warrant sufficient to make you welcom here : All that is here being is his.

Tri. Is this she trow !

Fit. I understand you come from Sir *Philip Luckles.*

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus far to enter me to your presence. But here I shake it off, as I would do his remembrance, but that I know him too well.

Fit. Too well Sir ? How mean you ?

Tri. Too well indeed Ladie, but in the ill part. I know him to be no equal match for you. Yet I hear you receive him as a Tutor.

Fit. Right Sir. And him only.

Tri. It is not gone so far I hope.

Fit. Beshrew me but it is, and farther too Sir. He has all wooed and won me.

Tri. Beshrew your fortune then. And if my counsel,
The friendliest counsel e're you hearkned to,
Stop not your ventrous foot from one step further,
(For now you are upon the brink of danger)
You fall into a Sea of endless sorrows.

Fit. This is pretty !

Tri. Look back into your selfe, read o're your
Storie,
Find the content the quiet mind you liv'd in,
The wealth, the peace, the pleasure you enjoy'd ;
The free command of all you had beneath you,
And none to be commanded by above you.
Now glaunce your eye on this side, on the yoke,
You bring your neck to, laden down with cares,
Where you shall faintlie draw a tedious life,
And every step incounter with new strife.
Then, when you groan beneath your burdenous
charge,

And

And wearilie chance to revert a look
Upon the price you gave for this sad thraldom,
You'le feel your heart stab'd through with many a
woe,

Of which one dies not while a thousand grow.
And will be then too late : Now is the time,
Now rings the warning Bell unto your breast :
Where if you can but entertain a thought,
That tells you how you are beset with danger,
You are secure ; Exclude it, you are lost
To endless sorrows, bought with dearest cost.

Fit. Pray Sir deal freely with me. What
Respect

Moves you to make this strong dissuasion ?
Is it your care of me ? or love of him ?

Tri. A subtil question ! This woman is not
brainless.

Love of him Ladie ? If this can be love,
To seek to cross him, in so great a hope,
As your injoying ; being all the means,
Or possibilitie he has to live on ;
If it be love to him, to let you know
How lewd and dissolute of life he is,
By which his fortunes being funk, he is grown
The scorn of his acquaintance, his friends trouble,
Being the common borrower of the Town.
A Gallant lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing letters (shee's not mov'd)
And if you put him off a Fortnight longer,
He'le be laid up for monies he took up
To buy his Knighthood ; besides his deep ingage-
ments

To Goldsmith, Silkman, Taylor, Millener,
Sempster, Shooemaker, Spurrier, Vintner, Tapster,
(All stirrs her not, she stands as if prepar'd
To hear as much of truth, and bear with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations,

To all their Bugbear Reasons, to defer
That hour the uniting of our hands : because
Our hearts are link'd by the Divineſt Laws.

Tri. What have I done? The curse of over-
weaning brains,
Shame and disgrace, are guerdon of my pains.
O, I shall fall beneath the scorn of fools :
A punishment as just, as great for such,
That do in things, concern them not, too much.

Fit. What ails the Gent ?

Tri. On what a settled Rock of Constancy
She planteth her affection ? not to move,
Though all the breath of slaaderous Reproach,
Driving tempestuous clouds and storms of horror,
Should beat, at once, against it.

Fit. Sir, Howdee ?

Enter Howdee.

Ho. Ma-dam.

Fit. Not you Sir.

Tri. I would I had not seen, at least not heard
her

In all so contrarie to all opinion.

Fit. You are not well Sir.

Tri. They said she was old, unhandſom, and
uncivil,
Froward, and full of womanish diſtemper.
She's none of these, but opposite in all.

Fit. Sir.

Tri. My wittie purpose was to save my friend
From such a hazard ; and to loath her so,
That I might make her loathſom to his fanſie.
But I my ſelf am faln into that hazard ;
To wrong my friend, to burn in lawleſs Love,
Which oh that prayers or penance may remove.

Fit. You are not going Sir ?

Tri. I beg your pardon, dare not look upon
you. —

Ex.

Fit.

Fit. Gone in a dream! Well, I perceive this
jugling.

This strain was only to explore the strength
Of my affection to my luckless Knight.
For which, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
Let me be call'd the barren Wife of wit.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. Scene I.

Fitchow.

Fit. The strangeness of this Gentleman's action
will not out of my mind yet. Sir *Philip* could not
but have a hand in it. Does he repent his bargain
already, and desire to be quit with loss of his
earnest? 'Tis but his faith and troth.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

Wid. Sister, where are you? My Governor and
I are come to wait upon you in Sir *Philip Luckles's*
Coach. It waits at door for you, and what to do
think you?

Fit. I cannot tell. Perhaps to invite me forth
into the aire of *Hidepark* or *Maribone*, or else——

Wid. Or else me no or elses, Sister, you cannot
gues it. And I was a fool to ask you the question,
now I think on't.

Fit. That was well remembred Brother.

Wid. Sister, you are to be a Ladie within this
half hour. Your Knight is readie, so is the Parson
too. My Governor here knows.

Anv. Yes Ladie, and that he intreats you to
(c) bear

bear with the suddenness of the occasion, which he protests, deeply urges him to be married presently; desiring you not to trouble your self in examination of his Reasons; for upon his honestie and honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come sweet Madam (now I am bold to give you your due Title) your Knight is ready prest on his adventures (dee hear) and 'tis only you, that he seeks to incounter.

Wid. There's a Jest now, but she understands it not. He makes her an Infidel, a wild beast or a monster, by that word incounter; what do Knights adventurers incounter else? look all the *Mirror* over. He'll incounter her. O the wit of a Governor!

Anv. 'Tis as I say Madam (dee hear) the good fit's come on him!

Wid. Ever at the tail of his dee hear, I am sure to smell a jest: the fits come on him!

Fit. This sudden importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keep off now, but he is cosen'd. Well Sir, he shall find me obedient to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his purposes; though, Brother, I had thought to had conference this morning with Sir *Paul Squelch*, touching a match for you.

Wid. For me Sister! Ha' you found out a Wife for me? ha' you? pray speak, ha' you?

Fit. And a good match too Brother, Sir *Pauls* Neece; on whom, he, being Childless, means to bestow a large Dowrie.

Wid. By my faith, and he may do't. He is rich Governor, one of the best Ten i' th' hundred men about this Town.

Fit. He is a right good man. Within there.

Ent. Howd.

Bid *Flaps* your Fellow bring my Fan and Mask.

Ex. Howd.

Anv.

Ans. Is he bounteous and liberal, ha? Does he make large Suppers, and lend money? Dee hear? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay, there you mistake Governor. A good man i' th' City is not call'd after his good deeds, but the known weight of his purse. One, whose name any Ufurer can read without spectacles; one that can take up more with two fingers and a thumb upon the Exchange, than the great man at Court can lift with both his hands; one that is good only in Riches, and wears nothing rich about him, but the Gout, or a thumb-Ring with his Grandfirs Sheep-mark, or Grannams butter-print on't, to seal Baggs, Acquittances, and Counterpanes.

Ent. Maid, Howdee, *with Mask and Fan.*

Ans. A Butter-print?

Wid. I 'twere a cunning Herald could find better Arms for some of 'hem; though I have heard Sir *Paul Squelch* protest he was a Gentleman, and might quarter a Coat by his Wives side. Yet I know he was but a Grasier when he left the Countrey; and my Lord his father whistled to a Teem of Horfes (they were his own indeed.) But now he is Right Worshipful, and I would I had his Neece unsight and unseen I faith for her monies sake. You never heard me ask if she were fair or handsom, dee mark that Sister? my fathers Rule right! And if I be not a true *Widgine* (God forgi' me) I think he was none.

Fit. But she is very fair Brother, and very handsom, and the prettiest innocent Countrey thing withall. Do I want nothing here?

Wid. I now you bring me to Bed Sister.

Ma. Your Mask sits well forsooth.

Fit.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forsooth ?

Ma. Upon the Cupboards head, pray *Humphrey* fetch it. *Ex. Howdee.*

Wid. He lives not that loves a Countrey thing like me. Alas none loves a Countrey thing like me. And though I am a Cockney, and was never further than *Hammer-smith*, I have read the Countreymans Common-wealth, and can discourse of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold, Lease, Demeans, Fee-simple and Fee-tail, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, occupying any Countrey thing whatsoever, and take as much pleasure in't, as the best Clown born of 'hem all.

Fit. And she is verie young, not above Fifteen, brother. How this Fellow staves ! Go you.

Ex Ma.

Ann. And that's a safe age for a Maid in the Countrey ; dee hear ?

Wid. Pardon me Governor, I do hear, and not hear thee at this time.

Fit. And sings, and speaks so pretty Northernly they say.

Ann. Is she Northern (dee hear) will she not shrink i'the wetting ?

Wid. Governor, I know thou spok'st a Jest now, by thy dee hear ? but prithee forgive me, I cannot applaud, nor mark thee at this time.

Enter Howdee with a Wimple.

Fit. What makes you stay so ? I fear you have been among my sweet meats.

How. She said it was upon the Cupboard, and it was under the Cupboard.

Fit. Is this my Wimple ? Do you bring Carpenters Tools to dress me withall ?

Ent. Maid.

Ma. Here is your Wimple forsooth.

Fit.

Fit. I shall teach you to know a difference between Gentlewomans geere, and Carpenters Tools, I shall.

Wid. Nay, she is so vext now! dear Sister, to the Countrey Lasse again. You said, she spoke and sung Northernly. I have a great many Southern Songs already; but Northern Ayres nips it dead. *York, York*, for my money.

Fit. Yes brother she is Northern, and speaks so; for she has ever liv'd in the Countrey, till this last Week, her Uncle sent for her up to make her his Child, out of the Bishoprick of *Durham*.

Wid. Bishop, nor Bishoprick shall hold her from me.

Fit. And brother —

Wid. Sister no more, though I have never seen her.

No Bishoprick i'th' Land from me shall win her. If you will go, and clap hands with your Knight, come; I would see you match'd first, because that will add some honour to the *Widgines*, when my self shall be brother to a Lady. I shall write first of that name; and then am I no sooner married, Governor, but we will set our Travels a foot, to know Countries and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and Manners, Language and Behaviour.

*And so in height of complement grow compleat,
More goes to making of a Man, than Meat.*

Exeunt.

ACT II. Scene II.

Enter Trainewell, Constance.

Tra. Pray tell me, and tell me truly, What is the

the most has past between you? If it be the main loss of your Maiden-head, it shall nere go further, therefore let me know it.

Con. As I live Mrs. *Trainewell*, all that ere he had o' me, was but a kifs. But I mun tell ye, I wish'd it a thoosand, thoosand till him.

Tra. How often have you seen him?

Con. Feath but that bare eance nother, and your self were by too. Trow ye that Ide not tell ye and 'twere maer. By my Conscience Mrs. *Trainewell* I lee not.

Tra. That once that I saw him with you, your Uncle was there too, in the Orchard, but last Week.

Con. Vary true, mine Uncle was then by too. And he brought Sir *Philip* to see his Orchard. And what did he then do, trow you, but tuke me thus by th' haund, and thus he kust me; he sed I were a deaft Lasse: but there he fein'd. But for my life I could not but think, he war the likest man that I had seen with mine eyne, and could not devaife the thing I had, might be unbeggen by him. Then by and by as he walk'd, he ask'd mine Uncle, gin he would give him me to make a Lady till him. And by my trouth Mrs. *Trainewell*, I lee not, I blush'd and luk'd upon him as I would fain a hed it so: Mine Uncle said yes, and Sir *Philip* shuke my haund, and gude feath my heart joy'd at it. God gin the Priest had been by. But I thought all sure enough, and would not ha' sold my part for the Spanish Ladies Jointure. But streight anon mine Uncle and he fell on other talk, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond like things, I minded not; for I is weell sure, this kept me waking ere sine. And God pardon me what I mishtought every hour i' th' Night.

Tra. How have you made me wrong this Gentleman

man, to challenge him as if he had been your due upon this idle complement? when I undertook the Message, I presum'd (for so your words did intimate to me) you had been sure, as fast as faith could bind you, man and wife. Where was my discretion? Now I perceive this was but common Courtship, and no assurance of a Marriage-promise.

Con. I wot not what he meant, but I is weell sure, I'll nere be sure to ony man but he. And if he love me not as wee'll, God pardon him; for I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know not how to counfel or comfort you, until I hear him speak. My man tells me, he appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this hour. Poor heart I pity thee. Before thou come to half my years, thou wilt forget to love half so truly.

Enter Beavis.

Be. Mistrifs.

Tra. O, are you come? where's the Knight?

Be. He staves below, and will'd me to come up first, to make his passage clear and secure.

Tra. That was discretion.

Be. Rather fear I think; for he ask'd me if the house were not mvch haunted with Roarers or Swaggerers, poniards and pistols; whether there were not an Assurer for it, as upon the *Exchange*, as if his life were upon hazard? whether a man might come on without los of Credit, and off without need of a Chyrurgion? Much odd talk he delivers, that in my conceit, bewrayes at once, both a lascivious and cowardly disposition; and upon my understanding, cannot be so generous, or nobly spirited, as he is received. Do what you will.

Tra. I suspect something.

Con. Will he not come, Mrs. *Trainewell*?

Tra.

Tra. Yes sweetheart. But go you to your Chamber, and let me have a word before you see him. Go call him in. Do so sweetheart, I'll not be long.

Con. I'll do ought you bid me. God gin I saw him eance.
Ex. Con.

ACT II. Scene III.

Enter Anvile, Beavis.

An. A place of fair promising! How have I liv'd that never discover'd this place before? This place Royal! But fought my recreation in By-lanes, and fluttish Corners, unfavoury Allies and Ditch-sides; when here the whole house is perfum'd; an Earl might think it his own Lodging; Ladies might come to see the pictures, and not blush, to go in or out unmask'd.

Be. Sir, Will you speak to my Mistrifs? The man is transported sure!

An. I understand thy office leads thee no further, thy pains are abroad and below stairs. Here honest *Fetch*. Look thee, here's the poor price of a new pair of shooes, take it. Descend, and execute thy duty.

Tra. Bless me! this is another man. More abuse yet?

Anv. Now Gentlewoman to you. What fees belong to your Key? Come, where's the Bed? where's the Party? Here's the man, here's the money. Chunk, chunk you old Gamester, dost hear? Here's half a Peece to buy thee Complection, Sack or Aqua-vitæ, what thou lik'st.

Tra. What are you Sir I pray?

Anv. Faith one that's a little ill-given at this time.

time. Where's the piece? here are the Peeces I tell thee.

Tra. What Piece Sir? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would have, or where you would be, I pray tell me Sir, I'll do the best I can to satisfe you. O' my discretion will I Sir.

An. Give me but a little space to wonder at thy strange demands, and I will tell thee, good *discretion*. If I should purchase a broken Coxcomb, or bruise'd Ribs now, for mistaking another mans habit, the smart were only mine. The Villain swore to me, his Master was sent for, and that his Master swore this was a Bawd to his choice Whore, newly entertain'd; and that she knew not him, and might well mistake me for him. On which presumption I have waded thus far, and if I stick in the mud, or be driven back by a Tempest, I am arm'd. 'Tis not the first time I have been weather-beaten, or dry-beaten, dee hear?

Tra. Sir.

An. You do not know me, or at least not remember me,

Tra. If I erre therein Sir, I hope your pardon. For as you shall reveal your self, I shall either repent me of my oblivion, or accuse you of unadvisedness,

An. She speaks like the Wife of an Orator, that could dictate her Husbands speeches! Were not you this morning at Sir *Philip Luckles'* lodging? spoke not you with him? sent you not for him afterwards to repair hither to the Party? and know you not the man?

Tra. O infinite abuse! Sir I cry you mercy, I hope you will pardon my weak-sightedness; the Worlds bad, and we love to deal securely. Could not your Worship make your self known
fooner

fooner. Please you to entertain your self here a while, I will instantly provide for your better welcom. O horrible indignity! But if Porters and Cudgels may be had for money, and I fit you not, let me lose my discretion. I am furnish't with Blankets already.—

Ex.

An. I will instantly provide for your better welcom! Will you so? 'Twill pass, and by this light I think for my Master-jest; I will recover my charges, and gain over and above for three Returns more with the bare Repetition of it out of one man's purse, the *Widgine*. My Jest is his nutriment, and my wit is his own, he payes so duly for it. If the Wench be but pleasing now, to my expectat.on, my felicity is crown'd.

Tra. O Child, we are undone.

Con. Marry, God shield Mrs. *Trainewell*. Is he geane? Must I not see him?

Tra. Alas it is not he, but some Villain sent by him to vex and spite you. One that perswades himself, we are of those common creatures, that sell their honesties.

Con. Heaven blifs you, and give us leave to dee first. Can he be so unkind, to scorn me so? woe is me.

Tra. He is so dishonourable. But I will fit his Undertaker, what ere he be. Look you, is that he think you?

Con. O weell a near Mrs. *Trainewell*? Sir *Philip* is the likeliest man that ere you saw dayes o' your life. This Lozel dow not. Nor would he send him. So trim a man cannot have fike bad purpose.

Enter Beavis.

Be. Mistrifs, there's a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tridewell*, that sayes he is Sir *Philips* Kinsman, will by all means speak with him.

Tra.

Tra. Sweetheart, can you dissemble your sorrow with a Song, to pass a little time? I'll down and sift out the subtlety of this deceit.

An. There is no Government under the Sun, like the Politick Government of a Bawdy-house.

She sings above.

S O N G .

*You say my Love is but a Man,
But I can find more odds,
'Twixt him and others then I can,
Find between him and Gods.*

He has in's eye

Such Majesty.

His shape is so divinc.

That were I owner of the world,

He only should be mine.

An. Sweet prologue to the interlude !

Enter Beavis.

Dost hear me honest Fellow? was this the Parties voice?

Be. Only hers upon my sincerity, Sir.

An. Excellent! She has rais'd my desire above her Notes. Why am I thus ravish'd, and yet delay'd?

Be. Sir, for that my Mistress craves your pardon. 'Tis not her neglect that works upon your patience, but the necessitie to rid a troublefom Lord or two out of the house, before the Party can appear to you. But please you to obscure your self in this dark Clofet, while I convey them hence, and then, instantly, the top-gallant of pleasure shall crown your Main-mast, she says.

An.

An. O how her wit and care revives me ! From henceforth she is my Bawd for ever ; my *discretion* ! But are they wholsom Lords *Sirrah* ?

Be. 'Tis no matter for any thing they did here Sir, I warrant you. In quickly pray Sir.

An. Must I be lock'd in ?

Be. You cannot be safe else Sir.

An. The Politick Government of this little Common-wealth !

ACT II. Scene IV.

Enter Tridewell, Trainewell.

Tri. Indeed Lady, I am so far from being in any plot herein, that I protest it was meerlie by his out-side, and that in the doubtful light of the Evening, that I could guesse 'twas he. And had he been denied, I had gone well satisfied, it had been some other man ; which if it prove, and so his name be abus'd.— Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto my most respected Cofin, that offers such an outrage, as you deliver it to be ; I am so much a friend to honesty, that let me but see the man or beast, I'll do the fair office of a Gentleman to right you ; indeed Ladie I will.

Tra. You profess noblie Sir. First will it please you, see this Gentlewoman, so much the servant of your Kinsman ? What she is, I have told you ; only I present her to your judgment, whether her outward seeming may deserve such scorn.

Enter Constance.

Tri. Alas fair Ladie, would they injure you ?

Con. Yea feath, and scorn me too Sir, ill betide them

them. But and you do me help, and ma' Sir Philip love me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your youth and beautie plac'd your love on him?

Con. Gude feath Sir, I may not say how weell I love him: But were I one of neere a nickle, heeft eene have all. And yet he loves me not.

Tri. Indeed 'tis pitiful, weep not sweet Ladie, he shall love ye.

Con. Now Gods benifon light o'ye for it.

Tri. Shew me the mischief that hath abus'd us all, can you conceal him longer?

Tra. In thus much to conjure you by your Manhood, to do nothing that Law may question, to your, or our disadvantage, we shall not need,

For our own Right, to do our selves misdeed. Therefore take this in hand.— *A Ropes End.*

Tri. You do instruct me well, pray let me see him.

Anvile out of the Closet.

An. Oh for a large window, one of the last Edition, to leap out with half my life or limbs.

Con. Lo ye lo ye, the worst like man to Sir Philip ye saw in all your dayes.

Tri. Mischievous Devil! What magical madness conjur'd you into this shape? Indeed I'll conjure you out on't.

An. Oh hold, for Heavens sake hold, I'll confes.

Beats him.

Tri. Nay indeed, I'll beat you a little first, you'll confes the better; 'Twill come the easier from you, 'tis a good preparative.

An. Oh! oh, I'll confes any thing.

Tri. No Sir, not anie thing; but the truth, the truth Sir.

An.

An. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help me.—

Tri. You would be swearing now would you? there's for that.

An. No indeed, indeed, and indeed la I will not.

Tra. Good Sir no more. What may this poor thing be, that brav'd it so but now?

Tri. I'll tell you Ladie. The most notorious, base, beaten Rascal about the Town. 'Twere lost breath to say more by him, he is as you see. Onlie his name is *Anvile*: and they that know him not, call him Captain.

Be. Anvile: Pray Sir let me trie my Blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee do, to save me a labour; for he is not half-beaten yet. *Beavis beats him.*

An. Oh, oh, Ladies, speak for me, ha' you no mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well Sir, thank the Ladies. Now Sir, put this Ladies favour here in your pocket, and keep it there till I call for it. And mark what I say, if ever I find thee without this instrument, or the like, when I shall call for it to beat thee (mark me) indeed I'll beat thee dead. And now to your examination, How got your Rotten Muttonship into this Lions case? Was it by the Owners knowledge? Was the Master of these Cloaths privie to your undertaking? Answer Sirrah, *bona fide*, I or no.

An. No upon my life, onlie his man abus'd me for my monie.

Tri. What presumption made you think so vilelie of these Gentlewomen?

An. Sir *Philips* own words to his man, upon a Letter this Ladie deliver'd to him this morning.

Tri.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you say is *Constance*, which likewise is the name of a prostituted Strumpet, with whom, 'tis thought, the wantonness of his youth hath held former familiaritie; and now it seems makes doubt, imagining that Letter to be hers, that she pretends a claim to him.

An. Right Sir; which he took so contemptuouſlie, that instantlie he resolved to marrie the Widow, *Mrs. Fitchow*; and was this morning married privatelie in a Chamber, within an hour after you saw him.

Con. And I undone than.

Tri. And I if it be so.

An. It is undoubtedly true, I saw them married, and dined with them, at his lodging, where they will sup too: But after Supper they go to her house in the Town to Bed.

Tri. This foul mistaking we shall all repent, if we prevent not what may issue from it.

Tra. Alas Sir all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but trust my service for your honour?

Tra. We will wait on you Sir.

Tri. Then Sir for this time you shall be repriv'd,

From further penance: Rise and be our Guide.

But keep your fear still; for if all our Art

Miscarry, thou art sure to share the Smart. *Ex.*

A C T. II. Scene V.

Enter Pate, Howdee.

Pa. Brother *Humphrey*, take my hand and word for thy instructions. I will acquaint thee with an

old Ladies Usher in the *Strand*, that shall give thee thy Gait, thy Postures, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole charge in so plain a method, that thou shalt instantly start up as prettie a Gentleman Usher, none disprais'd, as any between Temple-bar and Charing-crofs, marrie further I cannot promise you. But prithee tell me, Is our Ladie of so hot a temper, and stately carriage, as she is reputed?

Ho. O I Brother, she must command all, or all shall smoke for't. She did so in my old Masters dayes I am sure, and he glad of peace at that Rate too.

Pa. But how is she to her servants, bountiful and free?

Ho. Yes both of her voice and hands.

Pa. She will not strike will she?

Ho. And she could bite as well, the rankest Jade that ere was curried, could not come near her.

Pa. Heaven be good to us! she nere struck thee, did she?

Ho. 'Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay Brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one, the marriage hath united us, prithee tell me.

Ho. She broke me a Tooth once with a Deaths Head-Ring on her finger, it had like to ha' cost me my life! 'thas been a true *memento* to me ever since; Bobs o' the Lips, Tweaks by the Nose, Cuffs o' the Ear, and Trenchers at my Head in abundance.

Pa. Will she throw too.

Ho. Anie thing she can lift, and makes us pay for all she breaks; though she break our Heads or Faces withall. Fan-handles, Looking-Glassses, or anie thing.

Pa.

Pa. We shall have a foul house on't I fear. But since it is too late, fight Dog, fight Bear, I'll turn my Master loose to her. Here they come. By this light methinks they look as if they were fallen out already.

ACT. II. Scene VI.

Enter Luckles, Fitchow, Waiting-woman, Widgine, and Bulfinch. *At the other door* Squelch, Nonsense, and Beavis.

Squ. Though I were absent at the Ceremonie, I now bring my wishes of much joy.

Luc. And not too late I hope Sir *Paul*, we may yet carrie them to Bed with us.

Fit. You had been chieffie Sir invited, had we not stol'n a day from time, to have done a fathers part at Church, to which in your absence; I intreated our worthy friend Mr. *Apprehension Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Mr. *Bulfinch*, I rejoyce to meet you here directly, look you Sir, do you know this young Gentleman?

Bul. Yes sure, methinks I should know him, but I am sure I never saw him before; ha——

Squ. Have you forgot Sir *Hercules*?

Bul. I apprehend him to be Mr. *Salomon Nonsense*, Son and Heir to my right worthie friend, Sir *Hercules Nonsense* of *Cornwall*. If you be not he Sir, I am sure it is you; I may be deceiv'd, but I am certain 'tis he.

Luc. He is doubtful, but yet he is sure he knows him. What a *Bulfinch* is this! sure 'tis his language they call Bull-speaking.

Non. You say verie well Sir; and never credit me as you knew my father, I would be verie readie, as you know how dutie binds; for because it is a usual thing in these dayes, desiring the love and friendship, I protest and vow Sir I should —

Luc. Most perfect *Nonsense!* This is a finer youth than tother. My wives acquaintance are most answerable to her Kindred.

Squ. 'Tis so directlie Mr. *Bulfinch*, and I have brought him to Town—I understand my Neece is in your house, my Ladie Bride. Is she employ'd in your Chamber?

Fit. She is not here Sir, is she *Howdee?*

Ho. *Certes* no Ma-dam.

Squ. How! not here? Sirrah, what did you tell me?

Be. What shall I say or do? I shall be hang'd directlie.

Squ. How was she accompanied?

Be. By my Mistriss Sir, and two Gentlemen of her acquaintance, whose names I know not.

Squ. Knaverie, Villanie and Thieverie! I smell it rank, she's stoln, she's gone directlie.

Wid. 'Tis indirectlie Sir if she be stoln; there your word fails you.

Squ. If she be in the Land I will recover her; I hope I shall find as much Right in Law, as a Broaker or a Joiner.

Fit. Good Sir *Paul*, I have not seen you thus distemper'd, what afflicts you?

Squ. Oh Mrs. *Fitchow*, my Neece, my Neece.

Wid. He's mad I think. Sir, you forget my Sister is a Ladie.

Squ. She's lost, she's stoln, and all my joy is gone, my Neece, my *Constance*.

Luc. *Constance!* (out of the Countrie?)

Fit. Who your young Neece that came latelie

Wid.

Wid. My Countrey thing Sister, that you promis'd me?

Squ. Promis'd you? I am abus'd, I do suspect you accessaries. Sir I have purpos'd and promis'd her to this Gentleman, and here I charge you to restore her me.

Wid. Are you the man Sir that must have her?

Non. Never credit me Sir, if I have her, or have her not to my knowledge.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, you are courteous and noble; as you will continue so in opinion of honest men, let me have Right.

Luc. Sir *Paul*, upon my faith I am ignorant of anie such wrong: And, for her part, should she fare amiss, I should suffer in her injurie equallie with your self; for I profess to you, I did love the Lass so well, and at the first sight, that had I not been otherwise allotted, and indeed contracted to her, from whom now there is no starting, she should have been my Bride, if all my love and fortune might have won her.

Fit Had you spar'd this protestation, Sir, you might have dissembl'd your love to me the better.

Luc. Dissemble?

Fit. 'Tis said Sir.

Pa. By this hand my Ladie's jealous alreadye.

Ho. Bless us; what looks are these!

Squ. Sir I must take my leave, this is no time to trouble you.

Luc. Nay, good Sir stay, and share in our ill Banquet. Heark, some friend I hope. Look Sirrah.—*Cornets flourish.* *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Some of your old Companions have brought you a fit of Mirth: But if they enter to make a Tavern of my House, 'Ile add a voice to their comfort shall drown all their fidling. What are they?

(c)

Enter

*Enter Pate.**Pa.* Some that come in gentile fashion to present a Mask.*Fit.* Lock up the doors and keep them out.*Ex. Howd.**Luc.* Break them open, and let them in.—*Ex. Pate.**Fit.* Shall I not be Master of my own house?*Luc.* Am not I the Master of it and you? —*Ex. Luc.**Wid.* Nay sifter.—*Fit.* Passion of my heart.*Squ. Bul.* Madam, Madam.*Squ.* You must allow of reasonable things.*Bul.* Be contented, Sir *Philip* is a noble Gentleman, and a Courtier, and, as I apprehend—*Wid.* I dare warrant you sifter these are his friends, that come with their Loves to congratulate his fortune. Speak Mr. *Non-sense*; A speech of yours would do't.*Non.* Never credit me, but I forsooth am of that opinion, that it is as it were. I protest and vow—I should be as forrie as anie man—*Wid.* If this were to be put into Latine now, which were the principal Verb.*Fit.* Mr. *Nonsense*, you have prevail'd, you see I am content.

But what I purpose, Fate shall not prevent.

Wid. Did I not tell you?*Enter Luckles.**Luc.* More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen, take your places. Sir *Paul*, to Night forget your sorrow. So will I mine, though I renew't to morrow. Come sit sit. Mistrifs please you.*Fit.* You wrong your honour Sir, your most humble hand-maid.*Wid.*

Wid. Brother, I told you alwayes she had hastie humors, and as unreasonable as heart can wish, but soon over. Now she's as mild as any Dove again.

Luc. Then we are friends, and she's my Dove again.

M U S I C K .

The Masquers enter. All in willow Garlands, Four Men, Four Women. The two first pairs are Tridewell and Constance, Anvile and Trainewell. Before the Daunce, Constance sings this Song.

S O N G .

*Nor Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love did me refuse ;
But oh mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so mickle blifs.*

*It was too much for me to love
A Man, so like the gods above ;
An Angels shape, a Saint-like voice,
Are too Divine for Humane choice.*

*Oh had I wishly giv'n my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part ;
Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace*

*Of Foot, of Hand, of Lip, or Eye,
I might have liv'd where now I dye.
But I presuming all to choose,
Am now condemned all to loose.*

At the end of the Daunce, Tridewell and Constance whisper with Anvile, each of them giving him a folded paper.

Luc. 'Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladlie know, to whom we owe our thanks.

An.

An. That I'll deliver to you. Mean while the rest desire they may withdraw a while.

Luc. Light, and all fair Respect be given unto them. —

Exeunt all the Masquers but Anvile.

Squ. The womans voice had much in't like my Neece.

Wid. Your Neece Sir *Paul*, ods me I must go see her.

Luc. Nay Brother, give them all their free pleasures ; by your leave you shall stay.

Wid. Shall ! shall I ? I will then.

An. Now to your patience I disclose my self.

Wid. Whoop ! My Governor ! Look you sister, look you Sir *Philip*. Did not I alwayes tell you he was the Rarest wit i'the World ? This was his own invention, I'll be hang'd else. Sweet Governor the conceit of the Willow, and why thou wearest it ?

An. My self, onlie to make the number in the Dance futable ; and so did all the rest to fulfil the fashion, onlie two excepted, that were the Leaders and Subject of the Dance. The one, your Cousin *Tridewell*, who holds himself a lost Lover, in that you Madam, to whom his affection is whollie devoted, have made your self incapable of him, in being the lawful Right of another. This paper shews him more at large.

Luc. Is't possible ! Did he for that so earnestlie dissuade me from her this morning ?

Fit. I never saw him before this day, nor he me. These are tricks and studied fooleries to abuse me. —

Tears the Paper.

Luc. Who was the other ?

An. She was your fair Neece Sir *Paul*, the most disconsolate beautie that ere I saw, giving her self
for

for ever lost unto your love Sir *Philip*, presuming you once promis'd her Marriage, of which she made a claim this morning by her Nurse, whom you revil'd by name of Bawd, calling fair *Constance* Whore; and to her more despight, hastned your Marriage sooner by a day, than you before intended with this Ladie.

Luc. *Constance*! May that name in all other Women be accursed beyond themselves; Hell it self could not have vapor'd such an Error forth, as I am lost in. *Constance*! why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worse, a Whores? to whom before 'twas given.

Bul. Sir *Philip*, and Madam, you apprehend these things as things done, when they are not things indeed, but, as it were, shew and devise, as by the sequele you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Mr. *Bulfinch*. And trust me I am glad my Neece was drawn into the wittie conceit; for which, with a new Gown I'll thank her.

Enter Pate.

Luc. Where is she? I will endure no longer till I see her.

Pa. The Masquers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches instantlie, and dispers'd themselves by several wayes. I had no Commission to stay them.

Fit. Are you so sensible of her loss?—*Ex. Fit. with her Servants.*

Squ. My Neece might notwithstanding her lost love, have tane me home in her Coach.

Luc. You shall have mine Sir *Paul*, and my Companie so far to see her; and whether their presentation

presentation were jest or earnest, I will not rest till I be satisfied; my Coach. I'll make no stay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! The Bride's stollen to Bed.

Squ. It should be so, I like the custom well.

Bul. For if you apprehend it rightlie, it expresseth duty in the woman to lie prepared for him; and love in the man, not to be slack to embrace that duty.

Wid. A prettie Moral! A womans dutie to lie down, and a mans love to get up. One may learn something of these old Fellows everie day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Companie noble Knight. Pursue your home-occasions, and God gi' ye joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul*, I protest. —

Squ. Not a word more of it directlie.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Paul* to see your Neece, I find Mr. *Nonsense* here verie indifferent. And I know 'twill be the greater joy to her, to match but into the familie of Sir *Philip*, of which I am half a Pillar now. Besides, my sister made me half a promise of her in good faith, my Governor's my Witness, and I have lov'd her ever since.

Squ. But you never saw her face.

Wid. No, but I'll be hang'd if I did not love her Vifor the best ere while, though I could not tell whose 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ. Good Mr. *Water Widgine*, this is no time of Night to dive into business of this depth. It is nestling time I take it, how think you Mr. *Bulfinch*?

Bul. I apprehend it to be past Twelve a Clock verie near.

Squ. Therefore what your sister hath promis'd you, let her perform if she can. Meantime this
Gentleman

Gentleman is my choice ; come Mr. *Nonsense*, you have had a long time of silence. Mr. *Bulfinch*.—

Bul. I apprehend you Sir.

Luc. We'll see you to the Gate by your leave.

Ex. Omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III. Scene I.

Enter Luckles.

Luc. What has she written here ? It is the same hand I read in the morning.

I am not your counterfeit, or unchaste Constance : But that only Constance, that truly love you ; and that will, if you live not for me, dye for you. Oh that I could at anie price or penance now redeem one day ! Never was hastie match sooner repented.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

Wid. He's melancholie methinks. 'Slid my fister may lie long enough languishing for a Ladi-ship if this fit hold him ; for she has it not reallie till he go to Bed and dub her.

An. Will not you go to Bed Sir ? we wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time ? Brother, would you would do me the favour to inquire.

Wid. Yes, I'll go see for the Possets sake. —*Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairlie with me. By what means joined you with this Society ? Or how grew so soon your trust or great acquaintance with them ?

An. Without offence, I'll tell you. You know this morning at your Lodging, there past some words

words betwixt me, and your fullen Kinsman, Master——indeed la, *Tridewell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profest Souldier to bear; but the place protected him. Till after upon mature consideration I made after him for satisfaction, thus arm'd as you see. Purposing with this Ropes end to Right me, and to maintain that Right with this Sword, which I thank *Mars* never yet fail'd me; as it hath well been manifested by the effusion of much unworthie blood of my abusers, in *France, Spain, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Hungary*, all parts of *Germany*.

Luc. Good Captain travel not so far in your Relation; but come home again to the businesfs.

An. I have us'd it in some score or two of Sea-fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captain, where met you my Cofin?

An. The first fight I recover'd of him, was, as he was entering the house of the greasie Knight there, what call you him?

Luc. Sir Paul Squelch.

An. *Squelch*, I a pox squelch him, I waited a quarter of an hour at his door for your Kinsman; and longer I would not, had he been Kinsman to the Emperor, and my Enemie. Therefore in I went, told Mr. *Tridewell* in his ear, my coming was to call him forth, to discharge the Office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in answering those wrongs wherewith I held my Reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poor Gentleman fay more? and that in civil fashon verie privatelie, in respect of the Companie, not shewing anie the least distemper, in look or gesture. But the women read presentlie in his countenance the whole matter; and brieflie by their prettie perswasion I took ordinarie satisfaction of him.

Luc.

Luc. What was that Captain?

An. Why he confess'd he wrong'd me, was forrie for't, and so forth. What should we speak more on't? This you must not speak of neither. You must promise me that o'your honour, as you desire to hear what follows; I love no ripping up old sores.

Luc. Not a word I, Captain upon my word. What a Rascals this! To the point, good Captain.

An. Then thus Sir. I soon perceiv'd their drift to appease, and win me to their friendship was for my assistance, and indeed to bear them out in this Nights work, the Mask. The whole plot of all which, was meerlie to sowe diffension between you and your new married Ladie, to work if they can a separation, before carnal copulation, in which if they can prevail, and that the dislike continue between you to that height, that a Divorce be required equallie by the consent of you both, your Marriage then is frustrated, and you stand in *statu quo prius*, dee hear. So your Cosin *Tridewell* may lawfullie pursue his hopes in your Bride, whom he loves as eagerlie as the melanchollie Virgin dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold good in Law Captain?

An. There's a Canon for it Sir, if both parties agree to a Divorce after Marriage, so it be before Copulation.

Luc. Though the former part of his Discourse was a most egregious lye, yet the last hath some found of pleasure in it, which I may make use of.

Enter Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the instrument. Shall I never find thee anie where, but thou wilt by just desert exact a beating from me? Hast thou no Conscience? wouldst thou have me lame my self, or melt my greafe upon thee? Come Sir, I have over-heard you all, give me the instrument, the instrument

strument I say ; indeed I'll have it. So. Now Sir.—

Luc. Nay Cofin, for the service he hath done you to Night, and love of me, pardon him this time. Besides, his charge is in the house, at whose charge he lives. You will both shame and undo him.

Tri. Well Sir, I shall for this time pardon you, and never beat you more, if before Sir *Philip* here, you will subscribe to this. 'Tis nothing but a faithful protestation to do reasonable things as I shall appoint, and not to reveal what I shall trust you withall.

An. If you will covenant on your part in defence of my Reputation, to let me Rail at you behind your back, I will subscribe.

Tri. Take your pleasure, I am content. Write Sir. In what without a Knave we cannot end,
A Knave imploy'd do's the office of a friend.

An. Here Sir, I deliver it as my deed.

Tri. Here, and I deliver you this again to keep. Indeed you shall for performance of Covenants.

Enter Widgine.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated, my Sister hath fortified her lodging with locks, bolts, bars and barricadoes.

Luc. To what end Brother ? for what cause ?

An. I know not whither it be discontent or wilfulness that possesses her ; but you are to have no entrance there to Night. That she has sufficientlie sworn.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How ! am I denied ? to my wish.

Tri. Pray let me speak with you Sir.

Luc. At large you shall ; for though it be my wedding Night, you shall be my Bedfellow. Lights there. Good Night Brother.

Ex.
Tri.

Tri. Good Night Captain.

Ex.

Wid. How now Governor? what has anger'd thee? something troubles thy countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priviledge of this place hath once more preserved that unworthie *Tridewell* from the justice of my furie, which should have fallen on him, had he been twind with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Governor? would you have fought by Candle-light? (Star-light.)

An. Sir I dare do't by Day-light, Moon-light,

Wid. Owle-light.

An. Anie light under the Sun. And that shall be tride well on *Tridewells* head, dee hear?

Wid. A good Jest! Tride well upon *Tridewell*. He has wit in his anger. But Governor, laying your anger aside, let me be beholden to your wit in atchieving this Northern Lasse; thy acquaintance with her must be the means, prithee go lie with me, and help me to dream out some course. Nay, look now thy furie blows so high, thou dost not hear me.

An. Not hear? yes, were I in a Combat as great as ever I my self fought anie, I could both hear, and give counsel. Therefore say unto your self, by the help of your Governor, she is your own.

Wid. O man past example!

An. But dee hear?

Wid. Here, here, thou shalt have anie thing—
gives him money.

Excunt.

A C T. III. Scene II.

Enter Squelch, Constance, Nonsense, Trainewell.

Squ. Come your wayes Huswife, no more of your whinings, and counterfeit tricks. If this
Gentleman

Gntleman be not worthie of your love, I am not worthie to be your Uncle, directlie.

Tra. Alas, what mean you Sir?

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him, you denie me directlie.

Tra. She understands you not a word Sir.

Squ. If you will join hands and faith with him, here's your portion, there's your jointure; if not, your way lies before you, pack directlie.

Tra. Good Sir, consider her disease. If her understanding were direct, you might speak directlie to her: But if I have any discretion, she is too full of melanchollie to be purg'd this way.

Squ. What would you have me do? Or how in your discretion would you counsel me?

Tra. Not to be mad Sir, because she is melanchollie; not by taking a wrong course for her Recoverie to ruine her, and forfeit your judgment. Do you think, that commands with chidings, threats or stripes, have power to work upon her, when she has neither will nor Reason within her self to do, or not to do anie thing whatsoever.

Squ. Now the gigs up.

Tra. If her health in sense and understanding were perfect, yet as she is woman, her will were first to be wrought upon by fair and gentle treatie. But as she is at this time so sick in mind, that knowledge of what she is, what she does, especially of what she should do, is dead in her, her mind must be first recover'd; and that by a due course, in soft and temperate proceedings; to which, fit time, as well as means, must be allowed. Moreover —

Squ. Oh, no moreovers I beseech you, nor more of her at this time. I understand your purpose already, I do directlie. Therefore speedilie take what course, and use what means shall in your discretion

cretion be thought fit. I will subscribe, I will directlie subscribe to your discretion. My Wife, when she went out of the World, left me as great a curse behind her, in the charge she gave me with this Woman, this quick-sighted guide of my house, a blind one were better.

Tra. You should first see, if it pleased you, how her affection may be wrought upon by the Gentlemans own fair intreatie. Pray Sir speak to her like a Sutor, look upon him Sweetheart; this Gentleman loves you: Pray speak Sir, Do you not?

Non. Never credit me prettie Gentlewoman——

Con. Nor will I, fear it not; nor anie man that sayes he loves me: For alas, I was too latelie scorn'd.

Non. You are a Lafs indeed, I protest and vow, and such a one, as I would be verie forrie to appear anie way, or in the least degree, as it were please you to understand me; for I'll be sworn there is not in the World.

Con. Truth in swearing, less in promising.

Non. If you will believe me Ladie.

Con. Nor ne man for your sake.

Non. There is not in the World I say

Con. I say so too Sir, What was't I pray.

Non. There is not in the World anie Gentlewoman——

Con. Tell that no further; for we are all too gentle lessen men were less cruel.

Tra. Hear him speak *Constance.*

Con. You shall hear me sing first by your leave.

Tra. Poor heart.

Squ. Here's wife work! direct Lunacie and Ideotism. Bless my house from the Ward Masters Informers.

Con. Pray sir, are you sir *Philip?*

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Ladie, I am fir *Philip*,

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow. Your mouth's not wide enough for your words.

Tra. She has stop'd his mouth there.

Con. His words would soften Adamantine ears. And looks would melt a marble heart to tears. O wea is me!

Tra. Nay, you must not weep Sweet-heart.

Con. What mun I do than? Shall I ever get him by singin trow ye?
In troth I would never but sing, if I thought that were the gainest way.

Tra. I had rather hear you sing though, than see you weep.

Con. It must be of my Love than, my Sparrow, as I told you. And thus it goes.

S O N G.

*A bonny bonny Bird I had,
A Bird that was my Marrow:
A Bird whose pastime made me glad,
And Philip 'twas my Sparrow.
A pretty Play-fere: Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fist,
Kccp cut, as 'twere a Usurers Gold,
And bill me when I list.*

*Philip, Philip, Philip it cryes,
But he is fled. and my joy dyes.*

*But were my Philip com'd again,
I would not change my Love
For Juno's Bird with gaudy train,
Nor yet for Venus Dove.*

*Nay, would my Philip come again,
I would not change my state,
For his great Name fakes wealth of Spain,
To be anothers Mate.*

Philip, Philip, &c.

No,

No, no, you cannot be the man ; I know him right weell by you fir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trim geere upon you, and all his sweets about you, yet I should not be so fond to mistake a Jennie Howlet for a Tassel Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault do you find in this Gentleman ?

Con. Feath, but eene eane. That he is not fir *Philip* ; for thus would he do ; thus would he kiss his hand ; and thus ta' me by mine : Thus would he look, and set his eye on mine ; and give me leave to see my self in's eyen. 'Twas the best glafs introth that ere I saw, I nere look weell fine, nor ere shall I me sure, until I see me there again.

sing,

But he is geane, alas hee's geane, and all too late I sorrow :

For I shall never be well again, till yesterday be to-morrow.

God you good Even fir. — *Ex.*

Tra. Follow her fir.

Squ. And put her to't fir, and out of this humor. I'll add the tother five hundred to her portion, and you bring her about handsomlie. O when I was a Batchelor ! I think I can do somewhat yet in my old dayes : But when I was a Batchelor, how I could have handled this geere.

Non. Never credit me fir, if you will believe me, but —

Squ. I do believe you fir sufficientlie good Mr. *Nonsense*, no more of your impertinent speeches. But follow her, and put her to't I say, to't directlie ; take her into the Orchard ; 'twas there she fell in love they say ; it may be the place is omenous.

Ex. Non.

Tra.

Tra. Sir, there will be no way for her Recoverie, but to remove her Lodging, and have some good Physitians about her.

Squ. Where you please, and use whose help you please, she is your own; dispose of her freele, as I will of what is mine, I'll take a new course of life directlie. Let me see, she is lost, past Recoverie. Say I should marrie, I might yet have an Heir of mine own.

Tra. Yes, but of whose getting sir?

Squ. There might rise a fearful question.

Tra. Think not of it sir. A man of your years and gravitie, with the respect the World gives you for your place and worship in the Common-wealth, together with the Riches you have pil'd up in a mountainous estate; to cast all down with your self and fortune, at the foot of a stranger! Think what would be thought of you, if such a dotage should possess you.

Squ. She's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how was Mr. *Spartledirt* talk'd on tother day for doing such a trick? yet he was held a wise Lawyer. You see a fair example in the late marriage of sir *Philip Luckles*, and his *Fitchow*, a match of your own making, and cause of your Nieces, and your own misfortune.

Squ. No more I beseech you.

Tra. There's tugging for a Masterie, and buffetting for the breeches. He barks at her, she snaps at him; she breaks his Wine-glafs, he her Looking-glafs; she puts away his servants, he turns away hers; she locks her chamber-door, he bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of strife and disorder.

Squ. I pray shut up that point, I will not marrie; No directlie I will not, though the truth is my purpose; was to have cast my self and
fortune

fortune whollie upon you, if it might have seem'd well in your discretion, umh umh.

Tra. I pray stay a little sir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a step further, this way by your leave. I think I have puffel'd her discretion.

Tra. Understand me sir. As I would not have you fall rashlie upon anie thing, no more would I have you flie suddenlie from anie purpose, without advice and sober deliberation. If you should marrie one that would be a comfortable Nurse unto you, as (though I say't) you partlie know——

Squ. Say you nothing, for I do know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directlie; for if ever I marrie, let me suffer all that the Law provides for Perjurie; let me be cropt and slit worse than a French Curtal, or a Parliamantal Delinquent for blaspheming the Blood-Royal. No, I will now bestow my wealth in Monumental good deeds, and charitable uses in my life-time, to be talked well on when I am dead.

Tra. Yes, build Almes-Houses and Hospitals for Beggars, and provide in *Bridewell*, and houses of Correction for your friends and kindred. Pray give enough to *Bedlam*, you may feel some part of that benefit your self before you die, if these fits hold you.

Squ. She would have do me no good with that I have neither. Let me consider, the most I have to say directlie hath not been verie well gotten. Were it not a point of good Conscience, to spend that prodigallie, and save a lewd Heir the sin? And that which I have got well and honestlie, hath been with much care and travel; were it not then a point of equitie to my self, to spend that with ease and pleasure? 'Tis done directlie, what I
(c) have

have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it.
Within there ho ?

Tra. What's the toy now ?

Ent. Clerk.

Squ. Sirrah, Take there twenty Peeeces. Bestow it all presentlie in choicest meats, and richest wines for my Supper ; this one Nights Supper directlie. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Bless us !

Squ. Six brace of Partridges, and six Pheasants in a Dish. Godwits, Knots, Quails, and the rest of the meats answerable for half a score, or a dozen persons of the best Qualitie, whom I will think of presentlie.

Cle. Brain of a down-right Justice ! What means my Master, to leap out of Thirtie shillings a Week house-keeping, into Twentie pounds a Supper ? I may sell my Clerks place, for sure he means to thrust himself out of the Commission. He can be no Justice long, if this humor hold : Who shall be the Guests Trot ?

Squ. I have it directlie. You shall go to the Ordinaries, and from thence invite such young Gallants as you find to be Gamesters. I mean of the highest cut.

Tra. Men that you do not know sir ?

Squ. I directlie, if they know me, or have heard of me, 'tis sufficient, we shall be soon acquainted. Bring not a man with anie paid for gold Lase or Scarlet about him, I charge you, nor without a protection in his pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this sir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you have, if I have anie discretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts.
What

What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie. You have put me by one or two courses, but not all your discretion shall beat me out of this. If you take some care in the busines, and huswife the entertainment to make it brave for my credit, you may get a Gown or a Jewel by it. If not——

Tra. Sir I'll obey you. If he be mad, I will not be foolish, but strike in for a share. And for your Guests sir, let me alone, my man is best acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you speak.

Tra. Within there, *Beavis*? But in troth sir, I doubt whither anie such Guests will come, you have alwayes been so strict and terrible in your Iustitiarie courses.

Enter Beavis.

Squ. Let him say mine eyes are opened, and their vertue is revealed unto me. And if anie of the youngsters have Mistresses, let 'hem bring 'hem. They shall have Musick; what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. My flesh, though not in the way of Marriage, requires some satisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentiful Town, find a choice piece directlie that he might make his own? onlie his own? A verie hard question. And custom has made it almost an unreasonable one, though it were in ones own Wife. In a Citizens or Tradesmans wife, a man must suffer the Rivalship of a slovenly Husband, the stink of his Horns ever under ones Nose. A cast Ladie, or Gentlewoman of courtlie acquaintance, to maintain her, is to feed a Fountain, that wasts it self through manie Spowts; what I supplie her with will be drawn out by twentie; all her friends must share of my prodigalitie. To train up
an

an innocens Countrey Girle, is like hatching a Cuckoe ; as soon as she is Ripe, and sees the World afore her, she flies at her advantage, and leaves me dead i' the Nest. How now.

Enter Clerk.

Cle. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your Worship to be examined, a Gentlewoman fir.

Squ. Who brings her ?

Cle. *Vexhem* the Constable fir.

Squ. Look on his feet, sure 'tis the Devil in his likenefs ; that old Bawd knowing how it stood with me, has brought me one of his *succubæ* Art. Sure 'tis *Vexhem* ?

Cle. Sure fir ? The Devil himself knows him not better than I know him from the Devil. I am sure he has been in fee with me these nine years, almost ever since he was Constable ; and has brought more profit to my Desk, than all the honest Officers in the Counties of your Commission fir. Oh he's a Rare Fellow, he'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Squ. You know my mind, I will in and handle this geere in privitie.

Enter Nonf. Conft.

Tra. Beavis, You understand me, prithee go discreetlie about it.

Be. Pray let me see a little of this first.

Non. If I put her to't, or ever offer to put anie Woman to't again, never credit me ; let me never be trusted, I protest and vow Gentlewoman she has us'd me —

Tra. Verie ill favouredlie methinks.

Be. Ha' you put her to't fir.

Non. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't.

Sing.
Con.

Con. *I wo' not go to't, nor I mun not go to't,
For love, nor yet for fee,
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dye.*

*Yet mine intent, I could repent, for ane mans
company.*

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrouslie chang'd. I am sure his faults were not written on his forehead. God pardon him.

Non. If mine be, you can best read 'hem, 'tis your own hand-writing.

Be. She has done a cure on him, he spoke sense now. Alas Sir, that a fair hand should make such blots! what hand is it? Secretarie, Roman, Court or Text? I have not seen the like; 'tis all dominical letters, red ink, his face is like an Almanack of all Holydayes.

Tra. Sure 'tis Stenographie, everie Character a word; and here and there one for a whole sentence.

Be. Here's one might serve for a whole Historie. The life and death of *Raw-head* and *bloody-bones*.

Non. I see I am not such an Afs, I would I might never stir but I am —— Where's Sir *Paul*? if I do not tell him——

Tra. What did you to provoke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can answer in a fort dee see me as well as——never gi' me credit I had warrant under his hand.

Be. How sir?

Non. By word of mouth sir.

Be. That's above hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you should put her fairlie on like a Lover, with sweet speeches, and gentle behaviour.

Non. She understands nothing that I can speak.

Be. Nor anie bodie else I think.

Tra. And therefore you fell to exprefs your self
in

in rude action. She has serv'd you but well, you are a fine putter to't indeed. *Sing.*

*Con. Mun toot Mun toot, Muntar a ra ra Muntar a ra ra ree,
And ever I sigh and cry alack for Philips
love I dye.*

Just so did our Deyry Maid at home serve my Ladie *Fidledets* Butler, and there I learnt it. But when she had so done, what did she then do? Bestow'd a pennieworth of *Unguentum Album*, and it made him whole presentlie. Good Mrs. *Traine-well* send to your Pothecharie for some, 'twill make him weell e'ne now.

Tra. I sweetheart; but first you shall go in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not weell too. But I'll have no Doctor but Sir *Philip*.

Tra. It shall be Sir *Philip* (poor soul) all must be Sir *Philip*. You shall lie at his house.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in't we be married.

Prithee *Beavis* gar him wash his face, he'll scare some bodies Barns else. — *Ex. with Tra.*

Be. I'll throw him into the Dock rather than he shall succeed *Jack O'Dandy*. Come fir, all shall be well again, fear not.

Non. I thank you fir.

ACT. III. Scene III.

Enter Luckles and Tridewell.

Luc. Cofin, I understand you at full; and am glad that occasion hath pointed out a probabilitie to lead me out of this labyrinth, and you to your desired end. *Tri.*

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you shall arrive at your own wishes.

Luc. She has put me into't her self too.

Tri. By sequestering her self from you the first Night.

Luc. For which Cofin, if I take not occasion to keep my self from her, all nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the act of our bodies beget prodigious monsters, and nothing else.

Tri. A fearful vow! look to't. And I warrant the fues for the Divorce first.

Luc. May we prove but as certain as you are confident in our other project, for recalling *Constance* to her self, and thee then to her, these fetters being shaken off, may they prove golden ones to you, I shall not envie you.

Tri. For her take no thought Sir. The interest I have in her Turrefs, with the work I have fashion'd upon my Anvile, shall bring all to your wish. I expect to hear from him instantlie.

Luc. I'll freelie resign your wish to you, and add half I have to augment her Estate to you. Oh I tremble to think on her; her presence shakes the house like an earthquake; the outrage of Prentices is not so terrible to a Bawd or a Cutpurse, as her voice is to me. Yet to you she may be calm as the breath of friendship, and mild as the midnight whispers of chaste love.

Tri. Sir, I profess my affection flies eagerlie at her; she takes me deeplie, however you have mistaken one another. Oh here comes my *Anvile*! Methinks his verie countenance invites me to strike him, though I know he does me good service now.

Enter Anvile.

An. 'Tis done sir, I warrant she's plac'd, successfullie, dee hear?

Tri.

Tri. How prithee ?

An. I have sent her before his Worship by a Constable.

Luc. Who has he sent ? before whose Worship ?

Tri. You shall know all, he has sent your cast Whore before sir *Paul*.

Luc. The mysterie, Gentlemen ?

Tri. The successe shall unfold it in good time to your and my benefit ? doubt not, if she but follow her instructions.

Luc. Nay, if she be not Mistris of her Art, there is no deceit among Tradesmen, no briberie among Officers, no bankrupt out of Ludgate, nor whore out of Bridewell.

An. And if I ha' not fitted her with a second, my friend *Vexham*, the Constable, then say there is no wit among Knaves, no want among Scholars, no rest in the Grave, nor unquietness in Marriage, dee hear ?

Luc. Of which here comes the truest testimonie.

Enter Fitchow, Pate, Widgine, Howdee.

Fit. Out of my doors thou Miscreant,

Wid. Nay sister. O Governor, art here ?

Fit. Avoid my house, and that presentlie, I'll claw your skin off after your Liverie else, and make you so much nakeder than time makes all other serving creatures.

Luc. Do you talk of turning away my man ? you shall give me leave to turn away your *Howdee* first, and then put off my, God a mercie, how dost thou ?

Fit. Am I jeer'd ? flowted to my face ? Is this fit usage for a wife ?

Luc. A Wife ? a Witch.

Fit. A Husband ? a Hangman.

Luc. Out Pufs.

Tri.

Tri. Nay Sir, indeed the fault is yours most extreamlie now. Pray sir forbear to strain beyond a womans patience.

Fit. Am I scorn'd and revil'd ?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha.

Fit. Made a propertie for laughter ?

Luc. A ah, ha.

Fit. Have I no friend, no servant to command ?

Luc. Ah, ah, ha.

Fit. Has my Ladiship made me so lamentable a thing, that I have lost the power of a Mistriss ? You sir, run and call some friends to succour me, or I'll thrattle you.

Luc. Stir but a foot firrah, or utter but a fillable, and I'll cut your thrattle-pipe.

Ho. I shall be carv'd out betwixt them.

Fit. What will become of me ? you Woodcock, Ninnihammer.

Wid. Have you forgot my name sister ? would not *Widgine* become your mouth as well ? forget your natural brothers name ?

Fit. Can you call me sister, and see me abus'd thus ?

Wid. *Foutre* for sisters ; I am not to meddle with another mans wife, I am about one for my self ; you mention'd her first to me : But I must be beholden to others wits and means to compass her ; or else.

Luc. Do as I bid you, or ——

Ho. O sir, she'll rend me in pieces, tear me like a Lark.

Luc. Dost thou fear her or me ? Do't, or I——

Ho. Sir, there's Mr. *Walter* can sing it Rarelie.

Luc. So he shall sir, and so will all ; but you must put us in. Begin.

Ho. *Hey down down, &c.*

jug.

Wid. Sister, wife, and all, is a present nothing to this
this

this. Come round Gentlemen ; keep her but off,
and let me alone.

*They all take hands, and dance round. Widgine
in the midst sings this Song. They all bear the
burden, while she scolds and strives to be amongst
'hem. Tridewell holds her off.*

*Wid. He that marries a Scold, a Scold. Song.
He has most cause to be merry,
For when she's in her fits, he may cherish
his wits,
By singing hey down derry.
All.—Hey down down derry down down
down, &c.*

Enter Bulfinch.

*Bul. I cry you mercie Gallants, I apprehend
you would be private.*

*Luc. O no Mr. Bulfinch, you shall make one of
our Council.*

*Bul. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrilie
dispos'd, in good sadnes.*

Wid. Apprehend a fools head, Come into play.

All. I, I in with him, and about again.

They pull him into the Round.

*Wid. He that marries a merry Lass,
He has most cause to be sad :
For let her go free in her merry tricks, she
Will work his Patience mad.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.*

*He that weds with a Roaring Girle,
That will both scratch and bite ;
Though he study all day to make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.*

And

And he that copes with a fullen Wench,
That scarce will speak at all,
Her doggedness more than a Scold or a
Whore,
Will perpetrate his Gall.

All. Hey down down, &c.
He that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her,
Shall waste so much life in the love of his
Wife,
He were better be without her.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

Fit. O scorn upon scorn, torment upon torment.
Let me rather be buried alive, than bear this.

She gets loose.
Slaves, Rascals, get ye all out of my doors. By
vertue of my nails, I charge ye. I'll not leave an
eye or a nose amongst ye. *Flies upon all.*

How. Wid. Bul. Anv. O Lord, O Lord.

Luc. Come bouncing after my Boyes.

Ex. singing.

Fit. O how am I wrong'd.

Ex. Omnes, præter Fit. Tri. Bul.

Bul. Sure I did apprehend this mirth, as right
as could be possible the wrong way.

Tri. Madam, I see too much of your vexation,
and indeed I suffer too much with you. As I am
a Gentleman, I will give you right friendlie coun-
sel, if you will hear me.

Fit. Sir I have perceiv'd humanitie in you, and
do love it in you. But I know not what to do, nor
whom to hear. I am fallen into the pit of Bondage,
and will take any course for my Redemption. Oh
Mr. Bulfinch.

Tri. This will make to my purpose.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond expression. This
Gentleman

Gentleman is an eye-witness of my sufferings. Pray come in Sir, I will hear your counsel, together with this Gentlemans advice.

Bul. Madam, your case is in my apprehension most desperate, yet full of comfort, in regard you seek advice and counsel. Mine is ever readie, and more fortunate oftentimes than judicious. For I do nothing but upon good Reason and deliberation.

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Squelch, Holdup, Vexhem.

Vex. Sir I beseech your Worship, deal not so feverelie with me.

Squ. Sirrah I will teach you how to deal with dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Justice*, and be able to lay nothing to her charge.

Vex. Indeed Sir, the Captain inform'd me of her, and said he would be here readie to accuse her. Good Sir.

Squ. Most officious Sir, What Warrant had you? None. What is the Captain's name? you know not. Where's his lodging? you are ignorant. But here was your cunning, it appears most plainlie, that you thinking her to be one of the Trade, thought to make a prey of her purse; which since your affrightment, could not make her open unto you, you thought to make her Innocencie smart for't. I will make your Knaverie smart for't directlie. Come is the *Mittimus* readie? give me't— *Writes and Seals it.*

Enter

Enter Clerk.

Vex. Good your Worship, hold your hand, for my poor families sake.

Squ. Here take him forth, and let the next Constable convey him to *Newgate*.

Vex. Sir, 'tis the first time that ever I offended in this kind. I pray your Worship be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I say directlie. As I am in my right mind and *Middlesex*, I will shew my Justice on thee.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knave laugh? Bring him back. May a man ask the cause of your mirth?

Vex. Sir I have laught at the vexation of a thousand in my dayes. I hope I may have leave once in my life to laugh at mine own.

Squ. Oh is it so? Pray hold you merrie Sir.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha, ha — *Ex.*

Squ. Now Ladie, whereas you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retain you as my Mistrifs. I like her beyond measure. A prettie young thing! new brought to a pace! Ah, ha! She has committed a little Countrie follie, as she privatelie confesses. What's that? It may stand in Rank with that they call vertue here, and then she is content to live as privatelie as I please. She shall up, I will winter and summer her before she shall see a High-way of this Town. She's for my turn directlie. Mrs. *Holdup*, is your name say you?

Hold. *Canitha Holdup* sir, a poor Gentlewoman. My father bore the office of a Commissioner for the Peace in the West-countrie, till misfortune wrought his Estate out of his hands.

Squ. *Holdup!* I have heard of him, and know
VOL. III. G what

what 'twas that funk him. He liv'd by the Sea-side, 'twas trading with the Pyrats. Buying their Goods, and selling them Viſtuals.

Hold! 'Tis too true ſir. He paid ſo dearlie for't at laſt, that I have no more but my bare breeding, and what I bear about me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough, enough directlie; if you can bear your ſelf diſcreetlie, and contain your ſelf within thoſe bounds of fortune, in which I'll plant you. Alas good ſoul, weep not; let monie and authoritie be thy comfort; by which thou ſhalt feel no want, nor fear no danger. But to our buſineſs; I have alreadie acquainted you with my Neece *Conſtances* diſeaſe, and that ſhe is remov'd out of my houſe for her health. I will lodge you at a truſtie Tenants houſe where ſhe is unknown. You ſhall take her name upon you.

Hold. Which is mine own alreadie.

Squ. And if you can but a little counterfeit her melanchollie, you may freelie paſs for her; and my acceſſes to thee, my ſweet Girle, ſhall crown us with fulneſs of delight and pleaſure.

Hold. Sir, you have moſt worthilie made me your own, and all my ſtudie ſhall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit Attendant for the perſon of my Love.

Hold. Some ſimple honeſt bodie ſir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now.

Enter Clerk.

Cle. My Ladie *Luckles's* man deſires to ſpeak with you.

Squ. Stand you by unſeen a while. Send him in. I do expect ſome meſſage now, in the behalf of her unluckie Ladſhips wiſe brother, Mr. *Widgine*, touching my Neece. Now friend how does my good Ladie?

Enter

Enter Howdee.

Ho. I left her verie ill fir; for she has beaten me, and thrust me out of doors with her own hands, without pennie in my purse, or other Cloak o' my back, than the bare Livorie, that a cast Serving-man cannot shake off, of Knave and Beggar.

Squ. Thou leftest her verie ill indeed. But well, thou wouldst have me be a means to re-establish thee in thy Ladie.

Ho. In her service fir.

Squ. I speak by a figure *Humphrey*; for to be inward with, or indeed within a Mistriss, is to be a servant in the most Courtlie phrase.

Ho. I fir. Those are convenient servants fir. We are covenant servants. They are respected above Husbands: We abased beneath Slaves. They purchase place, honours, and offices, oftentimes with their Ladies monies, when we find not our wages without hard words, and are in fear (poor snakes) to have our sloughs pulled over our ears before the year go about. We drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the best is, we labour and sweat it out for our Ladies, when they are fain to take physick, and lie in for their Ladies.

Squ. Most intelligent *Humphrey*. Let us retire to the purpose. Put case I have a Mistriss in store for you, to whom I may commend you upon my own credit, and undertake for your entertainment and means by my own purse. What would you say? what would you do?

Ho. Sir, I will say over the Gent. Ushers Grammar to you, and do her service by the Rules.

Squ. Well said directlie.

Squ. *Incipe Humfride.* Say your part.

Ho. In a Gentleman Usher there be eight parts.
Boldness

Boldness, Neatness, Flatterie, and Secresie, rewarded. Diligence, Obedience, Truth, and Honestie, unrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldness?

Ho. His Boldness is the use of his Manhood in right of his Ladies honour, degree, place or privilege, at home, abroad, in private or publick meeting, for the hand, for the wall, for the what she will, for the what she calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

Ho. By obtaining of Sutes made out of cast Gowns or Petticoats. Which if he be a Taylor, as most of our middle sort of Professors are, he is thereby made a man in spight of the Proverb, and thrust into the High-way of advancement.

Squ. Perge Humphrey. His Neatness now?

Ho. His Neatness consists most diverslie fir. Not only in the decent wearing of those cloaths and clean linnen, pruning his hair, ruffling his boots, or ordering his shooe-tyes; these are poor expressions, a Journey-man Barber will do't. But to do his office neatlie, his garb, his pace, his postures, his comes on, and his comes off, his complements, his visits.

Squ. His Howdees.

Ho. In which a profound judgment would be puffed'd.

Squ. I believe thee.

Ho. And the most absolute or artificial memorie set o'the Rack. To be able to Relate how this Ladies tooth does, and tother Ladies too. How this Ladies Milk does, and how tothers Doctor lik'd her last water. How this Ladies Husband, and how tother Ladies Dog slept last Night. How this Child, that Monkey, this Nurse, that Parrat, and a thousand such. Then his neatness in Chamber-work, or about the person of his Ladie,
in

in case her maid or woman be otherwise occupied, to convey a Pin into her Ruff neatlie, or add a help to her Head-dressing, as well as *John among the Maids*. Lastlie, His dexteritie in carving, and his discretion in marshalling of meats; to give everie mefs the due service, and everie dish his lawful preheminance.

Squ. And how is this neatness rewarded *Humphrey*?

Hum. Doubletie fir, at board and at bed; by good bits, and the love of the Chambermaid.

Squ. Well *Humphrey*, because we will not make this Scene too long, we will omit the rest; onlie why are your last four parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honestie unrewarded?

Ho. Sir, They are parts that spring out of vertue, and are therefore born with their Reward in their mouths, and ought to expect no further from anie service in these times.

Squ. Most edifying *Humphrey*, I have a Mistriss in store for thee.

Ho. I long to see her fir.

Squ. Didst thou never see my Neece *Constance*?

Ho. No fir. But I have heard she is diseas'd with melanchollie, and if she should prove mad too, like my old Ladie, I were then as far to seek as ere I was.

Squ. Fear it not *Humphrey*. My warrant ease thy care. Neece come forth. [*Enter Holdup.*] I shall fit you with a servant. Fall to your postures *Humphrey*. Your Garb. [*He does his postures.*] So. Your Pace. So. Your Congie. So. Hand your Ladie. Good. Arm your Ladie. Good still. Side your Ladie. Verie good. Draw out your Ladie. Excellent. Present your Ladie. Singular well, good *Humphrey*.

Ho. Sir, I can shoulder my Ladie too; but that
is

is when she takes Coach ; and foot my Ladie, when she alights.

Squ. Precious *Humphrey*, I admire thy Art.

Ho. I learnt all of a good old Ladies man in the *Strand* sir, that must be nameless.

Squ. Now *Humphrey*, walk your Ladie to the Burse.

Ho. O most hofterlie spoken ! under correction sir, wait your Ladie I pray sir.

Squ. Well said *Humphrey*. Here's something for my instruction. Now wait your Ladie to the Burse. She has some trifles to buy there. I will find you there presentlie, and conduct you to your lodging.

Gives her money.

Hold. What shall I do with all this sir ? I would indeed but buy an ounce or two of Thread, some Nitting Pins and Needles, and a frame to flourish my work on. Hereafter I will work in gold and silver, if you please, for your own wearing.

Squ. As I would wish ! her simplicitie takes me above her beautie. Go I say, I'll follow. Methinks I een feel my self, thank my self for being in this good humor. What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie.

Ex.

ACT. IV. Scene II.

Enter Fitch, Trid. Bulf. Widg. Anv.

Fit. Gentlemen, you now know the calamitie I suffer under. And you have shew'd me the best way to comfort, for which I thank you. I have given you my Resolution for a Divorce, upon condition. Before which, I must promise you nothing sir. But I assure you in the mean time, you stand prime

prime in my affection ; for I have in all found you a right worthie Gentleman.

Tri. Madam, I have not utterance to declare my acceptance of your love. It must therefore be lock'd up in my breast, the treasure of my heart. Now for the condition upon which your Divorce depends, we must see that perform'd, and then——

Fit. Sir, I will make good more than I now may promise.

Tri. You speak Noblie.

Fit. It relishes a little too much of womanlie wilfulness I confess. But all my wilfulness (that I'll promise you sir) shall die in the end of this business.

Tri. Well then, before your discreet Neighbour Mr. *Bulfinch* here. If you have not your will in this, I will disclaim in your favour hereafter. Sir, the condition is (as you may remember——

Bul. I apprehend it sir. That sir *Paul Squelch* his Neece be first married or contracted, and then she consents to a Divorce: And that you be assistant to her Brother here to obtain her for him.

Tri. To which I promise my readie help, onlie I must not appear in the business.

Bul. I will onlie appear in it, for I will not be seen in the matter.

Tri. As how sir?

Bul. As thus sir. I will keep your counsel ; not onlie in holding my peace to all the World, but in saying nothing to sir *Paul* himself. Dee apprehend me sir?

Tri. And thank you sir. Now everie man to his part Mr. *Widgine*. You have both your sisters and my best directions alreadie, which I doubt not but with the help of your Governor you will make good use of. Madam will you in, and but wish well to our proceedings, and trouble your thoughts no further.

Ex. severally.

An.

An. Sir, what help he has of me, is for the Ladies and his own sake, not yours, dee hear?

Wid. No blustering now good Governor: Prithee restrain thy furie. Thou canst never hear nor speak to that Gentw. with anie patience, and yet he is on our side now. Prithee let's lose no time. I never long'd more for my mothers coming from a Christning, than to be at this Northern Lasse.—

Ex.

ACT. IV. Scene III.

Enter Tridewell, Trainewell, Holdup.

Tri. Wanton you have begun propitiously: Proceed but confidentlie, and I'll warrant thee a wealthie Husband by it, or a composition that may prove thee better purchase.

Hol. Sir, be you and this Ladie but as confident of my fidelitie, and trust me in this action, and if I break not the toyles your Kinsman is in, and make you Mistriss of my interest in sir *Paul*, let all the good you intended me, be a lockram Coife, a blew Gown, a Wheel, and a clean Whip. You are sure the Ladie will yield to a Divorce, if *Constance*, whom I now personate, be first married or contracted.

Tri. Right. She does but hold off till then, and that wilfullie; because she fears it is for *Constances* love onlie, that her Husband desires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are sure that *Constance* is safe from her discoverie.

Tra. I upon the hazard of my discretion.

Hol. To anie then that knows her not verie well, if I appear not the same *Constance* — you have given me her Character right?

Tra.

Tra. The best that we can possiblie.

Hol. Nay, I have a further help then, you both imagine yet.

Tri. Tra. May we know it?

Hol. It shall be no secret. My servant *Howdee*, whom you and sir *Paul* suppose his Ladie turn'd away, was by her Ladiship taught onlie to feign it; and cunninglie instructed to work himself into the service of *Constance*, to further her brothers proceedings. And since fortune has put him upon me, whom he takes to be the same Mistriss, if I make not apt use of it. —

Tri. 'Tis most fairlie omenous. Come Ladie, he cannot but be at hand, and our stay may do hurt. (You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and sir *Philips* appointment to meet you there an hour hence.

Tra. All sir I would use no other. She is there alreadie.

Ex.

Tri. No more then, away. Fare you well sweet creature.

Ex.

Hol. If my deceit now should be discovered, before my work be ended, my brain-tricks might perhaps, instead of all these fair hopes, purchase me the lash; 'fore *Venus* my flesh een trembles to think on't. It brings likewise into my consideration, the baseness of my condition; how much unpitied the punishment of a Whore is, and how suddenlie it overtakes her! my joint Conspirators are in no danger. I only run the hazard, though they are as deep in fact as my self. Well, if I scape this pull, and draw anie fortune by'r, I'll change my function sure. A common Whore? I'll be a Nun rather. They come most fitlie, and I must into my fit.—

Withdraws behind the hangings.

ACT

ACT. IV. Scene IV.

Enter Widgine, Anvile, Howdee.

How. Indeed fir it was my Ladies plot, but you must take no notice of it.

Wid. I'll thank her with all my heart, and she shall never know on't.

How. But if fir *Paul*, my now Master, should discover my deceit, how shall I scape his vengeance?

An. What dost thou think of me, weak fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the War Captain; but he is a Justice of Peace, and a Commander of Captains in *Middlesex*, sends two or three drunken ones to *Newgate* at a clap sometimes.

Wid. Fear no discoverie *Humphrey*. Let me but see her, and I'll warrant thee.

How. She'll see none but fir *Philip*, you must be no bodie else. Remember that: you must know no other name you have. Now if you can fir *Philip* it handsomelie, there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governor shall fir *Philip* me at everie word; and if I do not fir *Philip* her, better than ever she was *Philipt* in her life, then say I am no Legitimate *Widgine*.

Hol. 'Tis past your strength or reach either by fortie I believe. I doubt your middle finger is too short Mr. *Widgine*.

How. Well, I must venture it. Here she comes.
Has a Baby.

Wid. What's she doing. Ods me! making a Baby I think. Are you good at that ifaith? I'll be at that sport with you, it shall cost me a fall else.

How. Oh she has a hundred such apish toyes.
Een

Een now she was great with Child forsooth as she could go. And was perswaded she had a Child as big as I in her bellie. I wondered at it, and she told me she had had a hundred there as big in her dayes.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but she knew not what I said. By and by, I must be a Man-Midwife forsooth, and deliver her; for 'twas past a Womans skill. Now she thinks she is brought a Bed, and Nurfes the Child her self.

Wid. And who's the father?

How. O none but sir *Philip*.

Wid. I'll father it as well as he. Is't a Boy or Girle trow? Would she would make a Christning Banquet while we are here. Hearn, she sings.

Song.

*Peace wayward Barn ; O cease thy mone :
Thy far more wayward Daddy's gone :
And never will recalled be
By cryes of either thee, or me :*

*For should we cry,
until we dye,
We could not scant his cruelty.
Ballow, Ballow, &c.*

*He needs might in himself foresee,
What thou successively might'st be ;
And could he then (though me forego)
His Infant leave, ere he did know,*

*How like the Dad
would be the Lad,
In time, to make fond Maidens glad ?
Ballow, Ballow, &c.*

Wid. How is this prettie Mrs. *Constance*, that you complain of your Love before he be lost.

Hol.

Hol. Who be you I pray?

Wid. Pray thee tell her Governor, I ha' not the heart to lye now.

An. It is fir *Philip* Ladie, come to do you Right. Dee hear?

Hol. Yes fir, I hear you vary weell; and could een wifh i' my heart I could believe you.

An. Speak your felf fir.

Wid. You may Mrs. *Constance*; for as I am an honest man, I never meant to wrong you.

Hol. I do believe you fir. But pray proteft no more by that name, till you make your felf fuch by marrying me. You have gotten a Barn by me, I is fure o'that.

Wid. I come for the fame purpose Sweet-heart. I'll both father and keep thy Child, and make thee an honest Woman. Give me your hand before this Gentleman, and your servant here; and fay but the word, I'll get a Licence presentlie, fetch you away, and difpatch you to Night. *Sing.*

Hol. *Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Lafs; and when will you begin.*

Wid. *As for thy Wedding Lafs wee'll do well enough, in spight o' the best o' thy Kin.*

Hol. I can but thank you, obey you, and pray for you fir.

Wid. Governor, Wilt thou believe me? It een pities my heart, to wrong fo sweet a piece of fimPLICITIE. But fortune has drest her for me to feed on, and I'll fall to

An. Or the Devil to choak you. Well boyftrous Mr. *Tridewell*, your Ropes end hath driven me into a bufinefs, here deferves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Destiny* attends not me, though this Marriage be his: And fince it is his Fate, fair befall it him, I am difcharg'd.

Wid.

Wid. Come Governor, we are agreed ; let's go that we may hie us again, and dispatch.

Hol. Nay sir. You shall not say you married me for nought, you shall hear me sing before you go.

An. What an Owfel 'tis ! she means he shall marrie her for a Song. Birladie a competent modern portion.

Song.

Hol. As I was gathering April's flowers,
He streight let fall one of his showers ;
Which drave me to an Arbor.
'Twere better I my Lap had fill'd,
Although the wet my Cloaths had spill'd,
Then to ha' found that harbor ;
For there a subtile Serpent was,
Close lying, lurking in the Grass.
And there while harmless thinking I,
Still watching when the showre would dye,
Lay listning to a Bird,
That singing sate upon the Bower,
Her Noats unto the falling showre,
the Snake beneath me stir'd ;
And with his sting gave me a Clap,
That swole my Belly, not my Lap.

Wid. By my troth 'tis prettie.

Hol. And by my Conscience 'tis true, 'twere made i' *Durham*, on a Lafs of my bignefs.

An. And in thy Cloaths I believe.

Hol. But will you be gan now, than all my joy leaves me.

Wid. Sweet foul, thou shalt have thy joy again. I will joy thee, enjoy thee, and over joy thee. Governor, let us flie about this business. I will not sleep, before I have got a License, stoln her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her wits again.

An.

An. Are you able to do that think you?

Wid. I'll warrant thee; for all Maids are mad till they be married.

An. What say you to that Ladie? Pox on you, I run a sweet hazard to advance your fortune, do I not?

Hol. Remember your Covenant with Mr. *Tridewell* Captain. And when the work is done here's my hand, you shall partake of what I get by't. And heark you.'

Wid. She may perhaps when she comes to her self, and finds me to be no fir *Philip*, be a little startled. But I mean the first Night to put so much of my own love into her, as shall work out his I doubt not, or anie his that came there before me.

Enter Howdee

How. O Gentlemen! my Masters coming, all's spoil'd if he take you. Part quicklie.

Hol. Is mine Uncle com'd? and mun we part than?

An. Kifs and part, kifs and part.

Wid. Sweetheart, not a word of me till I come to fetch you off with honour.

Hol. All benifons be with you. Indeed you be the goodliest man, that ere made Maiden fain.

Wid. Poor heart she dotes. I do not know how much I am in debt to my Conscience, till I have made her amends.—*Ex.*

Hol. This may breed good blood. If I come but as well off o'my old Uncle, as am like to come on with my young Cosin, here will be a match unlook'd for; a match without treatie; a match untalk'd or unheard of. He is coming before I have shifted my face. Methinks I hear the rustling of his bristles hither. Yet my lips must stand the assault; pray love the Porcupine, leave none of his Quills in 'hem.

ACT

ACT IV. Scene V.

Enter Squelch to Holdup.

Squ. Where's my Girle ? my honey sweet Girle ? Kifs me ; Kifs I say directlie : I'll secure thee. As I am a man of Authoritie, and that of *Middlesex*, I'll secure thee. Ha my Lafs, these lips have the true *Elixir* in 'hem indeed, to restore youth and strength ; past all *Medeas* charms, or what the Poets would have feign'd. How now ! weeps my Love ? I hope my Neeces habit has not wrought her disease into thee.

Hol. No : now I see you sir, I am well, perfectlie well : yet pardon me sir. Your absence cannot but breed me fears, when I have leasure to think on my unworthie condition, and the danger I undergo in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thousand pities that this Wench was seduc'd. She might have made a Wife for a good Esquire. She would serve a Tradesman yet most unblemishable. And when I have done with her, doing that for her, as I mean to do. She may perhaps match with a younger Brother, purchase him a place, advance his fortune, to be able in the end to repay her with a Ladiship. 'Tis not without a President, and I will help her to follow the example directlie. For what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. Ha my Bird, my Chick ! Kifs me. Kifs me up. So. Kifs me up I say. So again. Thou hast don't directlie. Maintain it now with a cordial kifs. So, so, so. Good, Verie good ; and while it is so, a word with you in private. Come my Bird, mh mh mh.

Enter Howdee.

How. Sir, there's a Woman below. —

Squ.

Squ. Sir, What have I to do with anie Woman below? Do you with your Woman below, I am verie well here.

How. Is the old man mad trow? Sir, she will have to do with you above, if you speak not with her below. I had much ado to keep her down stairs, her case is so lamentable she sayes. I never saw a Woman so importunate in my life sir. You must down sir.

Squ. I am down alreadye. All's naught. What limb of the Devil is't. Dost thou know her?

How. She sayes she is Wife to a Constable sir, that you latelie committed; and if your Worship does not Release him presentlie, that he's undone, and she's undone, all their children are undone, that unborn in her bellie is undone, and I know not how manie more are undone for ever.

Squ. Hell take her. How could she know that I was here?

How. She spied you in the street sir, and followed you, and follow you she would, had you gone into the Privie Chamber she swears; her cause enforces her she sayes. And she is so great with Child too, that no man dares give her a thrust to keep her back. I hear her blow up stairs.

Squ. Keep her down, I'll follow thee.

Exit How.

Hol. Good sir be pitiful for the Womans sake, and release him. Perhaps her Reckoning is out, and she has no bodie to call the Midwife.

Squ. I must home to my Clerk then; for I cannot write here, nor do anie good besides I am so vex'd. But I will return to thee in the Evening, Duck: And since I am so apt to be spied, I will come disguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'll put out the Candle when you are here then, for I shall never endure to see other
shape

shape of man. O these Trunk hose are a comelie wearing.

Squ. I will be disguis'd directlie. I will run through all the shapes of *Jupiter*, before I will again be prevented. Farewell, O my sweet! At Seven in the Evening expect me.—*Exit.*

Hol. Sweet say'st thou? Thou art not I'll swear. I am glad he was prevented. I should never held out a course with him, that cannot endure a breathing; a Cheefe-shop on fire cannot out-stink him. *Enter How.*

How. Your Uncle's gone Mistrifs, and sayes he will be here at seven a Clock again. But shall I tell you a fine thing Mistrifs?

Hol. Yea marrie *Humphrey*, what may that be, and 'tis not of sir *Philip*.

How. But it is of him Mistrifs. He sayes he will bring a Coach for you at six a Clock to fetch you away; will you go with him?

Hol. By my saule that will I an't be all the World over. (then?)

How. How shall your Uncle find you at seven

Hol. We'll leave him at six and sevens. I mean betwixt both. 'Twill be trim trust me. And hear'st thou me *Humphrey*? Thou must bid Mrs. *Trainewell* come to me a little before six, for a verie good Reason.

How. Humh —

Hol. Nay, it shall hinder nothing. Wee'll away the faster.

How. I think she be in her wits alreadie. If not, I must humour her, though I be put to the trouble to shift her away again. She shall marre no sport that's certain.

Hol. Come with me *Humphrey*, thou shalt go een now, and tell her; and I'll be packing up the while.—*Ex.*

How. This clinches. I shall win my Ladies heart for ever. To manage two such businesses more, were enough to raise me Agent for a State.

Exc. *The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Pate in a Doctor's Habit, Train. Conft.

Pa. To discourse a tedious Lecture unto you, Ladie, in speaking Philosophicallie of the disease of melanchollie, were to shew more learning than discretion. There are large Volumes of it in Print, to verie slender purpose..

Tra. Sir, I desire rather your discretion, than the glofs of learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholesom effects of the one, than the smooth directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Ladie. I see no Reason why I should vex and torment this delicate and tender bodie, with physick. Her disease is melanchollie; the cause of this disease I have found apparantlie in the two hours probation since you left her with me, to be love, which she hath so greedilie taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her spirits, and turn'd the faculties of all her senses into a rude confusion, sending forth the use of them extravagantlie.

Tra. Sir, I must not onlie approve, but applaud your skill. 'Tis love indeed; and I am right glad that your opinion jumps with my own knowledge; for now I doubt not of your speedie address to the cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The partie that she loves, must be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the cure.

Tra.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, onlie I would not bring him to her sight without your approbation, fearing it might do hurt.

Pa. Pray call him up, on peril of my judgment.

Ex. Tray. Give me your hand, Mrs. *Constance*, I have good news for you.

Con. 'Tis a long whayle sine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you love best, shall be your Bedfellow.

Con. He is wed alreadie, Sir. Another wife would gar him be put down at Gallows; and I would not be she for all the worldlie good that ere I saw with both mine eyen. And o' my Conscience I'll be none of his Ligby for twice so mickle.

Pa. She prattles verie prettilie methinks. Married alreadie? Sure *Cupid* shot you with a forked Arrow out of his Crossbow. But what will you say, Ladie, if by my Art I render this Gentleman unmarried again, and a Sutor unto you presentlie?

Con. Marrie shall I tell you what I'll say sir? That deserves hanging worse than tother matter, you would poyson his wife by your Art, wo'd ye? and make your Gown there the Hangmans fee the second time. It looks as it had been once his alreadie; and you like such a Doctor I mun tell ye, by your leave. God blis me fro thee. Mrs *Trainewell*, where are you?

Pa. Out of her wits say they? I fear she is wiser than all of us, that have to do with her. She knows my Gown better than I do; for I have had but two hours acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer since I hir'd it of the Hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' been *Lopus* Gown for ought I know:

ACT. V. Scene II.

Enter Trainewell and Luckles to them.

Tra. They are fain out I think.

Con. O Mrs. *Trainewell*, for dear charities sake ha' me soon fro' this man: for I'll nere take onie thing at him. He talks of poysoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of anie poysoning purpose. I was but putting a case of—

Con. Pray put up your pipes sir. I like not your musick: troth nor his countenance nather. Sweet Mrs. *Trainewell*, gar me be shut him. Now all the joyes of Immortalitie light o' ye sir. *To Luckles.*

Pa. Is that the Gent?

Tra. Yes sir. Pray observe. But how fell you out sir?

Pa. I must first salute him by your favour. Sir, all the accumulations of honour showre down upon you.

Luc. Sir, May you reap the whole harvest of your fruitful wishes.

Con. Dear sir, keep further fro' him.

Pa. But one word, sweet Ladie, and you shall have the whole benefit of his presence to your self.

Tra. Be not afraid sweet-heart, he dares not hurt sir *Philip*.

Con. In troth he breaths too near him.

Tra. I'll warrant you. What has he done to move her thus? I know not what this obscure Doctor is. But M. *Tridewell* put me upon him; and his approved honestie has and must kill all mistrust in me.

Pa. Your Coach is readie at door you say.

Luc.

Luc. Yes my most delicate Doctor.

Pa. As you find her then, after a few words away with her. I have perform'd my part sir. I'll hold the discreet Governess in talk in the next Room.

Con. But one word call ye this?

Pa. I ha' done sweet soul. Ladie I have instructed the Gent. shall we leave them?

Tra. One word by your leave first M. Doctor, and I'll attend you. Sir, not alone my Discretion, but my Reputation lies at stake; and I make no doubt of your Nobleness upon your Kinsmans word, my Complotter in this business. Therefore while I hold argument with the Doctor (who shall by no means perceive our deceit) slip you away with her in your Coach, where M. *Tridewell* hath appointed till the Evening; and let me alone to scuffle with the old man the while. And then I doubt not all our troublefom labors shall have a peaceable end. I'll send old Mad-cap to your Ladie in a Thunder-clap. But noble sir, your Reputation.—

Luc. My life and honour be her guard, and your securitie.

Tra. No more sir. I'll lay no conjurations upon so noble a spirit. Come Master Doctor——

Soft Musick. Ex. Tra. Pate.

Luc. But do you love me, *Constance*?

Con. O right weell sir.

Luc. And will you be my woman?

Con. I is sure, I'll never be mine own else.

Luc. But will you not go away with me now, it I request you?

Con. Anie whither but to Bed before we be married.

Luc. What from your Governess, your Uncle, and all the world?

Con. And thank you too sir. And ta' me but
fro'

Tri. Make you no more doubt of that, than I do Madam, who have upon the Report of it alreadie, prepar'd the learned of the Civil Law, those that you nominated of your good acquaintance, and are forward to do you the best office, who have appointed to meet before the Judge of the Archdeacons Court presentlie, whither I have promised to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other side must be summon'd by Procefs.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning alreadie Madam; and without needles Procefs will be there before you, and wait your coming. So that my self and his servant, who have never been both absent from one of your companies, since your Marriage, justlie depofing you never did the reallest Rite of Marriage, the Bed-office, Madam; you both consenting, and desiring a Divorce. It is instantlie granted, without anie proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whifpers. Ods pitie, look who here is.

ACT. V. Scene V.

Enter Squelch to Fitchow.

Squ. O are you here my Ladie *Luckless*?

Fit. 'Twas time you found me fir; you might ha' mistaken my name else. For within this hour, I might have resum'd the ancient title of your friend, and *Awdery Fitchow*.

Squ. Show wow, where is my Neece?

Fit. Where are your wits fir? you come upon me indeed! What Neece? What's the matter?

Squ. My Neece *Constance*, that your brother
Widgine

Widgine stole from the Doctor, and is flown away withall. But he must not think to scape so ; I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as sure as your Ladiship, or your *Fitchow*-ship, and they think your selves.

Fit. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happen'd ?

Squ. The plot smells of your Ladiships police ; your Ladiships lillie white fist is foul in the busi-ness. But I will have a bout at fisticuffs in Law with your Ladiship ; your great acquaintance and alliance in the Whatsfhical Court *Non obstante*. Your power there must not carrie it, my great Ladie. Directlie it must not.

Fit. You are an uncivil greasie Companion, to upbraid and revile me thus in my own house.

Tri. O good Madam, hurt not your self with anger, better laugh it out.

Fit. He makes me forget my self by his example. Sir, you are a Commissioner for the Peace I take it. Does it become a man of your place and gravitie, to flie out in these extreams ? You spend too much breath in these loud Notes, verie hurtful to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and speak peaceable, I will answer you.

Squ. I pray you forsooth, or sweet Madam, or what you please, Where is my Neece ?

Fit. Will you believe me sir ? you may : For 'tis truth, as I have anie ; And before this worthie Gentleman, I never saw your Neece in my life ; onlie I have heard she is a prettie Gentlewoman, likelie to make a good match, for which I told my brother of her, and would have treated with you for her, could I have spoken with you as I wish'd by two or three messages. But whither my brother has got her, or where he or she is, of my own knowledge, I cannot say directlie.

Squ.

Squ. She mocks me to my face all this while.
Well good-wife, Mistrifs, Madam ——

Fit. Well my Lord Innekeepers second Son :
Does your Provender prick you ?

Squ. Prick Madam ! I tell thee thou Thing,
made up of Chippings, broken Beat, Candle-ends,
and sifting of Sea-cole.

Fit. Out you Currie-comb.

Tri. Forbear sweet Ladie, let him be mad by
himself.

Squ. I will be so reveng'd.——

Fit. How pray ?

Squ. He had been better to have kill'd a man,
ravish'd a Virgin ; nay, done the most dangerous
contempt that law could devise to punish, then if I
take him to suffer under my Revenge.

Fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. I'll muster up my Constables, and send out
a privie search immediatelie.—— *Ex.*

Tri. What think you of your brothers succefs,
now Madam ?

Fit. Much the better, that it vexes him so :
Scirvy foul mouth'd Fellow.

Tri. Look you now Madam. See who here
comes.

ACT V. Scene VI.

Enter Widgine, Holdup, Howdee.

Wid. Sister fall down, and adore me for my
great atchievement. *Humphrey* kneel down to her
that she may dub thee for thy service. Never did
the best nos'd Dogs, that ever were Coach'd for
their goodness, hunt more trulie, take more
bravelie

bravelie, and carrie away more cleanlie, than we have done this daintie piece of flesh here. Sister kifs her, and be better acquainted; she is mine own flesh, I'll uphold it.

Tri. She is a *Holdup* her self, if I mistake not her name.

Fit. Being your flesh brother, her nearest affinitie of blood runs in my veins. Therefore with a sisters love I embrace you, and bid you welcom.

Hol. Mine Uncle will by right wood I fear me. But I'll near greet for that sir, while I have your love.

Fit. I know it is she by her tongue, though I never heard her before. Nor ever fear sweet sister, we shall be all friends shortlie.

Hol. I would be glad and 'twere so.

Wid. Sister come hither. Now hear and admire my wit, as well as my fortune. *Humphrey* come and take thy share of my sisters wonder.

How. I hope I perform'd my dutie.

Wid. Which we must not see unrewarded sister.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my Maid, and a hundred Marks with her, besides all she has about her.

How. I am made for ever: I thank your languishing Ladiship.

Fit. Well said *Howdee*: for my Ladiship is een at the last gasp. I am to be Divorc'd within this half hour. But your proceedings brother? How did she receive you at first?

Wid. O at first, she was the prettilest mad that ere you saw. You your self cannot devise to be so mad as she was.

Fit. I thank you sir.

Wid. And all for sir *Philip*, she would love none but

but fir *Philip*, speak to none but fir *Philip*. I told her I was fir *Philip* (ah Godamercie *Humphrey*, that was thy invention.) Then the little *Viper* hung upon me, not to be shak'd off, till I promis'd her Marriage, and to father a Child, which, in her distraction, she conceited she had by me. I promis'd her anie thing, so took her into an inner Room, to make all sure, as well within as without ; and I so phillipt her. —

Fit. Enough brother, no more, I understand you.

Wid. But I must have more, and shall never have enough on't. It passeth your understanding and mine too, the delight of it. [*Sing*] *O what a delight she gave me.* And how light I am after it. *Heigh.* My prettie sweet Rascal.

Fit. Enough I say.

Wid. You do not love to hear on't, because you lack it. But you shall hear the miracle it wrought Sister. The loss of her Maiden-head recover'd her wits. I made her right and strait in an instant. And now she loves me in my own person ; knows me for a *Widgine*, and will not give her *Wat* for the best fir *Philip* of them all. And longs for nothing but the Priest and Bed-time, Ha my sweeter and sweeter ! My Governor's gone for a Licence.

Fit. So, ha' you done now ?

Wid. I'll undertake —

Fit. Yet again.

Wid. That *Humphrey*, and I with the tricks and trinkets we have about us, will cure all the mad Maids of her standing in the Town. And do not think, but much may be gotten to profess it.

Tri. You have made a large Relation, Mr. *Widgine*, and a pleasant, I doubt not.

Wid. Oh I could live and dye in this discourse
fir, *Tri.*

Tri. Ladie do you think of the time?

Tri. I will instantlie along with you. *Howdee* come you with me. Brother, the searh hath past this house alreadie. You may go in with your Sweetheart, and stay here safelie. Go in, and keep close, till I send to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in sifter, and be close enough, fear not — *Ex.*

Fit. Now sir when you please.

Tri. I am your servant Ladie. — *Ex.*

ACT V. Scene VII.

Enter Trainewell and Vexhem.

Vex. Mistrifs, I will go no further in this busi-ness, than you have limited me in your directions; 'twill be Revenge enough for my disgrace to make him see his Error.

Tra. Therefore be discreet and secret. The disguise he is in I have told you. The place is this. At the door you shall leave me. The hour 7 a clock.

Vex. Mistrifs, I will not watch more trulie at midnight, than I will pray for you for this discoverie. I will instantlie call my privie search, guard, and catch a bird, of justice in the lime-twigs of his own Warrant. — *Ex.*

ACT V. Scene VIII.

Enter Nonsense and Beavis.

Non. I tit not speak with sir *Paul* then, it seems, to know the Reason why I am subdoodled thus. In I protest and vow a kind of fools Paradise.

Be.

Be. Good sir bear your injurie with a mans patience. Sir *Paul* will not be long absent. And till he comes, my Mistris entreats you (for your own good) to take his part upon you, in giving entertainment to divers of his friends, who are invited hither to a Feast to Night.

Non. Ha' you any Whitpots?

Be. Much better meat, sir. But here's the strangeness of it, and the onlie occasion that requires your aid in the entertainment. This great Supper or Feast (as I may properlie call it) was appointed by sir *Paul* himself, the money to buy the provision deliver'd by his own hand, to his own servant, the guests of his own election; yet he, out of the multiplicitie of crosse affairs, that have hapned this day, hath quite forgot that there was anie such preparation, or anie such meeting intended, as appears evidentlie by his absence. But my Mistris has got all the meat privatelie made readie at the next house, on purpose that he should see nothing.—

Non. To trie if he would forget it or no?

Be. Right sir, I have bidden all the guests, and expect them immediatelie.

Non. But what must I say to 'hem?

Be. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome; Tell 'hem sir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs; entreat their patience till his Return, which you know will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is; and so forth, as occasion serves.

Enter Bulfinch and Clerk.

Bul. Your Master abroad, and not within say you?

Cle. Yes. But good sir stay his coming, I pray you, for his good.

Bul. I partlie apprehend you at full. Mrs. *Trainewell* appointed me to come too with all possible

possible speed. M. *Nonsense* you are well apprehended.

Non. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome. Tell 'hem fir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs; Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is; and so forth, as occasion serves.

Bul. Love has made you a Courtier, M. *Nonsense*.

Non. No I protest and vow, I do but speak as they say.—

Be. What have you said fir?

Non. What you said I have an ill *verbatim* else.

Be. I said but the meaning of what you should say, and put it in your own words.

Non. No fir, I will take your own words for this matter.

Be. I am beholden to you.

Cle. I am glad fortune has sent one man of Civil Government before the Roarers come. Here comes some of 'hem alreadie, I'll down and look to the rest of the house.

Enter Luckles, Constance, *disguis'd and masqu'd.*

Luc. Save you fir. Are you the Worshipful of the house?

Bul. I apprehend you fir. —

Luc. How fir? — *Draw.*

Bul. Mistake me not I beseech you, I apprehend you to be some great stranger here, because you know the place better than the Master of it.

Luc. You do not mock me fir?

Be. Sir, This is one of the guests.

Non. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome.—

Luc. What's this?

Non. Tell 'hem fir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth in his Majesties Affairs.—

Luc.

Luc. Is this a Parrat or a Poppingay?

Non. Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know.

Luc. Do you know what you say sir?

Non. Will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is?

Luc. If I did, I would not seek him here sir.

Non. And so forth, as occasion serves.

Luc. This is some enchanted place, and the people are charm'd. I have mistaken the house sure.

Enter Tridewell and Fitchow, disguis'd and masqu'd.

Tri. Where's this hospitable Knight that invites strangers. I mean meer strangers, that he knows not. Shew me the Lad of bounty, I hunger not for his Supper, as I do to salute him.

Luc. He will prove the greatest stranger here himself, I think, for he is not at home sir. I am a guest as you are, and would be as glad to see him.

Tri. He does not mean to jear us, does he?

Be. I beseech you mistake not so his purpose sir, which is fair welcom, and good Chear to you all. Therefore, Gentlemen and Ladies, will it please you to entertain one another a while. [*Enter Clerk with Sack and Tobacco.*] Look ye, here's good Sack, and good Tobacco. And before the rest of the guests be come, sir *Paul* will be here himself.

Luc. This fellow speaks.

Enter Anvile, Widgine, Holdup, and Howdee disguis'd.

Bul. As I am a Justice of Peace I cannot apprehend, and yet methinks I do. What sort of people these Gentlemen may be. See: more! Is Sir
Paul

Paul turn'd swaggerer? Or is his house abus'd by servants? I will not leave it, until they go out before me like a *Fayle-delivery*. They look like men betwixt a Reprieve and Pardon. Friend: Are these fir *Pauls* protected friends?

Be. His protected friends, fir.

Bul. Protected?

Be. I fir, there is a fraternity of them: The Brothers of the *Protect*. There is not a man of 'hem, but has all *Mayors, Sheriffs, Bayliffs, Sergeants at Mace, Marshals men, Constables, and other his Majesties Officers*, in a Comb-case in his pocket. They are a Generation that never eat but in Parliament time, and now every Table is full of them.

Bul. I should wonder what they did here else. See. A Roaring Doctor too, broke out o' the Kings Bench. *Enter Pate like a Doctor.*

Pa. By your leave Gallants, I perceive your company is not yet full.

Tri. Are you of the invited fir?

Pa. It is not to be doubted fir. Yet a Voluntary. But there are some without that are more than invited, yet come against their wills.

Luc. How mean you M. Doctor?

Pa. Brought fir by a Constable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the jollie Justice?

Tri. What are they can ye tell fir.

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard.

An. A Spaniard, Ha!

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: if you will have it so.

Luc. If we had but a Justice among us to examine 'hem, it might pass the time till fir *Paul* came.

Be. Sir, here is a Justice, and for the same purpose too for ought we know, that shall not refuse to do it, and in fir *Pauls* Gown and Cap too.

Luc. This is a wittie fellow.

Be. Sir, you cannot do a more acceptable office for your friend, than to execute his place in his absence. Your authority makes you capable of it; and I do the rather perswade it, because the Gentlemen whom you wisely suspect for loose persons, may see some example of Justice; which may prevent some present evil in their stay here.

Bul. I apprehend you friend. Give me the Gown and Chair, and let the Delinquents approach.
Umh, umh.

Luc. 'Tis a Spaniard indeed.

Enter Vexhem, Squelch, like a Spaniard, Trayn, Cleark.

Vex. An English Spaniard sir; and therefore the verier knave, as will be prov'd I doubt not, to his shame, and my renown in the Common-wealth. By your Worships leave.

Bul. What news bring you M. Constable?

Vex. Spanish news sir. Wil't please your Worship to examine the vertue of my Warrant, and then these Persons accordingly?

Squ. Very good! I am brought before my self to be examin'd, and before a fine rabble too! how the devil broke this unknown Nation into my house, or do not I mistake it? My foolery has led me into a fine predicament. I will not yet disclose my self, but look a little further towards the event.

Bul. Are you a Spaniard sir?

Squ. Such a one as you see *Signior*.

Bul. See *Signior*. He speaks nothing but Spanish. The question will be how we shall understand this Examinant.

Squ. Hey day!

Bul. I do see *Signior*, I thank the light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the black Knight himself, or him with
the

the Fistula, the properest man I have seen of your Nation. They ate a people of very spare dyet, I have heard, and therefore sekion fat. Sure you have had most of your breeding in this Countrey, the dyet whereof you like better than your own, which makes you linger here, after all your Countrey men, upon some uncouth plot. And I shall wonder therefore how you can speak no English. Can you speak no English at all sir? Answer me I pray.

Squ. Not an English word not I sir. Alas I have not been five dayes in the Kingdom.

Luc. This is excellent!

I, peace. You'll mar all if you laugh.

Bul. Alas, what shall we do then? Gentlemen, have any of you any Spanish, to help me to understand this strange stranger?

Tri. Not a Rial sir not I.

Luc. Not a Rials worth amongst us of any Language but sheer English.

Bul. What Shire of our Nation is next to *Spain*? Perhaps he may understand that Shire English.

Tri. *Devonshire* or *Cornwal* sir.

Non. Never credit me, but I will spowt some Cornish at him. *Peden bras vidne whee bis cregas.*

Squ. Am I transform'd utterly? Is my language alter'd with my apparel, or are you all mad? what unspeakable misery is this?

Bul. I see we shall never understand, nor do good on him, till he be instructed in the English tongue.

Vex. And please your Worship, the best University for this purpose, will be *Bridewell*. I am acquainted with the best Tutors there, Master *Cleanwhip*, Master *Dry-lash*, and divers others in.

Squ. You officious Rascal, are you mad?

Vex. No such matter sir. But in my right mind, & *Midlesex* fear it not. (c) *Bul.*

Tri. Very well sir.

Squ. But out of your Master Doctor, I will pick a certain Knave. Where is my Neece sirah?

Pa. Which of your Neeces sir?

Squ. Have I so many sir? I mean my only one *Constance*, find her me, or I will translate you out of an *Æsculapian* Cock, into a *Newgate* Bird immediately.

Wid. Sir, if you will metamorphose me out of a Batchelour into a Bridegroom, I'll shew you your Neece.

Squ. This my Neece?

Vex. O have I found you Mistrifs? Sir, this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your Worship to-day.

Squ. Hold thy peace: art in thy right mind?

Vex. As I am in my right mind and *Midlesex*, it is she sir. I had not matter enough then to lay to her charge; for which I thank your Worship I kist *Newgate*. But now I have sir: she has left a Child upon our Parish, I am sure got by an unknown Father; and has been a loose Liver, both at *Duke Humfreys*, and most of the winkt at houses about the Town these four years, which I can sufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy peace Knave. I'll put these plumms i' thy mouth else. *Gold.*

Hold. Sir, my Child shall trouble your Parish no longer, here is a Father, my troth plight Husband, sufficient to keep it and me, wilt thou not Duck?

Wid. Duck? my name is *Widgine*, you mistake the man sure.

Hold. Sure I do not. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewoman, and this trusty Servant of ours, are my witnesses, I am your Wife sir.

Wid. O, I am undone, quite cast away. Sister help me now with your Law wit, or I perish for ever. *Fit.*

Fit. This is not to be endured: cheating, and vile abuse. This contract can not be lawful. One person mistaken for another, a lawful impediment to be divorc'd for, though they were married.

Tri. It might do well, if (as he confesses himself) he had not made all too sure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, while they wrangle out their cause, let us agree: Find you but the means to make her lawfully your Wife, and here take her with my faithful promise, of the equal half of my estate presently.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thank you.

Fit. I say this is no lawful contract: And though we are legally divorc'd, yet neither he nor I may lawfully marry, while we both live, having been lawfully married. And till you can disprove that, sir I'll forbid your Banes good sir *Philip*, and lay your hopes a cooling friendly Master *Tridewel*, for your love in managing this businessse.

Tri. Lady, give me leave, if I have strain'd a point of friendship, it was your love gave the strength to my wit.

Fit. My love?

Tri. Your love indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* pardon me for) now, that I see I may enjoy, I am not so eagerly taken with, yet if you will——

Fit. Sir you cannot enjoy me, nor he her, lesse you can disprove the lawfulnessse of our former marriage.

Tri. To clear that point, do you know the Minister?

Fit. 'Tis not so long since, but I can remember his face.

Tri. Then to continue sir *Pauls* Metamorphosis: I'll draw him out of this Doctor. Is not this he?
Discovers Pate like a Parson.

Fit

Fit. It is. But is not he a lawful Minister? I would know that.

Pa. To clear that doubt, there lies my *Order of Priesthood*.

Omnes. Who, *Oliver!*—— *Throws off his Disguize.*

Pa. Even he, the Parson *Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I must beseech, together with the whole company to, preserve me out of the high Commission: for look you, here is again your Licence.

Fit. Would you do this Master *Tridewel*?

Tri. Faith I foresaw an untowardness in the Match: which if you repent the breach of, there's your Licence? and the way to Church lies before you.

Fit. No sir. First get my brother free of his contract, and then a Licence with your own name, and I'll wait on you to Church as soon as you will.

Tri. O that's done already. What are you agreed?

Wid. Most happily sir. Sister all's well again. I have given her a hundred pounds to relinquish her right in me. Which afore all these witnesses you do; do you not?

Hol. Yes, most freely,

Wid. Well then, I will not forswear to marry. But if ever I steal a wife again, let her be a witch, and may I burn with her for company. Governour, thou art out of countenance, and thou too honest *Humfrey*, methinks. Come, bear up. I forgive. 'Twas your errors, not malice.

How. Sir, for my part, I'll take my corporal oath——

Wid. It shall not need, good *Humfrey*.

An. And for me sir——

Wid. Nay, I dare not but believe thee before
thou

thou speakest, Governour : therefore prithee lets not talk on't ourselves, but quietly, and presently begin our travels, that we may hear nobody else talk on't.

Squ. Gentlemen and Ladies, I see you all at peace so well, that I wish no further content to any, except Master *Nonsense* here.

Non. Never credit me, but I have had sport enough o' conscience, and if I do not make a Stage-play on't when I come into *Cornwall*, I protest and vow then say there was *Nonsense* in this.

Squ. I am glad you conclude so friendly with the rest. All the unquietnesse will be in the Kitchen presently, if your meat stay for you, Gallants. *Knock within.* 'Twas time to speak. They knock at Dreffer already. Will ye in?

*You are all welcome : And I wish every Guest
As merry, as our Northern Lasses Feast.*



THE
SPARAGVS
Garden :

A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeare 1635, by the then
Company of Revels, at *Salisbury*
Court.

The Author *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Okes*, for *Francis Constable*, and
are to be sold at his shops in Kings-
street at the signe of the Goat,
and in Westminster-hall. 1640.



To the Right Honourable WILLIAM Earle
of *Newcastle, &c.*, Governour to the
Prince his Highnesse.

My LORD!

Y Our favourable *Construction* of my
poore *Labours* commanded my *Service*
to *your Honour*, and, in that, betray'd
your worth to this *Dedication*: I am not
ignorant how farre *unworthy* my best endea-
vours are of *your least allowance*; yet let
your Lordship be pleased to know *you*, in
this, share but the inconveniences of the most
renowned Princes as *you* partake of their
glories: And I doubt not, but it will more
divulge *your noble Disposition* to the World,
when it is knowne *you* can freely pardon an
Officious trespassse against your *Goodnes*. *Cæsar*
had never bin commended for his *Clemency*,
had there not occasion beene offered, wherein

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

hee might shew, how willingly hee could forgive : I shall thanke my Fortune, if this weake presentation of mine shall any way encrease the *Glory of your Name* among *Good Men*, which is the chiefeſt ayme and onely ſtudy of

Your Honours devoted ſervant,

Richard Brome.

TO



To his deserving friend Mr. *Richard Brome* on his
Sparagus Garden, a Comedy.

What ever walke I in your *Garden* use,
Breeds my delight, and makes me love
thy Muse

For the designment ; sith I cannot spie
A prospect, which doth more envite mine eye :
I'me in a maze, and know not how to find
A freedome that will more delight my mind,
Then this imprisonment within thy Bower,
Where houres seeme minutes, and each day an
hower :

Nor, were my stay perpetuall, could I grieve,
Where such rare fruits mine appetite relieve.
The envious *Criticke* would recant to see
How much opprest is every virgin tree
With her owne burthen : Leekes, and Akornes
here

Are food for Critickes ; but the choycer cheere,
For those, can rellish Delicates. I might
In praying of thy worth, be infinite :
But thou art modest and disdain'st to heare
A tedious, glorious, needlesse Character
Of thee and of thy *Muse* : Yet I could say,
(Give me but leave) it is no common Play.
Within thy plot of ground, no Weed doth spring,
To hurt the growth of any Vnderling :
Nor is thy Laborinth confus'd, but wee
In that disorder, may proportion see :

Thy Hearbs are physicall, and do more good
In purging Humors, then some's letting blood.

C. G.



To the Author on his *Sparagus Garden*.

Friend,

What dost meane, that thus thou dost entice
Thy Lovers, thus to walke in Paradice?
Most skilfull Artift! that so well dost know
To plant, for profit, as for out-ward show;
For on thy *Sparagus* are throughly pleased
Our intellects; others scarce hunger eased.
The wisest of the Age shall hither come,
And thinke their time well spent as was their
summe.

The Squint-ey'd Criticke that such care do's take,
To looke for that he loatheth to partake:
Now crossing his warp'd Nature shall be kind,
And vexing grieve 'cause he no fault can find.
The ignorant of the times that do delight,
Not in a Play, but how to wast day-light,
Shall resort hither, 'till that you descry,
With pleasure, smiling *April* in each eye.
Alcinou's garden, which each day did spring,
And her lov'd fruit unto perfection bring,
Ought not compare with this: Here Men did
grow:

Such care thy Arte and Labour did bestow
For man's wel-being, and a-new create,
And poyse them up above a needy Fate.
Is it not pittie ought should hurt this Spring?
(A Serpent in a Garden's no new thing)

Yet wisely hath thy goodnesse tooke a care,
He should sting none, but who censorious are.

R. W.

The



The Prologue to the Play.

HE, that his wonted modesty retaynes,
And never set a price upon his Braines
Above your Judgments : nor did ever strive
By Arrogance or Ambition to atchieve
More prayse unto himselfe, or more applause
Unto his Scenes, then such, as know the Lawes
Of Comedy do give ; He only those
Now prayes may scan his Verse, and weigh his
Prose :

Yet thus far he thinks meet to let you know
Before you see't, the *Subject* is so low,
That to expect high Language, or much Cost,
Were a sure way, now, to make all be lost.
Pray looke for none : He'le promise such hereafter,
To take your graver judgments, now your laughter
Is all he aymes to moove. I had more to say.—
The Title, too, may prejudice the Play.
It sayes the *Sparagus Garden* ; if you looke
To feast on that, the Title spoiles the Booke.
We have yet a tast of it, which he doth lay
I'th midst o'th journey, like a Bait by th' way :
Now see with Candor : As our *Poet's* free,
Pray let be so your *Ingenuity*.

The Epilogue.

AT first we made no boast, and still we feare,
We have not answer'd expectation here,
Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,
That you will grace, as well as Justice give.
We do not dare your Judgments now : for we
Know lookers on more then the Gamsters see ;
And what ere Poets write, we Act, or say,
Tis only in your hands to Crowne a Play.



The Persons in the Comedy.

Gilbert } young Gentlemen and friends.
Walter }
Touch-wood } Old adversaries, and *Justices*.
Striker }
Samuel, *Sonne to Touch-wood*.
Mony-lacks, *a needy Knight, that lives by shifts*.
Brittleware } *Confederates with Mony-lacks*.
Springe }
Tim. Hoyden, *the new made Gentleman*.
Coulter, *his Man*.
Thomas Hoyden, Tim. Hoydens *brother*.
Sir Arnold Cautious, *a stale Batchelour*, and a ridiculous Lover of women.
A Gardiner.
Trampler, *a Lawyer*.
Curat.
Three Courtiers.
Annabel, *Daughter to Mony-lacks, and Grand-child to Striker*.
Friswood, *her nurse; and House-keeper to Striker*.
Rebecca, *wife to Brittle-ware*.
Martha, *the Gardiners wife*.
Three Ladies.



THE
Sparagus Garden.

By RICHARD BROME.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Walter, Gilbert, Touchwood.

Walt.

F Feare we shall doe no good upon him.

Gil. We shall neverthelesse discharge the office of friends in our endeavour. I meane to put it home to him.

Walt. And so will I.

Gil. But be sure you lye at a close ward the while; for hee is a most subtill and dangerous Fencer to deale withall.

Walt. I understand you.

Gil. He has not his name for nothing; old *Touchwood*! he is all fire if he be incens'd; but so soft and gentle that you may wind him about your finger, or carry him in your bosome if you handle him

him rightly ; but still be wary, for the least sparke kindles him. Hee comes.

Touch. With me gentlemen ?

Gil. Onely a few neighbourly and friendly words fir.

Touch. Oh you are most friendly welcome good Mr. *Gilbert Goldwire*, and Mr. *Walter Chamlet* I take yee to be.

Ambo. The same fir at your service.

Touch. Your fathers both were my good neighbours indeed ; worthy and well reputed members of the City while they lived ; but that may be read upon the Hospitall walls, and gates ; it is enough for me to say they lov'd me : *Samson Touchwood* ! and I were a wretch if I should not honour their memory in their happy succession : Agen gentlemen you are welcome.

Gil. Yet you may be pleas'd fir to remember, though our fathers were both loving friends to you, yet they were sometimes at odds one with another.

Touch. True, true, ever at odds : They were the common talke of the towne for a paire of wranglers ; still at strife for one trifle or other : they were at law logger-heads together, in one match that held 'em tugging tone the tother by the purse-strings a matter of nine yeares, and all for a matter of nothing. They cours'd one another from Court to Court, and through every Court Temporall and Spirituall ; and held one an other play till they lost a thousand pound a man to the Lawyers, and till it was very sufficiently adjudged that your father was one foole, and your father was another foole. And so againe gentlemen you are welcome : now your businesse.

Walt. You may now be pleas'd fir to remember that our fathers grew friends at last.

Touch. Heaven forbid else.

Gil.

Gil. And note the cause, the ground of their reconciliation, which was upon the love, betwixt me and this gentleman's sister. My fathers Sonne married his fathers Daughter, and our two fathers grew friends, and wise men agen.

Touch. To the poynt good gentlemen, yet you are welcome.

Gil. Troth fir the poynt is this : You know (and the towne has tane sufficient notice of it) that there has been a long contention betwixt you and old Mr. *Striker* your neighbour——

Touch. Ha ?

Gil. And the cause or ground of your quarrell (for ought any body knowes but yourselves) may be as triviall, as that which was derided in our fathers.

Touch. Are you there with me ?

Gil. And great hopes there are, and wagers laid by your friends on both sides, that you two will be friends.

Touch. Ile hold you an hundred pounds o' that.

Gil. Nay, more, that Mr. *Striker* will bee willing to give his Grand-child to your Son, so you'l give your consent.

Touch. And your comming is to perswade that, is it not ? if it be so, speake ; deale plainely with me gentlemen, whilst yet you are welcome.

Walt. Infooth it is so, we come to negotiate the match for your sonne, and your friendship with old Mr. *Striker*.

Touch. You are not welcome.

Gil. But when you weigh the reasons, and consider the perfect love of the yong paire, and how the world will praise your reconciliation, and blesse the providence, that made their loves the meanes to worke their parents charity.

Touch.

Touch. Again you are not welcome.

Gil. Your selfe but now commended the attone-
ment

Of our two fathers, wrought by the same meanes :
I meane my marriage with his sister here
Against as great an opposition.

Walt. But our fathers lov'd their children.

Touch. Your fathers were a couple of doting
fooles, and you a paire of sawcy knaves ; now you
are not welcome : and more then so, get you out
of my doores.

Gil. Will you sir, by your wilfulnesse, cast away
your sonne ?

Touch. My sonne ? no sonne of mine, I have
cast him off already for casting an eye upon the
daughter of mine enemy : let him goe, let him
packe ; let him perish : he comes not within these
doores, and you, that are his fine spoken spokes-
men, get you off o' my ground I charge you.

Walt. We are gone sir : onely but wishing you
Mr. *Touchwood* to remember that your sonne's
your sonne.

Touch. Indeffinitely not sir, untill hee does not
onely renounce all interest in the love of that
baggage ; but doe some extraordinary mischiefe in
that family to right me for the trespasse hee has
done ; and so win my good opinion, till which bee
done a daily curse of mine hee shall not misse ; and
so you may informe him.

Exit.

Gil. What an uncharitable wretch is this ?

Walt. The touchiest peece of *Touchwood* that
e're I met withall.

Gil. I fear'd we should inflame him.

Wolt. All the comfort is, his sonne may yet out-
live him.

ACT I. Scene II.

Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Gil. BUT the danger is, his father may disinherit him.

Walt. He cannot be so devillish; here comes his sonne, a gentleman of so sweet a disposition, and so contrary to his crabbed Sire, that a man who never heard of his mothers vertue might wonder who got him for him.

Gil. Not at all I assure you, *Sam* is his fathers nowne sonne: for the old man you see, is gentle enough, till he be incens'd; and the sonne being mov'd, is as fiery as the father.

Walt. But he is very seldome and slowly mov'd; his father often and o' the suddaine.

Gil. I prethee would'st thou have greene wood take fire as soon as that which is old and sere?

Walt. He is deepe in thought.

Gil. Over head and eares in his Mrs. contemplation.

Sam. To disobey a father, is a crime
In any sonne unpardonable. Is this rule
So generall that it can beare noe exception?
Or is a fathers power so illimitable,
As to command his sonnes affections?
And so controule the Conquerour of all men
Even *Love* himselfe? no: he, that enterprizes
So great a worke, forgets he is a man;
And must in that forget he is a father,
And so if he forgoe his nature, I
By the same Law may leave my Piety.
But stay, I would not lose my selfe in following
This wild conceit.

Gil. How now *Sam*, whither away?

(c)

Sam.

Sam. I was but casting how to find the way
Unto my selfe. Can you direct me gentlemen?

Walt. Yes, yes; your father has told us the way.

Sam. Ha you had conference with him? ha
yee? speake.

Gil. Marry sir ha we, and I thinke to purpose.

Sam. Ha you wonne ought upon him to my
advantage?

Walt. As much as may restore you to acquaint-
ance

With him againe, can you but make good use on't.

Sam. Pray doe not trifle with me; tell me
briefly.

Gil. Briefly he sayes you must not dare to see him;
Nor hope to receive blessing to the valew
Of a new three-pence, till you disclaime your love
In your faire *Annabell*; and not onely so,
But you must doe some villanous mischievous act
To vex his adversary, her Grand-father;
Or walke beneath his curse in banishment.

Sam. A most uncharitable and unnaturall sen-
tence.

Walt. But thinke withall it is your father, that
Makes this decree; obey him in the 'xecution:
He has a great Estate, you are his onely sonne:
Doe not lose him, your fortune, and your selfe
For a fraile peece of beauty: shake her off;
And doe some notable thing against her house.
To please your father.

Sam. The Divell speakes it in thee,
And with this spell I must Conjure him out. *Draw.*

Gil. Oh friend you are too violent.

Sam. He's too desperate,
To urge me to an act of such injustice,
Can her faire love, to whom my faith is given,
Be answered with so loud an injury?
Or can my faith so broken yield a sound
Lesse terrible than thunder, to affright

All

All love and constancy out of the breast
Of every Virgin that shall heare the breach
Of my firme faith?

Gil. Be not so passionate.

Sam. I have no further power to do an out-rage
Against that Family to whome my heart
Is link'd, then to rip out this troubled heart
The onely ominous cause, indeed, of all.
My over passionate fathers cruelty; and that
(If I must needs doe an injurious Office)
Alone, shall be my act to calme his fury.

Gil. Prethee blow o're this passion; thou wert
To affect wit, and canst not be a Lover (wont
Truely without it. Love is wit it selfe,
And through a thousand lets will find a way
To his desired end.

Sam. The Ballet taught you that.

Gil. Well said, *Love will find out the way:*
I see thou art comming to thy selfe againe,
Can there no shift, no witty flight be found
(That have been common in all times and ages)
To blind the eyes of a weake-sighted father,
And reconcile these dangerous differences
But by blood-shedding, or outragious deeds,
To make the feud the greater? recollect
Thy selfe good *Sam*; my house, my purse, my
counsell

Shall all be thine, and *Wat* shall be thy friend.

Walt. Let me entreate your friendship.

Sam. And me your pardon.

Gil. So, so, all friends; let's home and there
consult
To lay the tempest of thy fathers fury;
Which cannot long be dangerous, 'tis but like
A storme in *April*, spent in swift extreames,
When straight the Sun shootes forth his cheerefull
beames.

Ex.

ACT

ACT. I. Scene III.

Striker, Mony-lacks.

Stri. YOU will not assault me in mine owne house? I hope you will not; nor urge me beyond my patience with your borrowing attempts! good fir *Hugh Mony-lacks* I hope you will not.

Mon. I hope I mov'd you not, but in faire language fir;
Nor spoke a fillable that might offend you.
I have not us'd the word of loane, or borrowing;
Onely some private conference I requested.

Stri. Private conference! a new coyn'd word for borrowing of money; I tell you, your very face, your countenance (though it be gloss'd with Knight-hood) lookes so borrowingly, that the best words you give me are as dreadfull as *Stand and deliver*, and there I thinke I was w'ye. I am plaine w'ye fir, old *Will Striker* I.

Mon. My father *Striker*, I am bold to call you.

Stri. Your father! no, I desire no such neare acquaintance with you, good fir *Hugh Mony-lacks*: you are a Knight and a noble gentleman, I am but an Esquire and out of debt; and there I think I was w'ye againe.

Mon. I shall be with you anon, when you have talk'd your selfe out of breath.

Stri. 'Tis true I had the honour to be your Worships father in law when time was, that your Knight-hood married and Ladyfied a poore daughter of mine: but yet she had five thousand pounds in her purse if you please to remember it; and as I remember you had then fourteene hundred a yeare:
But

But where is it now? and where is my daughter now? poore abus'd Innocent; your riotousnesse abroad, and her long night watches at home shortned her dayes, and cast her into her grave——And 'twas not long before all your estate was buried too; and there I was w'ye againe I take it: but that could not fetch her againe.

Mon. No sir, I wish my life might have excus'd Hers, farre more precious: never had a man A iuster cause to mourne.

Stri. Nor mourn'd more justly, it is your onely wearing; you have just none other: nor have had meanes to purchase better any time these seaven yeares as I take it. By which meanes you have got the name of the mourning Knight; and there I am sure I was w'ye.

Mon. Sir, if you will not be pleas'd to heare my desires to you, let me depart without your derision.

Stri. Even when you please, and whither you please good sir *Hugh Mony-lacks*: my house shall bee no enchanted Castle to detaine your Knight-errandship from your adventures. I hope your errand hither was but for your dinner; and so farre forth (and especially at your going forth) you are welcome. Your daughter I doe keepe, and will for her poore mothers sake; (that was my daughter) peace be with her——she shall be no more a trouble to you; nor be your child any longer: I have made her mine; I will adopt her into mine owne name, and make her a *Striker*; she shall be no more a *Mony-lacke*, and if shee please me well in matching with a husband, I know what I will doe for her.

Mon. I thanke you sir.

Stri. Doe you thanke me sir, I assure you you neede not; for I meane so to order her estate, and bind it up in that trust that you shall never finger a farthing on't: am I w'ye sir?

Mon.

Mon. I cannot chuse but thanke you though in behalfe of my childe.

Stri. Call her your child agen, or let mee but heare that you suffer her to aske you a bare blessing, ile send her after you upon adventures fir Knight: and who shall give a portion with her then? or what can she hope from a father that groanes under the weight of a Knight-hood for want of meanes to support it?

Mon. I shall finde meanes to live without your trouble hereafter.

Stri. You may, you may; you have a wit fir *Hugh*, and a projective one; what, have you some new project a foot now, to out-goe that of the Hand-barrowes? what call you'em the Sedams? oh cry you mercy, cry you mercy; I heard you had put in for a share at the *Asparagus Garden*: or that at least you have a Pension thence; to be their Gather-guest and bring 'em custome, and that you play the fly of the new Inne there; and sip with all companies: am I w'ye there fir?

Mon. You may be when you please fir; I can command the best entertainment there for your mony.

Stri. In good time fir.

Mon. In the meanetime fir, I had no mind to begge nor borrow of you, and though you will not give me leave to call you father, nor my daughter my daughter, yet I thought it might become my care to advertise you (that have taken the care of her from me) of a danger that will much afflict you, if it bee not carefully prevented.

Stri. How's this?

Mon. You have an adversary——

Stri. But one that I know, the rascall my neighbour *Touchwood*.

Mon. There I am w'ye fir, I am inform'd that
his

his onely sonne is an earnest Suitor to your Daughter : (I must not call her mine.)

Stri. How's that ?

Mon. That there is a deepe secret love betwixt 'em ; and that they have had many private meetings : and a stolne match very likely to be made if you prevent it not.

Stri. Can this be true ?

Mon. Give me but a peece from you, and if by due examination you find it not so, ile never see your face agen till you send for me.

Stri. To be rid of you take it. *Gives it.*

Mon. I am gone sir, and yet I thinke i'me w'ye.

Exit.

Stri. Is the Divell become a match-broker ? what, who within there : what ?

Annabell ? what *Friswood* ?

ACT. I. Scene IV.

Friswood, Striker.

Fris. Here sir, I am here forsooth.

Stri. Are you so forsooth ? but where's your Mistris forsooth ?

Fris. Listning is good sometimes ; I heard their talke, and am glad on't.

Stri. Where is your Mrs. I say.

Fris. My Mrs. *Annabell*, forsooth, my young Mrs. ?

Stri. What other Mrs. hast thou but the Divells Dam her selfe, your old Mrs. ? and her I aske not for ; good Mrs. *Flibber de Jibb* with the French fly-flap o' your coxecombe.

Fris. Is the old man mad troe ?

Stri. I aske for *Annabell*.

Fris.

Frif. Bleffe me ! how doe you looke ?

Stri. Where's *Annabell* I fay ? fetch her me quickly, leaft I bast her out of your old Whit-leather hide.

Frif. How youthfull you are growne ? ſhe is not farre to fetch ſir ; you know you commanded her to her chamber, and not to appeare in fight, till her debauch'd father was gone out o' the houſe.

Stri. And is not he gone now forfooth ? why call you her not ?

Frif. I warrant hee has told you ſome tale on her. That lewd Knight, now he has undone himſelfe by his unthrifty practiſes, begins to practiſe the undoing of his daughter too ! is it not ſo forfooth ? has he not put ſome wickedneſſe into your head to ſet you againſt her ?

Stri. I never knew thee a Witch till now.

Frif. Ha, ha, ha ; I warrant hee told you that your adverſary *Touchwoods* ſonne, and my Miſtris *Annabell* are in love league together.

Stri. Marry did he ; and I will know the truth.

Frif. Ha, ha, ha.

Stri. Dar'ſt thou laugh at me ?

Frif. No, no ; but I laugh at the poore Knights officiouſnes, in hope of ſome great reward for the gullery that I put upon him : ha, ha, ha. Good ſir a little patience, and I will tell you. Ha, ha, ha——'twas I that deviſed it for a lye, and told it him in hope that his telling it to you, would provoke you to beate him out o' the houſe ; for reporting a thing that had had no probability or reſemblance of truth in it.

Stri. Is it but ſo ?

Frif. Sir, I have been your creature this thirty yeares, downe lying and upriſing ; (as you know) and you ſhould beleeeve mee, you had me in my old Miſtreſſes dayes——

Stri.

Stri. I, thou wast a handsome young wench then ; now thou art old.

Fris. Yet not so wondrous old as to be sung in a Ballet for't, or to have beene able ere *Adam* wore beard to have crept into *Eves* bed, as I did into my Mistresses. (Heaven pardon you, as I doe with all my heart.) *Weepe.*

Stri. What in thy fooleries now ?

Fris. Nor so old neither but you are content to make a sorry shift with me still ; as your abilities will serve you— *Weepe.*

Stri. Come, come ; thou art not old.

Fris. Nay that's not what troubles me ; but that I, that serv'd you before your daughter was borne ; I meane your daughter that was mother to this daughter which now you have made your daughter ; that I that saw the birth, the marriage, and the death of your daughter ; and have had the governance of this her daughter ever since, till now she is marriageable ; and have all this while beene as plyant as a twig about you, and as true as the sheath to your steele as we say, that I should now be mistrusted to connive at an il match for her, for whom my chiefeft care has bin from the Cradle ? there's the unkindnesse. *Weepe.*

Stri. Enough, enough ; *Fid.* I beleeve there is no such matter.

Fris. I thought you had knowne me — *Weepe.*

Stri. I doe, I doe ; I prethee good *Fid* be quiet, it was a witty tricke of thee to mocke the poore Knight withall : but a poxe on him, he cost me a peece for his newes ; there's another for thee ; but the best is he hath tyed himselfe by it, never to trouble mee more ; I have that into my bargaine.

Fris. And you would tye me so too ; would you ?

Stri. Not so *Fid*, not so : but looke to my Girle, and thus farre marke me. If ever I find that

(c)

young

young *Touchwood*, the sonne of that miscreant, whose hatred I would not lose for all the good neighbor-hood in the Parish ; if ever I say, he and your charge doe but look upon one another, ile turne her and you both out o'doores ; there I will be w'ye, looke to't.

Fris. Agreed sir ; agreed.

Stri. Looke to't I say, I must abroad, my anger is not over yet : I would I could meete my adversary to scold it out ; I shall bee sicke else. *Exit.*

Fris. 'Twas well I overheard 'em, my young lovers had bin spoyl'd else : had not I crost the old angry mans purpose before he had met with the young timorous Virgin, she had confest all ; and all had bin dash'd now.

ACT I. Scene V.

Annabell, Friswood, Sam.

An. **H**OW now, *Fris.* is my Grand-father gone out of doore ?

Fris. If he were as safe out o' the world, it were well for you.

An. Nay say not so good *Fris.*

Fris. Your unlucky father has destroyed all your hopes in Mr. *Sam Touchwood* ; in discovering your loves (what Divell soever gave him the intelligence) and you must resolve never to see your sweet *Sam* againe.

An. I must resolve to dye first : oh. *Sinkes.*

Fris. Ods pittty ! how now ! why Mrs. why *Annabell*, why Mrs. *Annabell* ; looke up, looke up I say, and you shall have him spight of your Grand-father and all his workes : what doe you thinke I am an Infidell, to take Mr. *Samuels* forty peeces ?

peeces? and a Ronlet of old Muscadine for nothing? come be well, and indeed you shall have him.

An. Oh *Sam*, sweet *Sam*—

Fris. These love-sicke maides feldome call upon other Saints then their sweet-hearts; looke up I say, your sweet *Sam* is comming.

An. Ha, where? where is he; why doe you abuse me?

Scene. Enter Sam.

Fris. I say he will come presently; looke up I say, forgive me! he comes indeed: my Mr. thought I was a witch, and I now suspect my selfe for one. Oh Mr. *Samuel*, how came you hither? here he is Mrs. what meane you to come now to undoe her and your selfe too? yet she had dyed and you had not come as you did. Why doe you not looke upon him and be well? get you gone, we are all undone if my Mr. come backe and find you: speake to her quickly, then kisse her and part, you will bee parted for ever else.

Sam. How fares my love?

An. Better then when I was in earthly being, This bosome is a heaven to me; through death I am arriv'd at blisse, most happily
To be so well reviv'd thou mad'st me dye.

Fris. I made you not dye, as you will dye, if you stand pratling till my Mr. returne and take you: for Mr. *Samuel*, I must tell you Mr. *Samuel*, he knowes all Mr. *Samuel*.

Sam. My father knowes as much, and that's the cause

Of my adventuring hither to instruct you
In a strange practice; here it is in writing,

A paper.

'Tis such a secret that I durst not trust

My tongue with the conveyance of't; nor have I

The confidence to heare it read : take it,
 And in my absence joyne your best advises,
 To give it life and action ; 'tis rule
 Which (though both hard and grievous to pursue)
 Is all that can our hopes in love renew.

Fris. What horrible thing must we doe true ?
 pray let mee see the paper, I hope there is no pif-
 tolling nor poisoning in it : though my old *Striker*
 come short of the man he was to bee with me, I
 would be loath to shorten his dayes with the danger
 of my neck ; or making a Bon-fire in Smithfield :
 pray let me see the paper.

Sam. Not untill my departure gentle *Friswood*.

Fris. Is there such horror in it, that you dare
 not stand the opening of the paper ?

Sam. Consider sweet our love is Feaver sick,
 Even desperately to death ;
 And nothing but a desperate remedy
 Is left us: for our bodily health, what sowe
 Unfavory loathsome medicines we will take
 But to remove an Ague ?
 What sharpe incisions, searings, and cruel Corfives
 Are daily suffer'd, and what limbes dissever'd
 To keepe a Gangreene from the vitall parts,
 That a dismembred body yet may live !
 We in like case must to preserve our love,
 (If we dare say we love) adventure life,
 Fame, Honour, which are all but Loves attendants
 To maintaine it.

An. I understand you, sweet,
 And doe before I read your strong injunction,
 Resolve to give it faithfull execution
 What ere it be. I ha got courage now,
 And (with a constant boldnesse let me tell you)
 You dare not lay that on me Ile not beare :
 And Love, predominant o're all other passions,
 Shall beare me out in't.

Sam.

Sam. Oh you have made me happy.

Fris. As I live my Master——

Kisse and away; whip quickly through the Garden——

Run you up to your Chamber; ile see you out my selfe.

Sam. Thus let us breath that till we meete againe.

Fris. Whoope what d'ee meane?

Sam. We leave for truce at rayfing of the siege,

Our interchanged hearts each others pledge.

Fris. Goe fooles, this sets you both but more on edge.

An. Farewell.

Sam. Farewell.

Ex.

ACT II. Scene I.

Brittle-ware, Rebecca.

Brit. Sweet wife content thy selfe.

Reb. Yes content my selfe! shall I so! with what, you John Bopeepe? you must be my husband, and I must content my selfe, must I; no sir, 'tis you that must content me, or 'tis your heart must smart for't.

Brit. If you could be content with all that I have, or all that I can doe, and expect no further, I then might hope to pacifie you.

Reb. All has not done it yet you see, nor have you yet found out the way. Five yeares practice one would thinke were sufficient, so long you have had me; and too long it is unlesse I had got a better name by't, to be accounted barren——oh me.

Brit.

Brit. Now 'tis out ; zonnes what would you have me doe ? where's the defect think you ? is it not probable that you may be defective as well as I ?

Reb. That I may be defective ! I defie thee, Lubber ; I defie thee and all that say so, thou fribling fumbler thou ; I would some honest sufficient man might be Judge betwixt us whether I bee defective.

ACT II. Scene II.

Money-lacke, Rebecca, Brittle-ware.

Mon. How now, alwaies wrangling ?

Reb. Defective quoth a——

Mon. What's the matter Land-lord ?

Reb. Doe I looke like a thing defective ?

Mon. Land-Lady—

Reb. Oh fearefull !

Mon. Mrs. *Brittle-ware* what's the matter ?

Reb. You shall be Judge, Sir *Hugh*, whether I bee defective ; you have lyen here Sir *Hugh* these three yeares, have beene our constant lodger off and on as wee say ; and can you thinke mee defective ?

Brit. You will not be impudent ?

Mon. Good Mr. *Brittle-ware* what's the matter ?

Brit. The matter is sir she will be content with nothing !

Mon. The best wife i' the world ! and if you cannot afford her that to content her, you are a most hard-harted husband.

Reb. What nothing ? would you wish him to afford mee nothing to content me ? I must have something to content me ; and something he must find me, or I will make him looke out for't.

Mon.

Mon. Come, come, I know the quarrell ; and I know you will never get a child by falling out.

Reb. Nor any way else so long as hee is such a jealous beast as hee is.

Mon. Oh you must leave your jealousie Mr. *Brittleware* ; that's a maine hindrance.

Brit. I am not jealous I.

Reb. Not, and stare like a mad Oxe upon every man that lookes upon me ?

Mon. Fye upon him, is he such a beast, to be jealous of his own wife ? if every man were so, it would spoyle the getting of some children in a yeare.

Reb. And denies me all things that I have a mind to.

Brit. The best is the losse of your longings will not hurt you ; unlesse you were with child.

Reb. I must have my longings first ; I am not every woman I, I must have my longings before I can be with child I.

Brit. You must not long for every strange thing you see or heare of then.

Reb. As true as I live he fribles with mee sir *Hugh* ; I doe but now long for two or three idle things scarce worth the speaking of ; and doe you thinke he will grant me one of 'em ?

Mon. What may they be ? he shall grant 'em ?

Reb. One of my longings is to have a couple of lusty able bodied men, to take me up, one before and another behind, as the new fashion is, and carry mee in a Man-litter into the great bed at Ware.

Mon. There's one, and will you deny her this to hinder a child getting ?

Reb. Then I doe long to see the new ship, and to be on the top of *Pauls Steeple* when it is new built, but that must not bee yet ; nor am I so unreasonable but that I can slay the time : in the meane time I long to see a play, and above all playes,

playes, The Knight of the burning—— what dee' call't.

Mon. The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Reb. Pestle is it? I thought of another thing, but I would faine see it. They say there's a Grocers boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizens wife thy daintielist—— but I would faine see their best Actor doe me; I would so put him too't, they should find another thing in handling of mee I warrant 'em.

Brit. Heyday! so last frost she long'd to ride on one of the Dromedaries over the Thames, when great men were pleas'd to goe over it a foote.

Mon. Well, shall I make a convenient motion for you both?

Reb. Quickly sweet sir *Hugh*, I long for that before you name it.

Mon. Have you this Spring eaten any *Asparagus* yet?

Reb. Why is that good for a woman that longs to bee with Child?

Mon. Of all the Plants, hearbes, rootes, or fruits that grow, it is the most provocative, operative and effective.

Reb. Indeed Sir *Hugh*?

Mon. All your best (especially your moderne) Herballists conclude, that your *Asparagus* is the onely sweet stirrer that the earth sends forth, beyond your wild Carrets, Corne-flag, or Gladiall. Your roots of Standergrasse, or of Satyrion boyld in Goates milke are held good; your Clary or Horminum in divers wayes good, and Dill (especially boyld in Oyle) is also good: but none of these, nor Saffron boyld in wine, your Nuts of Artichoakes, Rocket, or seeds of Ash-tree (which wee call the Kite keyes) nor thousand such, though all are good, may stand up for perfection with *Asparagus*.

Reb.

Reb. Doe you say so sir *Hugh*?

Mon. I have it from the opinion of most learned Doctors, rare Physitians, and one that dares call himselfe so.

Brit. What Doctor is he, a foole on horsebacke?

Mon. Doctor *Thou-Lord*, you know him well enough.

Reb. Yes, we know Doctor *Thou-Lord*, though he knowes none but Lords and Ladies, or their companions. And a fine conceited Doctor he is, and as humorous I warrant yee; and will Thou and Thee the best Lords that dares be acquainted with him: calls Knights Iacke, Will, and Tom familiarly; and great Ladies, Gills, and Sluts too, and they crosse him. And for his opinion sake, and your good report sir *Hugh*, I will have *Sparagus* every meale all the yeare long, or ile make all fly for't; and doe you look to't Fribble, for it will bee for your comodity as well as mine.

Brit. And sure it is a rare commodity when a Knight is become a Broker for to cry it up so.

Reb. And let me have some presently for my next meale, or you cannot imagine how sicke I will be.

Mon. But mistake not me, nor the commodity we speake of Mrs. *Brittle-ware*, where would you have it? here in our owne house? fye! the vertue of it is mortified, if it passe the threshold from the ground it growes on. No, you must thither, to the Garden of delight, where you may have it drest and eaten in the due kind; and there it is so provocative, and so quicke in the hot operation, that none dare eate it, but those that carry their coolers with 'em, presently to delay, or take off the delightfull fury it fills 'em with.

Reb. Is there conveniency for that too?

(c)

Mon.

Mon. Yes, yes ; the house affords you as convenient Couches to retyre to, as the garden has beds for the precious plants to grow in : that makes the place a pallace of pleasure, and daily resorted and fill'd with Lords and Knights, and their Ladies ; Gentlemen and gallants with their Mistresses——

Reb. But doe not honest men go thither with their wives too ?

Mon. None other ; some to their owne costs, and some at other mens.

Reb. Why doe we not goe then ? or what stay we for, can you tell fumbler ?

Mon. Nay, Mrs. *Brittle-ware*, not so suddenly ; towards the evening will be the fittest season of the day ; meane while goe in and fit your selfe for the walke, your husband and I are first for an other busines.

Reb. Noble Knight I thanke you, I hope my next longing shall be to bespeake you for a God-father.

Mon. You shall not long long for that.

Reb. I take your noble word.

Exit.

Brit. She's gone, and now sir *Hugh* let me tell you, you have not dealt well with me, to put this fagary into her foolish fancy.

Mon. Wilt thou be an Ass now ? doe not I know how to fetch it out on her againe think'st thou ? she shall not goe, and yet be contented too.

Brit. I you tell me so.

Mon. Why thou wilt not be jealous of me now, that has laine in thy house these three yeares, wilt thou ? nor thinke me so foolish to provoke thee with an injury ; that know'st mee and my wayes so well.

Brit. I know something by your worship worth the price of a new Pillory.

Mon.

Mon. Why so then ; and wil I wrong thee *Jack* think'st thou, ha ? no nor mistrust thee neither : for though thou art a jealous coxcomb over thy wife, and she a touchy thing under thee, yet thou and I *Jacke* have bin alwaies confident of each other, and have wrought friendly and closely together, as ever *Subtle* and his Lungs did ; and shar'd the profit betwixt us, han't we *Jacke*, ha ?

Brit. I thinke we have ; and that you have some new device, some stratagem in hand now. Uds me, I now remember, is the party come to towne ?

Mon. Yes ; and my Springe has seiz'd him upon the way : and here I expect him instantly.

Brit. And will he be made a gentleman ?

Mon. That's his ambition *Jacke* ; and though you now keepe a China-shop, and deale in brittle commodities (pots, glasses, Purflane Dishes, and more trinkets than an Antiquaries study is furnished withal) you must not forget your old trade of Barber Surgeon, 'tis that must sted us now in our new project.

Brit. I warrant you, is he a trim youth ?

Mon. We must make him one *Jacke*, 'tis such a squab as thou never sawest ; such a lumpe, we may make what we will of him.

Brit. Then sure we will make mony of him.

Mon. Well said *Jacke*, *Springe* has writ mee here his full description.

ACT II. Scene III.

Money-lacks, Springe, Hoydon, Coulter, Brittle-ware.

Mon. Slid hee's come already : now Mr. *Springe* ?

Spri.

Spr. I come to present a gentleman to you fir.

Mon. How a gentleman? will you abuse me?

Spri. He findes your defect already; but be bold fir, he desires to be a Gentleman fir; and (tho he be but course mettall, yet) he has that about him which with your helpe may quickly make him a cleare Gentleman.

Hoy. I have foure hundred pounds fir; and I brought it up to towne on purpose to make my selfe a cleare gentleman of it.

Mon. It was well brought up; it appeares also that you have some breeding, though but a Yeomans sonne.

Hoy. 'Tis true, I have a little learning fir, and a little wit, though last night I met with some upon the way at *Hammer-Smith* that had more: yet I had enough to perceive I was cheated of a matter of seaven pound (almost all the odde mony I had about me) at my Card afore thy Card; a pox take the whole packe on 'em. Sdaggers if ever man that had but a mind to be a Gentleman was so noddie poopt! oh how I could chafe to think on't.

Spr. Oh but you must not; it becomes not the temper of a Gentleman.

Hoy. So you told me; then I thanke you friend.

Spr. Your small acquaintance fir.

Hoy. I have had more acquaintance where I have found lesse love, and I thanke you agen good small acquaintance: you told me indeed it became not a gentleman to crie for losing his mony; and I told you then, that I should, or would be a gentleman: Whereupon Small acquaintance (because I was resolv'd to play no more) you advis'd me to give over; and you told me you would upon our comming to the City, here bring mee to a Knight, that was a Gentleman-maker, whom I conceive this to be, and here am I, and here's my foure hundred

hundred pound, which my man has here drawne up to Towne, and here I meane to quarter it.

Coul. But I will see what penniworths you bargaine for first, by your Masterships leave.

Mon. Drawne and quarter'd! you have a wit Sir, I find that already.

Hoy. Yes sir, I have a downe right Country wit, and was counted a pretty sparke at home. Did you never heare of little *Tim* of *Tanton*? But I now meane to have a finicall City wit, and a superfinicall Court wit too, before I see mine Uncle.

Mon. You may sir.

Hoy. And be able to jest and jeere among men of judgment: I have a many small jests, petty Johns, as I call 'hem: But I will have a clubbing wit, and a drinking wit; and be able to hold play with the great Poets I: and with dry jests to maule the mallipart't lesser ones (that hold themselves better than the biggest) out o'the pit of wit I, before I see mine uncle.

Mon. You may have all sir, if you quarter your foure hundred pound discretely: but who is your uncle I pray?

Hoy. For that you shall pardon me, till I am a Gentleman. But I assure you he is a great gentleman in the City here; and I neither must nor dare see him, till I am one at least: and I will tell you presently how I mean to quarter my money.

Coul. They'll quarter that and you too, if I zee not the better to the matter.

Mon. Dost thou know the uncle he speaks of?

Spr. No, nor cannot learne who it is for my life.

Brit. Some great man sure that's asham'd of his kindred: perhaps some Suburbe Justice, that sits o'the skirts o'the City, and lives by't.

Mon. Well said *Fack*.

(c)

Hoy.

Hoy. Look you fir, thus had I cast it: Small acquaintance pray doe you note it too: I love your advice, that at first sight of mee (which was but last night) could relieve me from Cheaters.

Brit. From some of his owne companions, to cheate you more himselfe.

Hoy. The first hundred pound to be for the making of mee a gentleman: the second hundred shall be for apparell.

Spr. He speaks halfe like a gentleman already.

Brit. Right, there's halfe dispos'd of.

Hoy. The third hundred Ile spend in pleasure: harke Small acquaintance, we'll have wenches.

Whisper.

Spr. What wants he of a gentleman, and goe no further, but save the last hundred.

Hoy. Oh Small acquaintance, that must walke too: but all for profit to support my gentility hereafter.

Spr. As how?

Hoy. I will be cheated of it.

Mon. How?

Hoy. Not in grosse, but by retaile, to try mens severall wits, and so learne to shift for myselfe in time and need be.

Brit. Doe you heare this?

Coul. There's a plot now!

Mon. I protest I admire him: I never found like Craft in a Yeomans sonne before.

Hoy. No words on't I beseech you fir; nor name that foolish word Yeomans sonne any more: I came to change my Coppy, and write Gentleman: and to goe the nighest way to worke, my Small acquaintance here tells me, to goe by the Heralds is the farthest way about.

Mon. Well, fir, we will take the speediest course for you that may be possible.

Brit.

Brit. The season of the yeare serves most aptly too,

Both for purging and bleeding :

Give your name into this booke, sir.

Hoy. *Timothy Hoyden* sir.

Brit. *Timothy Hoyden.* *Write.*

Hoy. But must I bleed sir ?

Mon. Yes, you must bleed : your father's blood must out. He was but a yeoman, was he ?

Hoy. As ranck a Clowne, none disprais'd, as any in *Sommersetshire.*

Mon. His foule ranke blood of Bacon and Pease-porridge must out of you to the last dram.

Hoy. You will leave me none in my body then, I shall bleed to death, and you go that way to worke.

Spr. Feare nothing sir : your blood shal be taken out by degrees, and your veines replenish'd with pure blood still, as you loose the puddle.

Hoy. How must that be done ?

Coul. I that ich I would heare.

Mon. I commend you that you seeke reason : it must bee done by meats and drinckes of costly price ; Muscadell caudels ; jellies, and cock-broaths. You shall eate nothing but Shrimpe porridge for a fortnight ; and now and then a Phefants egge soopt with a Peacocks feather. I that must be the dyet.

Hoy. Delicate !

Coul. This stands to reason indeed.

Mon. Then at your going abroad, the first ayre you take shall be of the Asparagus Garden, and you shall feed plentifully of that.

Hoy. Of the ayre do you meane ?

Mon. No of th' Asparagus. And that with a Concoction of Goates milke, shall set you an end, and your blood as high as any Gentlemans lineally

lineally descended from the loyns of King *Cadwalader*.

Hoy. Excellent, I like all excellently well, but this bleeding. I could never endure the sight of blood.

Mon. That shewes the malignant baseness of your fathers blood within you!

Hoy. I was bewitch'd I thinke before I was begot, to have a Clowne to my father: yet sir my mother said she was a Gentlewoman.

Spr. Said? What will not Women say?

Hoy. Nay, small acquaintance, she profeft it upon her Death-bed to the Curate and divers others, that she was sister to a Gentleman here in this City; and commanded mee in her Will, and upon her blessing, first to make my selfe a Gentleman of good fashion, and then to go to the gentleman my uncle.

Spr. What gentleman is that?

Hoy. I must not, nor I wo' not tell you that, till I am a gentleman my selfe: would you ha' me wrong the will o' the dead? Small acquaintance, I will rather dye a Clowne as I am first.

Mon. Be content sir; here's halfe a labour sav'd; you shall bleed but o' one side: the Fathers side only.

Hoy. Say you so?

Mon. The Mother veine shall not be prickt.

Hoy. I thanke you sir;
I wou'd 'twere done once.

Mon. But when this is done, and your new blood infused into you, you shall most easily learne the manners and behaviour.

Spr. The Look, the garbe, the congee—

Brit. And all the Complements of an absolute gentleman.

Hoy. O brave!

Mon.

Mon. For which you shall have best instructions ;
You'll runne a chargeable course in't, that Ile tell
you :

And may yet if you please retaine your money ;
Crosse your mothers will and dye a Clowne.

Hoy. By no meanes sir.

Coul. I begin to beleieve honestly of the Knight.

Mon. Doe you note this skin of his here ?

Brit. Skin, 'tis a hide sir.

Hoy. 'Tis somewhat thicke and foule indeed sir.

Mon. He must have a bath, and that will be
more charge.

Spr. Tis pittie he should be flead.

Hoy. I thanke you small acquaintance ; pray
let me have a bath, what ere it cost me, rather
than flea me.

Mon. Well sir, this house shall be your lodging,
and this the Mr. of it, an excellent Chyrurgeon,
and expert in these affaires, shall be your
attendant.

Hoy. My man may attend me too, may he not ?

Spr. Yes, by all meanes, and see the laying out
of your money,

Coul. I like that best : sure they are honest men.

Mon. Is that your man ? what does he weare a
Coulter by his side ?

Coul. No sir, my name is *Coulter* ; I my selfe am
a Coulter, and this is but my Hanger on, as I am
my Masters.

Mon. Thou maist make a Country gentleman in
time, I see that by thy wit.

Coul. All my friends will be glad on't.

Mon. Come gentlemen, Ile lead you the way.

Ex.

ACT. II. Scene IV.

Touchwood, Walter, Gilbert, Samuel.

Touch. **B**Ut how can you assure me gentlemen
that this is true?

Gil. We saw't not acted sir, nor had reported
it,

But on those termes of honour you have sworne
to;

In which you are engaged first to forgive
Your sonne: then never to reveale to friend,
Or foe, the knowledge of the fact.

Wat. You cannot now but receive
Your sonne into your favour, that did urge him
To doe some outrage, some villanous shame or mis-
chiefe

Upon that Family as he would shunne your curse.

Touch. This is a mischiefe with a witnesse to
it;

He has done it home it seems.

Gil. Sir, can a sonne

Doe his fathers will too fully?

Touch. You may be pleas'd to call him.

Exit Wat.

I would now put on an anger, but I feare
My inward joy's too great, to be dissembled:
Now for a rigid brow that might enable
A man to stand competitor for the feate
Of austere justice——Are you come to boast

Enter Sam, Wat.

The bravery of your fact, with a dissembled
Shew of obedience; as if you had merited
Forgivenesse and a blessing; when my shame
For thy lewd action makes me turne and hide
My face—for feare my laughter be descry'd.

aside and laugh.
Gil,

Gil. Pray turne not from him fir.

Touch. I have heard fir of your workmanship;
but may

A man receive it on your word for truth ?

Sam. It is too true, unlesse you please in mercy
To pardon, and preserve me from the rigour
Of Justice, and the sharper censure
That I shall suffer in all good opinion.

Touch. I meane you shall out o' the noyse on't
presently :

So—there's a hundred peeces, get you gone ;
Provide you for a journey into France,
Beare your selfe well, and looke you come not
home

A verier Coxecombe than you went abroad :
Pray weare no falling bands and cuffes above
The price of suits and cloaks, leaft you become
The better halfe undone in a bout at Buffets.

Sam. I hope you shall heare well of me.

Touch. Amen.

Sam. Pray bleffe me fir.

Touch. My blessing be upon thee,
Goe get thee gone, my tenderneffe will shew
It selfe too womanish else.

Gil. Goodneffe of nature.

Wat. We'll helpe to set you forward. *Ex.*

Touch. Thank yee gentlemen :

Be but my sonne, thou shalt not want a father,
Though somebody must seeke one ; ha, ha, ha——
Ide give another hundred Peeces now
With all my heart, that I might be untongue ty'd,
And triumph o're my adversary now,
And dash this businesse in his angry teeth :
Strike *Strikers* teeth out with his owne abuse :
Perhaps he knows't already, if he does ;
I may take notice, and make bold to jeere him :
This is his usuall walke.

ACT II. Scene V.

Striker, Touch-wood.

Stri. I was to blame
To give it so much credit at the first,
As to be troubled at it.

Touch. 'Tis the Rascall.

Stri. That he, the sonne of my despight and
scorne,
Should gaine of Fate a lot to see my Neece,
Much lesse a face to aske her for his wife.

Touch. Perhaps he's casting of his will.

Stri. Yet the vexation that I was but told so,
Lyes gnawing in my stomacke, that untill
I vomit it upon that Dung-hill wretch;
I cannot eate nor sleepe to doe me good.
And I thanke Chance he's here.

Touch. He comes, and so have at him.

Stri. Hum, hum, hum, humh.

Touch. And ha, ha, ha to thee old puppy.

Stri. Sirrah, sirrah, how dar'st thou keepe a sonne
that dares but looke upon my Neece? there I am
we'ye fir.

Touch. Sirrah, and sirrah to thy wither'd jawes,
and down that wrinkled throat of thine: how
dar'st thou think a sonne of mine dares for dis-
pleasing me, look but with foule contempt upon
thy loathed issue?

Stri. Impudent villaine, I have heard he has
seene her.

Touch. Has he but seene her? ha, ha, ha, I feare
I shall out with it: I would not be forsworne; ile
keep't in if I can.

Stri. Yes Malipert Jack, I have heard that he
has seene her, but better hadst thou pist him 'gainst
the

the wall, then hee presume to love her : and there I am we'yee fir.

Touch. Haft thou but heard he has seene her ; I tell thee thou old booby thou ; if he had seen, felt, heard, and understood her : nay had he got her with child, and then left her, he were my sonne, and I would cherish him.

Stri. Darst thou speak so, thou old Reprobate.

Touch. Thou dost not heare me say it is so, though I could wish it were with all my heart, because I thinke it would breake thine.

Stri. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Cough.

Touch. I hope I shall keepe it within the compasse of mine oath ; yet there was a touch for him.

Stri. Oh thou hel-bred Rascall thou ; hugh, hugh.

Cough and spit.

Touch. So, so, up with it, Lungs, Lights, Liver, and all ; choake up in a churles name.

Stri. Hugh, hugh.

Touch. I have put him into these fits forty times at least, and not without hope it will thrattle him at last—if you do break a gut, or a rib or two, with straining, a rope will be your onely remedy : and so I leave you ; by the way you have not heard mee say that I know anything by your Neece : But what I know Ile keep to my selfe.

Stri. And hang thy selfe, I care not what thou know'st, yet thus farre take me we'yee fir.

Touch. Not a step, unlesse I were sure I were going to the devill, huh, huh : no fir, you shall not trip me : you shall not fetch it out of me : tush, my sonne's my sonne, and keep your neece to your selfe, huh, and if she has anything of his you may keep that too huh ; and so choake up againe with all my heart, and much good doe it you.

Exit.

Stri. Huh, huh—hem ! so he's gon, the villain's gone

gone in hope that he has kild me, when my comfort is he has recover'd mee ; I was heart-sicke with a conceit which lay so mingled with my Fleagme that I had perished, if I had not broke it, and made me spit it out ; hemh, 'tis gone, and ile home merrily.

I would not that he should know the good he has done me

For halfe my estate ; nor would I be at peace with him

To save it all : His malice works upon me,
Past all the drugs and all the Doctors Counsells,
That ere I cop'd with : he has beene my vexation
These thirty yeares ; nor have I had another
Ere since my wife dy'd ; if the Rascall knew't,
He would be friends, and I were instantly
But a dead man, I could not get another
To anger me so handfomly.

ACT II. Scene VI.

Frifwood, Striker.

Fris. You are welcome home sir.

Stri. And merrily too *Fid.* Hemh
light at heart.

I met with my Physitian, Dog-leech, *Touchwood* ;
And clear'd my stomacke, and now I am light at
heart.

And thou shalt heare on't *Fid* anon perhaps.

Fris. You are the better able then to heare
And beare what I must tell you.

Stri. Where's my Neece ?
How does she, ha ?

Fris. As well as a young woman
In her case may doe sir.

Stri.

Stri. Ha ! how's that ?

Fris. Twill out, and I as fit to tell you as another.

Stri. Out with it then.

Fris. Tis true, I fac'd you downe there was no league

Betweene young *Touch-wood*, and your Neece, in hope

To turne her heart from him before the knowledge

Of anything that past should be a griefe to you :

But since I have discover'd tis too late ;

And she can be fit bride for no man else.

Stri. He has not laine with her, has he ?

Fris. You speake as just as *Gormans* lips.

Stri. I hope he has not lipt her so :

Prethee what canst thou meane ?

Fris. Sir, if you thinke

The knowledge of a truth of this sad nature
May prejudice your health, by drawing a Chole-
ricke fit into you, you were best to send for your
Physitian, your dog-leech *Touch-wood*, as you cal'd
him, to breake your bed of Fleagme, by laughing
at you.

Stri. What dost thou meane now, I have asked
thee twice.

Fris. I say young *Touch-wood* has touch'd, and
clap'd your neece ;

And (which is worfe) with scorne and foule dis-
daine

Has left and quite forsaken ; and is gone :

(They say) sent by his father to travaile.

Stri. Twas this the villaine hammer'd on to-
day,

When he spoke myftically, doubtfull words,
Reflecting on this mischievous sence: Hell, hell,
hell.

Fris.

Fris. Twere good you would forsake the thought
of hell fir,
And thinke upon some timely course to save
Her credit, and the honour of your house by
marriage.

Stri. You counsell very well ;
But were you privy in their loves affaire ?

Fris. Indeed I knew too much on't : think of a
course good fir.

Stri. I know no course for her and you but
one,
Young whore and bawd, and that is instantly
To pack you out of doores to seek your living,
And there I will be we'yee.

Fris. Sir that you must not.

Stri. Sprecious dost thou must me in mine owne
house ?

Fris. In your owne house, fir, kill us if you please,
And take the sinne upon you ; but out of it
You must not dare to thrust us with your shame :
Which I will so divulge, as you shall finde
Your house to be no sanctuary for your selfe ;
And there ile be with you.

Stri. This is lusty.

Fris. Consider wisely that I know you fir,
And can make foule relation of some passages
That you will shame to heare.

Stri. Hold your peace.

Fris. Remember fir, neare thirty yeares agoe,
You had a sister, whose great marriage portion
Was in your hands : good gentlewoman, she
Unfortunately loving a false Squire,
Just as your Neece hath now, did get a clap :
You know fir, what I meane ?

Stri. You'll hold your peace ?

Fris. Ile speake it though I dye for't; better
here

Than

Than in a worfe place : So clapt I fay ſhe was,
I know not yet by whom you doe, and beare.
An inward grudge againſt ſomebody to this hour
for't.

But to my ſtory, good gentlewoman ſhe
Was by your moſt unbrotherly cruell uſage
Thruſt out a doores, as now you threaten us :
And miſerably big-bellied as ſhe was
Leaving her moſt unjuſtly detain'd her portion
In your falſe hands, forſooke you and the towne,
To flie the aire, where her diſgrace was ſpread :
Some jewells and ſome gold ſhe had conceal'd :
But to what part o' th' world ſhee took we know
not,

Nor did you ever care, but wiſht her out on't,
By any deſperate end, after her flight
From portion, blood and name ; and ſo perhaps
Immediately ſhe was : for which, this judgement
Is juſtly falſe upon you.

Stri. Yet hold thy peace.

Friſ. Neither by threats, nor bribes, nor all per-
ſwaſion,

Untill you take your Neece into your care :
What will the world ſay when it heares this ſtory
Of your owne naturall ſiſter, and your cruelty,
When you ſhall ſecond it with your Neeces ſhame ?

Stri. I never was ſo mated, ſo aſtoniſhed.

Friſ. Nay, more than this, old *Striker*, ile im-
peach

You for foule incontinence ; and ſhaking your
Old Bullion Tronkes over my Trucklebed.

Stri. Thou art not deſperate ! wilt thou ſhame
thy ſelfe ?

Friſ. I value neither ſhame, nor name, nor
fame ;

And wealth I have none to loſe ; you have enough
To pay for all I take it.

Stri.

Stri. Oh I am sicke.

Fris. Be of good cheere, ile send for your Physitian.

Stri. Sicke, sicke at heart; let me be had to bed. *Exit.*

Fris. I hope I have laid the heat of his severity, So sometimes great offences passe for none. When severe Judges dare not heare their owne.

Ex.

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Gardner, and Martha his wife.

Gar. **P**RAY lets agree upon't good wife, you are my wife I take it, and I should have the command, yet I entreate and am content you see.

Mat. And so would any man I thinke that has such a helpe and commings in by his wife as you have; tis not your durty Sparagus, your Arti-choaks, your Carpes, your Tulips, your Straw-berries, can bring you in five hundred pound a yeare, if my helping hand, and braine too were not in the businesse.

Gar. Let us agree upon't: and two or three yeares toyle more, while our trade is in request and fashion, will make us purchasers. I had once a hope to have bought this Mannor of Marsh-land for the resemblance it has to the Low Country soyle you came from, to ha' made you a Banke-side Lady. Wee may in time be somewhat. But what did you take yesterday *Mat* in all, what had you, ah?

Mat. Poore pidling doings; some foure and twenty pound.

Gar

Gar. What did the rich old Merchant spend upon the poore young gentlemans wife in the yellow bed-chamber?

Mat. But eight and twenty shillings, and kept the roome almost two houres. I had no more of him.

Gar. And what the Knight with the broken Citizens wife (that goes so Lady like) in the blew bed-chamber.

Mat. Almost foure pound.

Gar. That was pretty well for two.

Mat. But her husband, and a couple of serving-men had a dish of *Sparagus*, and three bottles of wine, besides the broken meate into one o'the Arbors.

Gar. Every thing would live *Mat*: but here will be great Courtiers and Ladyes to day you say.

Mat. Yes they sent last night to bespeake a ten pound dinner, but I halfe feare their comming will keep out some of our more constant, and more profitable customers.

Gar. Twill make them the more eager to come another time then *Mat*. Ha' they paid their reckoning in the Parlour?

Mat. Yes, but butchingly, and are now going away.

ACT III. Scene II.

Gentleman and Gentlerwomen to them.

Gar. O here they are going.

Gent. I protest Mr. Gardner your wife is too deare: Sixteene shillings for a dish of *Sparagus*, two bottles of wine, and a little Sugar, I wonder how you can reckon it.

Mat.

Mat. That was your reckoning in all fir; wee make no account of particulars, but all to Mall, as they doe in the Netherlands.

Gent. Your Dutch account Mrs. is too high for us to trouble you any more.

Mat. That's as you please fir, a faire day after you :

Ex. Gen.

Who would be troubled with such pinching guests?

Gar. I, tis good to misreckon such to be rid of 'hem.

Mat. They are ee'n as welcome as the Knight that comes hither alone alwayes, and walkes about the garden here halfe a day together, to feed upon Ladyes lookes, as they passe to and fro; the peeping Knight, what doe you call him?

Gar. O Sir *Arnold Cautious*.

Mat. You may call him Cautious, I never saw five shillings of his money yet.

Gar. No, he comes but to feed his eyes, as you say, with leering at good faces, and peeping at pretty insteps.

Mat. Sir *Hugh-Money-Lacke*, our gather-guest as we call him, sends us no such dull customers: O that good Gentleman! never did any Taverne, Inne, or new Ordinary give tribute to a more deserving gentleman——oh here come gallants.

ACT III. Scene III.

Enter Gilbert, Wat, and Sam (disguis'd) to them.

Three, and ne're a woman! strange! these are not the Courtiers wee look for.

Gil. This is his daily haunt: I warrant thee we find him.

Wat. And it shall take, ne're feare it *Sam*.

Gil.

Gil. By your leave Mr. and Mrs. or rather Lord and Lady of the new plantation here.

Wat. Nay Prince and Princeſſe of the Province of Aſparagus.

Sam. The Iſland of two Acres here, more profitable than twice two thouſand in the Fens, till the drainers have done there.

Mat. You are pleaſant gentlemen: what is your pleaſure?

Gil. Saw you Sir *Arnold Cautious* here to-
Mat. Not yet fir. (day?

Gil. Ha' you a roome i' your houſe for us?

Mat. Have you any more company to come to you?

Wat. Yes, we expect ſome gentlemen.

Mat. Gentlemen did you ſay?

Gil. Yes indeed gentlemen, no gentlewomen I aſſure you.

Mat. Intruth fir all the roomes within are gone.

Gil. What they are not gone abroad, are they?

Mat. You are alwayes pleaſant fir: I meane they are all taken up.

Gil. There are ſome taken up in 'hem, iſ't not ſo?

Mat. Still you are pleaſant fir: they are indeed beſpoken for great Courtiers, and Ladyes that are to dine here.

Gar. If you will beſtow your ſelves in the garden, and make choice of your Arbour: you ſhall have the beſt cheer the houſe can afford yee, and you are welcome.

Gil. Be it ſo then; let's walke about gentlemen.

Pray fend us ſome wine.

Wat. And a diſh of your Sparagus.

Mat.

Mat. You shall have it gentlemen. *Exit.*

Gil. Did you note the wit o'the woman?

Wat. I, because we had no wenches we must have no chamber-roome, for feare shee disappoynt some that may bring 'hem.

Sam. Shee spake of great Courtiers and Ladyes that are to come.

Wat. Some good stufte perhaps.

Gil. Why I assure you, right noble, and right vertuous persons, and of both sexes doe frequent the place.

Sam. And I assure you, as ignoble and vicious doe pester it too much; and these that respect profit meerely have not the wit, and lesse the vertue to distinguish betwixt the best and the worst, but by their purses.

Wat. 'Tis enough for them to weed their garden, not their guests: O here comes our collation.

ACT. III. Scene IV.

Enter two boyes, they cover a Table, two bottles of wine, Dishes of Sugar, and a dish of Sparagus.

Gil. **A**ND what's the price of this feast boy?
Boy. Plaist ill Monsieur.

Gil. What art thou a French-man?

Boy. No, I tooke you for one fir, to bargain for your meate before you eate it, that is not the generous English fashion, you shall know anon fir.

Gil. Goe get you gone with your wit, and tell your prodigall fooles so.

Wat. Goe, we'll call when we want attendance.

Ex. Boy.

Gil. *Sam* you are too sad; let not your disguise alter

alter you with us : Come here's a health to the Hans in Kelder, and the mother of the boy, if it prove so.

Sam. Ile pledge it.

Wat. We want Sir *Hugh Mony-lacke* here to discourse the vertues of this precious plant *Asparagus*, and what wonders it hath wrought in *Burgundy, Almaine, Italy, and Languedoc* before the herborists had found the skill to plant it here.

Sam. What's he to whom wee seeke ?

Wat. Who mine Uncle, Sir *Arnold Cautious* ; he'll come, ne're doubt him ; he seldom misses a day to pry and piere upon the beauties that come to walke here.

Gil. Tis such a Knightling, Ile but give yee his Character, and he comes I warrant thee ; he is an infinite admirer of beauty, and dares not touch a woman : he is aged about fifty, and a batchelour : he defies wedlocke, because he thinkes there is not a maiden-head in any marriageable beauty to be found among Women.

Sam. Yet you say he is an admirer and hunter after the sight of beauty.

Gil. He gets a crick in his neck oft-times with squinting up at windowes and Belconies ; and as he walkes the streets, he peepes on both sides at faire breasts and faces, as he were seeking Birds-nests ; and followes pretty feet and insteps like a hare tracker.

Wat. This is still mine Uncle.

Gil. And when he sees a Coach of Ladies about to alight, hee makes a stand, in hope to see a delicate legge slip through a lac'd smocke, which if he chance to discover he drivells.

Sam. Well, how your plot may hold to my purpose I cannot see : he is the unlikeliest man to have a wench put upon that you can mention.

Gil

Gil. I grant the attempt is hard, but the higher will be the atchievement: trust my experience *Sam*: for as in every instrument are all tunes to him that has the skill to find out the stops, so in every man there are all humours to him that can find their faussets, and draw 'hem out to his purpose.

Wat. Feare not the plot, as we have cast it, nor the performance in the Comedy, though against mine owne Naturall Uncle.

Gil. Thy unnaturall Uncle thou wouldst say: hee ne're did thee good in's life: Act but thine owne part, and be not out *Sam*, and feare nothing.

Wat. He's somewhat too yoong to act a rorer: but what lads have we seene passe for fouldiers?

ACT III. Scene V.

Enter three Courtiers and Ladies: Cautious aloofe.

Sam. O here come the great guests.

Gil. And these are nobles ones indeed; these are Courtiers Clinquant, and no counterfeited stufte upon 'hem: I know 'hem all, every Lady with her owne husband too: what a vertuous honest age is this: and see if thine Uncle bee not at his old game, bopeepe i'the taile of 'hem. Hee shall follow 'hem no further: Sir *Arnold Cautious*, Noble Knight you are well encounter'd. *Ex. Court.*

Caut. Good Master *Gold wyer*, doe you know these Ladies; or be they Ladyes, ha?

Gil. Yes, and noble ones, the three Graces of the Court, the Lady Stately, the Lady Handsome, and the Lady peerelesse, doe not you know 'hem?

Caut

Caut. No not I.

Gil. How the slave twitters ; you look not up at greatnes, you mind too much the worldly things that are beneath you : if you had such a Lady under you, (of your owne I meane) you would mind her.

Caut. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Gil. Looke no more after 'hem, they are gone : besides they are vertuous, and too great for you : when will you get a convenient wife of your owne, to work out the dry itch of a stale Batchelour ?

Caut. Goe, goe, you are a wag, I itch not that way.

Gil. Will you goe this way with me then, and heare what I will say to you ?

Caut. With all my heart, I am free from businesse.

Gil. You have a Nephew, whose sister I marryed, a vertuous wife she is, and I love him the better for't ; he is a younger brother, and borne to no great fortune : now you are very rich, a Batchelour, and therefore I think childlesse——

Caut. Introth Mr. Gold-wyer you must pardon mee, I may not stay with you : I had almost forgot a most important businesse.

Lam. Ee'n now he had none.

Gil. Nay good Sir *Arnold Cautious*, you know not what Ile say.

Caut. I say he is an unthrift, a Squanderer, and must not expect supplies from me.

Gil. He does not, shall not, not to the value of a token : pray stay, and heare me sir ; tis no ill ayre to stay in.

Caut. I withall my heart good Mr. Gold-wyer ; I like the aire well, and your motion hitherto.

Gill. Will you be pleas'd to doe your kinsman

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the favour to further him in a match ; I mean an honest lawful marriage match—but with your countenance, and a good word at most.

Caut. The most unthankfull office in the world : pray use some other friend in't : indeed I stay too long.

Gil. Heare but who it is that he loves, how likely he is to obtaine, what abundant profit the match may bring him, and the desperate undoing danger he falls into if he be not matched, and then doe your pleasure.

Caut. Why what new danger is he towards, more than the old ill company he was wont to keep ?

Gil. Oh fir, he is now in league with a companion more dreadfull than 'hem all, a fellow that is in part a Poet, and in part a Souldier.

Caut. Bounce, bounce.

Gil. You have hit upon his name : his name is Bounce, do you know him, fir ?

Caut. Not I, nor desire acquaintance with either of his qualities.

Gil. He is a gentleman, fir, that has been upon some unfortunate late services that have not answer'd his merit.

Caut. And now he is come home to right himselfe, by writing his owne meritorious acts, is he ?

Gil. Good introth, I wish you would see 'hem, to come over 'hem with a jeere or two ; I know you are good at it : They are in an Arbour here close by, drinking to their Muses, and glorifying one another for eithers excellency in the art most Poetically.

Caut. Glorifie doe you say ? I have heard Poets the most envious detractors of one another of all Creatures, next to the very Beggars.

Gil. Abroad perhaps and afunder, but together there's

there's no such amity : You never saw 'hem drinke : pray see 'hem fir, it may take your Nephew off of his Ningle, who hath infected him with Poetry already : and twenty to one, if he faile in the match, which I was about to mention ; he will winne him away to the wars too, and then he may be loft for ever.

Caut. Good Mr. Gold-wyer goe you to your company, I am not a man of reckoning amongst such ; besides I feldome drink betwixt meales.

Wat. At his owne cost he meanes.

Gil. I commend your temper : you shall not bee in the reckoning ; but I beseech you let me prevaile with you : See, wee are upon 'hem : save you Gentlemen : I have brought you a noble friend, your uncle : I know he is welcome to you brother *Wat* ; and you I am sure will make him so Mr. *Bounce* : when you shall heare he is an admirer of Poetry and warre.

Caut. Even a farre off I assure yee : I never durst approach near the fury of either of the fiery qualities.

Sam. It is your modesty, not feare that keeps you at distance I imagine.

Caut. Poets may imagine any thing : imagination is their wealth, some of 'hem would be but poore else : are you turn'd Poet Nephew ?

Wat. For my private recreation fir.

Caut. What by writing Verses to win some Mistresses to your private recreation : meane you so ?

Sam. You dare not fir blaspheme the vertuous use Of sacred Poetry, nor the fame traduce Of Poets, who not alone immortall be, But can give others immortality. Poets that can men into stars translate, And hurle men downe under the feete of Fate : Twas not *Achilles* sword, but *Homers* pen,

That made brave *Hector* dye the best of men :
 And if that powerfull *Homer* likewise wou'd,
Hellen had beene a hagge, and *Troy* had stood.

Gil. Well said Poet, thou tumblest out old ends
 as well as the best of 'hem.

Sam. Poets they are the life and death of
 things,
 Queens give them honour, for the greatest Kings
 Have bin their subjects.

Caut. Enough, enough ; you are the first good
 Poet that e're I saw weare so good a Countenance:
 leave it, I would not have a gentleman meddle
 with Poetry for spoyling of his face : you seldome
 see a Poet look out at a good Visnomy.

Sam. Think you so sir ?

Caut. Yes, and that is a Poeticall Policy : where
 the face is naturally good without spot or blemish,
 to deface it by drinking, or wenching, to get a
 name by't.

Sam. A death deserving scandall.

Gil. Hold, hold. *They scuffle, and Wat*

Sam. Thy malice, and thy ignorance *throwes Sam, and of-*
fers to stab him. Gil.
 Have doom'd thee. *holds his Dagger.*

Gil. Gentlemen what meane yee ?

Wat. My blood must not endure it.

Gil. You have wrong'd us all, and me the most.

Wat. The wrong is chiefly mine ; yet you adde
 to it

By hindring my just vengeance.

Sam. Ile find a time to right you, or my selfe.

Exit

Wat. My next sight of thee is thy death :
 I feare you are hurt sir ; are you, pray sir tell me ?

Caut. Let me first admire thy goodnesse and
 thy pittie :

My owne true naturall Nephew.

Gil.

Gil. Now it workes.

Caut. I now confider, and will answer thee
In a full measure of true gratitude.

Wat. But good fir are you not hurt? if you
bleed, I bleed with you.

Caut. Oh sincere Nephew, good boy I am not
hurt,
Nor can I thinke of hurt, my thoughts are bent
Upon thy good; you were speaking of a choyse
fir,
My Nephew would be matcht to, let me know the
party.

Gil. Will you fir stand his friend?

Caut. Let me but know the party and her
And instantly about it. (friend,

Gil. He is catch'd.

Wat. How am I bound to you!

Caut. Nephew, I am yet bound to thee, and
shall not rest till I am dis-ingag'd by doing this
office for thee: what is she, let me know?

Gil. Sir, as we walk you shall know all; ile pay
the reckoning within as we passe.

Caut. But by the way Nephew, I must bind you
from Poetry.

Wat. For a Wife you shall fir.

Gil. Poetry, though it be of a quite contrary
nature, is as pretty a jewell as plaine dealing, but
they that use it forget the Proverb. *Ex.*

ACT III. Scene VI.

Enter Courtiers and Ladyes.

1 *Cour.* COME Madams, now if you please
after your garden Feast,
To exercise your numerous feet, and tread
A curious knot upon this grassie square; You

Hoy. There's one of my hundred pounds gone that way, all but twelve pieces.

Coul. You see now what a fine hand you have made of your money, since you got it out of my clutches.

Hoy. Then there's my apparell, a hundred pound went all in three suits, of which this is the best.

Spr. But what doe you thinke of your wit hundred pound ?

Hoy. Marry I thinke that was the best laid out : for by it I have got wit enough to know that I was as cleerely cosen'd out of it as heart can wish : o'my soule and conscience, and as I am almost a gentleman, and a man had come to *London* for nothing else but to be Cheated, hee could not bee more roundlier rid of his money.

Mon. Well sir, if you repine at your expences now, that you want nothing but your Belly-full of paragus to finish my worke of a gentleman in you ; I will, if you please, in lieu of that stuffe up your paunch with Bacon and Bagge-pudding and put you backe againe as absolute a Clowne as ever you came from plough.

Coul. I would he're come to that once.

Sprin. Take heed how you crosse him.

Hoy. Nay pray sir bee not angry, (though to the shame of a Gentleman I say it) my teeth doe ee'ne water at the name of the sweet Country dish you spoke of (bacon and bag-pudding) yet I will forbear it : but you say I shall fill my belly with this new Daintrill that you spake of : these Sparow-bills, what doe you call 'hem.

Mon. You shall have your belly full.

Hoy. Top full I beseech you.

Coul. Humh——

Mon. You shall : but I must tell you, I must ha you turn away this grumbling Clowne that followes you :

you : he is as dangerous about you, as your fathers blood was within you, to crosse and hinder your gentility.

Hoy. True, you said you would help me to a boy no bigger than a Monkey.

Spr. And you shall have him, a pretty little knave, you may put him in your pocket.

Coul. Yes wusse, to pick's money out if he had it ; shortly 'twill come to that bevore't be long.

Hoy. *Coulter* you must to the plough again ; you are too heavy a clog at the heeles of a gentleman.

Coul. I with all my heart, and I con you thanks too.

Hoy. The Clowne, my fathers heire, will be glad of you.

Mon. Have you an elder brother ?

Hoy. You doe not heare me say he is my brother ; but the clown my father had a former son by a former wife, that was no gentlewoman as my mother was, and he is a Clowne all over, and incurable, even get you to him, like to like will agree well : here's a Crowne for you, 'twill carry you a foote to *Tanton* ; and so get you gone like a Clowne as you are.

Coul. 'Tis well you allow me some money yet : we shall have you begge all the way home shortly, when your Cheaters have done we'ye.

Mon. How villaine !

Spr. Why doe you not correct him sir ?

Coul. Nay why do not you, he dares not ? though he could spare his Clowne blood, he dares not venture his Gentleman blood so, nor you yours, tis all too fine I doubt ; therefore keepe it, make much on't : I would be loath a jaile should stay my journey, or by my Curfen soule I would see what colour the best on't were before I
goe

goe. But if I don't your errand to your brother, and tell'n how you doe vlout'n behinde's back, then say Cut's a Curre: And so a vart vor a varewell to the proudest o'ye; and if you be an anger'd, tak't in your angry teeth. *Exit.*

Spr. Mon. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. What a rude Rascall 'tis? you are happy that he is gone.

Mon. And so am I, he hindred halfe my worke; seven yeares time is too little to make a gentleman of one that can suffer such a Clowne within seven mile of him.

Hoy. Would hee were beyond Brainford on his way then by this time for me. But you forget the way you were in; you said you would fill my belly; and then fall to practice fine complements and congies to make me a perfect gentleman, and fit me to see my unknowne uncle.

Mon. All shall be done.

ACT III. Scene VIII.

Enter Brittleware and Rebecca to them.

Hoy. See if my Surgeon and his wife have not fil'd themselves, and come wiping their lips alreadie?

Mon. So shall you presently: now Landlady are you pleas'd with your Asparagus?

Reb. With the Asparagus I am; and yet but halfe pleas'd neither, as my husband shall very well know.

Mon. Well, wee will leave you to talk with him about it: come sir let us into the house. *Ex.*

Brit. But halfe pleas'd sweet-heart?

Reb. No indeed *John* Brittleware; the Asparagus has done its part; but you have not done your part *John*; and if you were an honest man
John,

John, you would make fir *Hughes* words good of the Asparagus, and be kinder to me : you are not kinde to your owne wife *John* in the Asparagus way ; you understand me : for ought I see Pompeons are as good meat for such a hoggish thing as thou art.

Brit. Well, when we come at home *Beck*, I know what I know.

Reb. At home, is't come to that ? and I know what I know : I know he cannot love his wife enough at home, that won't bee kind to her abroad : but the best is I know what my next longing shall be.

Brit. More longings yet ! now out of the unsearchable depth of womans imagination, what may it be ?

Reb. It beginnes to possesse me already, still more and more : now tis an absolute longing, and I shall be sick till I have it.

Brit. May I know it forfooth, tell it that you may have it.

Reb. I dare tell it you, but you must never know that I have it.

Brit. If you dare tell it.

Reb. Dare ; nay be as jealous as you will : thus it is, I do long to steale out of mine owne house, unknowne to you as other women doe, and their husbands nere the wiser, hither to this same Sparagus Garden, and meet some friend that will be kind to me.

Brit. How, how !

Reb. In private ; unknowne to you, as I told you ; 'tis unpossible I shall ever have a child else, and you so jealous over me as you are ?

Brit. Art thou a woman and speak this ?

Reb. Art thou a man, five yeares married to me ; and aske mee now if I be a woman ?

Brit.

Brit. Art thou so full of the Devill to flye out in this manner?

Reb. Why his hornes flye not out of me to fright thee, do they?

Bit. Oh for a hell that has not a woman in't?

ACT III. Scene IX.

Enter a Gentleman and a City Wife.

Reb. Look you there *John* jealousie, there's an example before your eyes, if nothing hang i' your sight; there you may see the difference between a fower husband and a sweet natur'd gentleman! good heart! how kindly he kisses her! and how feately she holds up the neb to him! little heart! when will you be so kind to your owne wife *John*.

Brit. Is that his wife thinke you?

Reb. No, no, I know her, tis *Mrs. Holy-hocke* the precise Drapers wife; oh, how my longing growes stronger in me: I see what thift soever a woman makes with her husband at home, a friend does best abroad.

ACT III. Scene X.

Enter Servant to them.

Ser. Indeed my *Mrs.* will not take this money, there wants two shillings.

Wom. Why is my peece too light?

Ser. Two light for the reckoning *Mrs.* it comes to two and twenty shillings, and this is but twenty.

Gent. Unreasonable; how can she reckon it.

Ser.

Ser. I know what you had fir, and we make no bills.

Gent. Well fare the Taverns, yet, that though they cosen'd never so much, would downe with it one way or other: and their *Jacks*, go agen; now tell your *Mris.* & that will hinder her somewhat.

Ser. Not a jot fir.

Gent. Then tell her the Countesse of *Copt* Hall is comming to be her neighbour againe, and she may decline her trade very dangerously.

Ser. My *Mris.* scorns your words fir.

Gent. You Rogue.

Wom. Nay sweet Cosen, make no uprore for my reputation's sake; here youth there's two shillings more, commend me to your Mistresse. *Ex. Ambo.*

Brit. She payes the reckoning it seems.

Reb. It seems then he has beene kinde to her another way. *Ex.*

ACT III. Scene XI.

Enter Money-lacke, Hoyden, Springe, Martha.

Mon. How is't? I hope you are not wrangling now, but better pleas'd than so.

Reb. No, no, fir *Hugh*; tis not the Sparagus can do 't, unlesse the man were better:

Hoy. But may I now be confident that I am almost a gentleman.

Spr. Without that confidence you are nothing.

Mon. There wants nothing now, but that you may learn the rules & rudiments, the principles and instructions for the carriages, congies, & complements, which we'll quickly put into you by practice.

Hoy. And then the spending the little rest of my mony, and I am a cleare gentleman; & may see my uncle.

Mon. Right, right.

Hoy.

Hoy. And I will write it, and crowd it into as many Bonds as I can a purpose to write gentlemen; *Timothy Hoyden* of *Tanton*—no, of *London*, Gentleman: *London* is a common place for all gentlemen of my ranke, is it not?

Spr. Excellent, doe you not marke how finely he comes on?

Hoy. But as I hope to live and dye a gentleman Mrs. what shi' call, your reckoning was devillish deare: s'daggers three pound for a few Cuckoe pintles, they were no better I thinke.

Spr. Now you fall backe againe, and derogate from the condition of a gentleman most grossly, to think any thing too deare you eate or drinke.

Hoy. Poxe on't, I had forgot.

Mon. When he has his rules and principles, which must be his next study, he will remember.

Hoy. Pray let's about it quickly.

Mon. Now we'll goe; but you forget me Mistress.

Mat. No indeed sir *Hugh*, here's two Peeces for last week and this.

Mon. Tis well: Landlord and Landlady will you goe?

Brit. Would you wou'd long to be at home once.

Wif. So I doe perhaps, and to be here againe, and there againe; and here, and there, and here againe; and all at once.

Brit. Hey kicksie winsie.

Wif. And I doe long to goe to *Windsor* too, to know if the prophesie be as true there, as tis reported here.

Mat. How did you heare it goes forsooth?

Wif. That all old women shall die, and many young wives shal have Cuckolds to their husbands.

Mat.

Mat. I heard forsooth that all young wives should dye that were pure maids when they were married.

Wif. And none other?

Mat. So report goes forsooth.

Wif. You speake very comfortably: It may be a long journey to the worlds end yet.

Brit. It seems you are not proscribed by the prophesie then?

Wif. I thank my destiny.

Hoy. My first worke when I am compleat gentleman shall be to get them a Child, and make 'hem friends.

Mon. A most gentlemanly resolution.

Wif. And truely the City is much bound to such well affected gentlemen.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Tom Hoyden, Coulter.

Tom. IS it possible that halfe this can be true, that a halfe brother of mine can be made such an asse all over?

Coul. Tis all true, as I am a Cursen fellow, Mr. Thomas, every word on't: I scorne to lye in a fillibub I: what lucke had I to meete you? I never thought to zee you at *London*.

Tom. S'daggers death, it has as good as veez'd me out o'my wits to think on't: was my vathers blood zo quaisome to him, (with a mischiefe to't) that he must let it out to be a gentleman, because his mother was one (by her owne report :) for

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our own parts we nother know nor care where hence she coame, nor whither she's gone, but dead she is) she brought my vather a good purse o'mony, and kept another in store it zeems, till she could keep't no longer, and then bestow'd it well and wisely upon Chitty vace her zonne, to make him a geantleman, and told him what great house he coame on by her side ; for shee was a *Striker* forzooth, and ga'n directions to vinde an old Uncle of his here in Cuckold-shire, one Mr. *Striker*: but virst shee bade him put his zelfe into vashion, and bee sure to beare's zelfe like a Gentleman ; and he has ta'ne a wise course to compasse it, it zeems : I warrant he ha made a voole o' his voure hundred pound by this time.

Coult. Ay, and o'his zelfe too, and his Cony catchers ha handled him : And you had zeen't, you would ha' be pift your zelfe vor woe, how they blooded him.

Tom. Ah.

Coult. And then how they spurg'd his guts out.

Tom. Ah.

Colt. A Bots light on 'hem, 'twould ha made a dog zick to zee't, how like a scalded pig he look'd.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha.

Coult. And then how they did veed'ne with a zort of zlip zlaps not all worth a' messe o'milke porredge to make him vine vorfooth.

Tom. Ah.

Coult. Youle zee zuch an altrication in him as never was zeen in a brother.

Tom. But I wo'not zee'n yet as voule a Clowne, as I am, and as vine a gentleman, as he is, I have a tricke i'my skonce to make a yonger brother o'ne.

Coul.

Coul. I that would be zeene now.

Tom. I ha't, and 'tis a vine one, I came to *London* to zeeke the voole my brother, and ha the fame directions from our Curate, (to whom my mother told all) that *Tim* had to vinde his uncle *Strikers* house, and I ha quir'd it out; and this is it, and thou zhalt zee what I chill doe now: wh'are within.

ACT IV. Scene II.

Enter Friswood to them.

Fris. Who would you speak with.

Tom. By your leave vorfooth, I would speake with the Mr-o' the house; I understand his worships name is Mr. *Striker*.

Fris. He is so fir, but he is not in case to buy any cattell at this time.

Tom. Nor doe I come to zell'n any; my comming is of a dead bodyes errand vorfooth.

Fris. What strange fellow is this troe?

Tom. I pray vorfooth, and you bee old enough (as it zeems you be) to remember when my mother was a maid, did you know a zuster of Mr. *Strikers* that was married into *Zummerset* shire?

Fis. What was her name I pray?

Tom. Her Curfen name was *Audry*, she zed, and a *Striker* she was bevore she was married; but my vather made a *Hoyden*.

Fris. *Hoyden*.

Tom. Yes *Hoyden*, zo I zay; there be very good vokes o'th name, as you shall well know; I cham one my zelfe, and she neede not be asham'd I wusse o' the kin she coame on, to hugger mugger it as she did to her dying day.

Fris. Most wonderfull, but is she dead? *Tom.*

Tom. Yes vaith she's deed, and as sumptiously buried, though I zay't, as any yeomans wife within ten mile of Tanton, any time these ten and twenty yeare.

Fris. Pray what were you to her?

Tom. I tell you, my vather married her ; and I should bee her zonne I thinke.

Fris. Good heaven, how things will come about!

Tom. Coulter keep thy countenance Coulter, ile make 'hem believe I am her very naturall zonne, zee what will come on't.

Coult. Ile keepe my countenance, and zet a vace on't too and need be.

Fris. Your Uncle 'Striker at this time is very sicke fir ; but I will acquaint him with your desire : pray walke into the next roome the while fir.

Tom. If he should dye now Coulter, and make me his heire ?

Coult. I marry Mr. so you might make a better journey on't than the gentleman your brother.

Ex.

Fris. This to me is the greatest wonder of all ; that I am presently posses's'd of my Mrs. fullen sicknes, which has ee'n drawn him to deaths doore, and my Mistresses unfortunate condition are nothing to this Country Hoydens relation :

ACT IV. Scene III.

Enter Touchwood.

O Mr. *Touchwood*, you are the welcom'st Gentleman that ever could come into so heavy a house.

Touch. A stinking one it is I am sure : that nasty carrion thy Mr. is i' my nose already, I think I were best goe no further.

Fris.

Fris. Let not the sadnesse of this place dismay you.

Touch. But is he dead already, ha ?

Fris. Not altogether dead fir.

Touch. The worse luck ; and how does your Mistris ? ha, ha, ha, well well I say nothing.

Fris. She is in bodily health fir, but very sad and much disconsolate, poore Damsell.

Touch. Not for her Grandfire, is she ; if the worst dogge hee keeps howles for him, Ile worry sheepe with mine owne teeth, and trusse for him ; but why is she sad, prethee tel me ? ha, ha, ha.

Fris. I marvaile at your mirth fir.

Touch. I would now give her a new Gowne, to tell me the true cause that I might save mine oath, and rore out my rejoycings : 'twas a devillish trick of the Rascalls to bind me by oath never to speake of it, but to those that should tell me of it first. I have such a coyle to keep it in now : Prethee tell me, what has the old Traveller that is now bound for the Low Countries, gi'n thy Mrs. in his will, canst tell ?

Fris. Alas he is offended with her, she has displeased him in somewhat, that is the maine cause of his mortall sicknesse.

Touch. That's my boy, there boy, there, that was a home blow.

Fris. She comes not at him fir, nor dares not see him : do you know any thing by her fir.

Touch. No, no, no not I ; s'bores I bit my tongue too hard.

Fris. If you doe fir, would you would speake a good word for her, that he may dye in charity with her.

Touch. The jade jeeres me, Ile stay no longer i' the house.

Fris. Nay good fir say not so, after so many

messages and entreaties, by all the best o'the parish, and an exhortation made to you by the Minister himselfe: did you vouchsafe to come, and wil you now come short to see my Master, now the Doctors have given him over, and he is dying?

Touch. I confesse t'was my desire to see that dying that brought me hither: where is he? Ile hold my nose, and have at him.

Fris. I hope you will be friends with him now fir; for he's e'en agoing.

Touch. Friends? Ile rather goe with him, and fight it out by the way.

ACT IV. Scene IV.

Enter Striker brought in a Chaire, Curate.

Fris. Looke you fir here he is.

Touch. What up and in a Chaire?

Fris. Yes fir; he will not yield by any perswasion to dye in his bed.

Touch. Then he may live to be hanged yet, for ought I see.

Cur. See fir, your neighbour *Touchwood* comes to be reconciled to you.

Touch. You are quite besides the book fir *Domine*; I have no friends in hell to send to by him; no fir, I come to see him dye, as he liv'd a hatefull miscreant.

Cur. Let me pray and beseech you to speake more charitably, or else not to offend the dying man with your prefence.

Touch. Doe I come to humour him, or you, or my selfe, thinke you; you that take upon you, and doe rather goe about to sooth him in his sicknesse, then to fright him out of his paine, rather encourage

encourage him to live then rid the world of him, and his abominations.

Cur. Best looke into yourselfe Sir : The world's a stage, on which you both are Actors, and neither to be his own Judge,

Touch. But he has playd many vilde and beastly parts in it, let him goe, I would see his last *Exit*, and hisse him out of it : harke, the Ravens cry porke for him, and yet he dyes not.

Fris. O you are a hard-hearted man.

Touch. My heart's not hard enough to breake his, I would it were : where's your kinde-hearted Mistris, fetch her, and trye what she can doe.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Cough.

Cur. What have you done sir ?

Touch. So, so, so fo it workes, it workes.

Stri. Out snarling Hell-hound my curse upon thee, and thy cursed sonne that has undone my Neece and mee : curse upon curse light on yee.

Cur. Oh fearfull.

Touch. How heartily he prayes ; fure he is near his end.

Cur. Pray sir depart, you are too uncharitable.

Touch. My sonne undone thy Neece : has he not done her think'st thou ? ha, ha, ha.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh : Villaine thou knowst what he has done ; huh, huh.

Touch. I know not whether I know or no ; tell me, and Ile tell thee.

Fris. Ile tell you then that which you know already,

Although you keepe it for a joy within you :
Your wicked sonne has by her owne confession
Done that unto her, that unlesse he play
The honest mans part and marry her, he will
Full dearely answer it in Hell.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch.

Touch. Speake English, has he laine with her?

Fris. Tis so :

She has confest it to her grandfather,
To me, and Mr. Pancridge here is made
Acquainted with it.

Touch. Ha, ha, ha.

Cur. The Virgin says

She is depusilated by your sonne.

Touch. Depusilated, ha, ha ha.

Cur. It is no laughing matter : therefore send
Speedily for your sonne, before the rumour
Make it ridiculous : as yet none knowes it,
But we a slender few.

Touch. Will you direct

Your Divine Rhetorick there to him : and winne him
But to entreat me in this case, and try
What I will say to't.

Cur. Be perswaded fir.

Stri. In this extremity I doe entreat that they
may marry.

Touch. I have my ends upon thee ; quickly dye,
And take thine owne, thy base submission
Has rendred thee more odious, more loathsome
To me than all thy former villanies.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch. And hark thee ere thou dyest, for now
th'art going :

Before my sonne shall wed that whore thy Neece,
She shall bring all the hands of all the whore-masters
In City, Court, and Kingdome (black Coats and all
I will spare none) unto a faire Certificate
That she is cleare of all men but my sonne.

Stri. Huh, huh, huh.

Touch. Nay more :

That she is cleare of him too ; and that hee
Has never top'd her in the way we treat of,
Before he wed her : for my sonne shall not ride

In

In his old boots upon his wedding night :

So, now dye and finke

Into thy grave, to rid us of thy stinke.

Cure. I have not knowne such want of charity.

Fris. Unconscionable wretch, thou hast kild my Mr.

Stri. Ugh, ugh, no Fid ugh hem ! he has cur'd me :

I am light at heart agen : he has cur'd me ;

He has play'd the good Phyfitian 'gainst his will ;

And a halter be his fee for't.

Touch. The Devill I have, and his Dam it shall.

Stri. Ah hem ! I am light at heart agen.

Touch. O damn'd old counterfeit.

Fris. Well fare your heart old Master.

Stri. Though she prov'd bastard-bellyed, I will owne her,

Cherish, maintaine, and keepe her from thy sonne.

Touch. Oh I could teare that tongue out.

Stri. Keep her child too.

Touch. Doe, and her next, and fill thy house with bastards.

Stri. Ile hold 'hem more legitimate than thy brood.

Cur. What meane you gentlemen ?

Stri. For thou, thy sonne, thy house is all a Bastard.

Touch. Beare witnesse, he calls my house a Bastard.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha.

Touch. Ile make thy house to smoak for't.

Stri. Beare witnesse here, he saies he will fire my house.

Cur. For neighbour-hood and Charity speak lower.

Stri. Tis petty treason ; ile be wi'ye there fir.

Touch. And hang thy selfe old scare-Crow.

Fris.

Fris. Will you eate a peece of Ginger-bread for your Winde Sir.

Touch. Out Witch.

Kicks her.

Fris. O murder, murder.

Stri. Ile lay as many actions on thee as thou hast bones in that Swines foote of thine.

Fris. My Nailes shall right me: Ile teach him to kick a woman.

Cur. Hold mistris *Friswood.*

Fris. O Villaine kicke a woman.

Touch. Thou laidst this plot to murder me, thou man-killer.

Stri. Blood-sucker thou lyeft.

Cur. Help from above, within, or any whence, in the name of sanctity I conjure you. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

ACT IV. Scene V.

Enter Tom and Coulter.

Tom. What's the matter? by your leave which is my zick Uncle? are you scuffling for's money before he be dead.

Coul. Wee'l part you with a vengeance.

Touch. Ha you your Tennants, your Clownes here brought in to butcher me?

Stri. Slave they are thine, brought in to spoyle and rob mee; I know 'hem not.

Cur. I feare I've conjur'd up fiends indeed, how infernally they looke?

Tom. No fir, we come with no zick intendment on neither nother zide; but an you be Mr. *Striker*, we are o' your zide, an't bee to cut all the rest into Pot-hearbs.

To Touch.

Fris. No, this is my Mr.

Tom.

Tom. Zay but the word then, and have at 'hem.

Touch. Had you your ambuscado for me?

Cur. They are a paire of the Sedan Mules I take it.

Coul. Moyles fir, wee be no Moyles would you should well know.

Tom. We be Curfenfolke as good as your zelfe, and get you out o' the house by mine Uncles leave here.

Touch. Your Uncle, oh brave.

Tom. Or if I baste you not well a fine, and Lambe-skinne your jackets till your bones rattle i' your hides, then zay cha bewrai'd the house I coame on.

Touch. Well fir, Ile goe and leave you to your Uncle : rejoyce fir with your kindred : I hope you wil have more shortly, if your Neece prove fruitful : Come, Master Pancridge, will you goe ?

Cur. With joy for your recovery, and manners to your privacy, Right Worshipfull I leave you to talke with' Clowne your Nephew.

Touch. Tarry, tarry ; as sure as a Club, this Clowne is sent for out of the Country, to foder up his crack'd Neece in Matrimony, and therefore calls him Uncle ; I could spoyle the Match, but by my oath I dare not ; and therefore Clowne take thy course ; come let us goe Mr. Pancridge. *Ex.*

Stri. And why you my Nephew fir ?

Tom. And why not I your Nephew ; han't she told you, and ha'not I told you as much as the matter's worth, and doe yee meane to vlee from the bargaine ?

Stri. What new afflictions hourelly find me out ?

Fris. And for your health, I hope fir.

Stri. Sir, Ile have better testimony then your owne ;

Tis true I lost a sifter ; but till you

Bring

Bring stronger prooffe ſhe was your mother ſir,
Your Clowneſhip muſt not Uncle me; am I we'
you ſir?

Kings Crownes have beene pretended to by'im-
poſtures;

And knavery is as riſe in Ruſſet Wooll,
As in the prowdeſt purple; get you gone,
There I am we'you directly,

Tom. Is't come to this now?

Coult. Your project will not hold Mr. Thomas,
beſt zeek your brother Tim, hee has a zertification
from the pariſh, and the Prieſt too, of all your
mothers mind, and you could coſen him on't, and
come agen, and uncle this weefe gentleman, whe-
ther he wooll or no; 'twould be vine i'vaith.

Tom. Agreed: well ſir, vor this time I ha no
more to zay t'yee, ſince you be ſo budge: but he
that made you zave you. *Exeunt Amb.*

Stri. Farewell ſir, I doe beginne to think there's
ſomething in't.

Fris. He made me thinke he was your ſiſters
ſoone I am ſure.

Stri. I will not thinke ſo, no he was ſet on
By ſome of my maligners to abuſe me;
It had beene good to ha laid him by the heeles:
But let him goe; call downe my Neece out of
The melancholy miſt ſhe's chambred in, *Ex. Fris.*
All makes for her; their vexing me, reſtores
Her to my love againe; and reaſon good;
She's mine owne naturall Neece: and though
She has loſt the husband, and the name ſhe ſought,
Yet ſhe appeares a *Striker*; and I will cheriſh
her.

ACT IV. Scene VI.

Enter Annabell and kneels.

Come you shal grieve no longer, I am friends
wi' yee :

Stand up, stand up I say, and look up too,
Off with this mourning veile, and dry those teares :
I have confider'd that right Noble Parents
Have pardon'd in their Children as great faults ;
But let it bee your warning, not your licence.

An. For your security I am content,
And would entreat to live in that retirement,
Which your faire Justice, and my foule offence
Of late confin'd mee to, to weepe and sigh
My loathed life away.

Stri. No more : you shall
No longer live reclus'd in wilfull darknesse ;
Enjoy your former liberty ; see, and be seene :
And (as you weigh my pardon and my love)
Let not your blemish dwell upon your face ;
Nor any argument of grieve, or shame
Be legible there, to the most curious eye :
But let your cheek be chearefull, and your brow
Crown'd with as great a confidence, as may
Comply with Virgin Modesty : and that
Adde to your beauty with full strength of Art,
Beyond the eye to take a lovers heart.

An. In all I will obey you.

Stri. If I make
Choise of a husband for you then, you'le take him.

An. Twill but become my duty.

Stri. A good girle.

Fris. Sir here's the Knight come againe, that
has been here in the time of your sicknesse to have
seene you, and my Mistris, but could not ; and left a
letter for you once : hee that looks women
through so.

(c)

Stri.

Stri. Oh Sir *Arnold Cautious*: did you tell him I was o' the mending hand.

Fris. Yes I told him you were fo, fo.

Stri. Give me my Gowne and Cap though, and set mee charily in my sickly chaire; his letter is a treaty of a match betwixt his Nephew and my Neece: goe fetch him up.

Ex. Fris.

In Neece, and be not seene untill I call you: untill you heare me call you, doe you heare?

Ex. Ann.

Could I but catch this Cautious coxecombe

Knight now———

Ile put faire for't.

ACT IV. Scene VII.

Enter Cautious and Friswood.

Fris. Here is the Knight sir.

Stri. Why reach you not a Chaire? I hope sir
Arnold

You'll pardon the necessity of my rudeness:

I cannot rise, nor stoope to you, uh, uh, uh.

Caut. Rather excuse me sir, that presse upon you.

Thus in your weakness: but you understand

My business by my letter if you have read it.

Stri. Yes sir, goe forth; but be not farre I pray you.

Ex. Fris.

I have heard your Nephew is a wilde yong man.

Caut. A very bashfull boy I assure you; that's the reason

That I am wonne to be a spokes-man for him.

Stri. Oh no dissembling sir; you know he is wilde.

And suffers under your displeasure for't: uh, uh, uh.

Caut.

Caut. A witch could not gesse righter: but
they say

That dying men are Prophets oftentimes.

Suppose he has beene wild, let me assure you

He's now reclaim'd, and has my good opinion:

And is as like in person and behaviour

To gaine the maid's affection. (estate?)

Stri. Speake to the purpose; pray what's his

Caut. I there's the poynt indeed; why fir he has

A hundred pound a yeare; and is withall

A hopefull, and a handsome gentleman.

Stri. Hopefull, and handsome! uh, uh, uh.

Caut. You fir have wealth enough.

Stri. And she has choise enough

Of greater matches: could I get her

In a marriage vaine, but she'll not look

Upon a man not she; but lives retir'd

Here in my house, and is a carefull Nurse:

She's fitter fir to be an old mans Nurse,

Than any young mans bride: uh, uh, uh, uh.

Caut. Is she so grave in youth? I have often
fought

A sight of her, but never could obtaine it.

Stri. Not without my consent I warrant you:

Shee's nearer to a mother than a maid.

I tell you truth fir, and you know deceit

Becomes not dying men: uh, uh, uh. For vertue
and obedience

She's fitter for yourselfe then for your Nephew.

But to the poynt, a hundred pound a yeare

You say he has, and hopes and handsonnesse,

Which may acquire, with your assurance of

So much for joynture——Yes, a thousand pound

In portion with her: but fir let me tell you,

I'de rather give fixe thousand unto one

Of mine owne choise; which she will not refuse,

If I but say this is the man, and take him.

Caut.

Caut. Will not your Neece be seene : I faine would see her.

Stri. At hand : she will not out of my presence fir,
Nor ever was by man, not since the clocke
Of her Virginitie struck eleven, not she,
Except at doore or window, as men passe :
And so perhaps your Nephew may have seene her.

Caut. Introth no otherwise ; and so he told me.
May not I see her fir ?

Stri. I tell you true ;
Deceit you know becomes not dying men : uh,
uh, uh.

And therefore harke you fir, I have a purpose,
(That if she take the man whom I will chuse)
To make her my sole heire ; provided that
She match before I dye : uh, uh, I cannot last.

Caut. Pray let me see your Neece.

Stri. *Friswood*———why *Friswood*.

Caut. Is that her name ?

Stri. No fir, I call my maid.

Caut. A maid ; I took her for an old woman.

Stri. A maid upon my vertue : and I feare
That her frigidity has mortifi'd my Neece :
Deceit becomes not dying men you know.

Friswood I say, I bad her not be farre :

I dare not straine my selfe to call her lowder.

Caut. Ile call her for you fir : *Fris*———

Stri. Hold fir, hold, pray use this whistle for me,
I dare not straine my selfe to winde it I,
The Doctors tell me it will spend my spirits,

Caut whistles.

So, so, enough fir——Fie, fie upon you :

Goe call my Neece, uh, uh. *Ex. Fris.*

Caut. Be of good cheare fir, and take courage
man :

What you have beene a *Striker* in your dayes :
And may be agen, I would not have him dye.

Stri.

Stri. Uh—alas I cannot last—why comes she not?

Fris. I cannot get her from her work; nor to Beleeve me that you sent for her, because I told her that a gentleman was with you.

Stri. There was your fault, then I must call my selfe.

Why *Anna-bell*, ah, ah, ah, *An-na-bell.* *Ex. Fris.*

Caut. Take heede, straine not your selfe too hard, but send agen:

The rarest beauty that I e're beheld,
Which with a maiden-head of that growth,

Enter Annabel.

Would be an absolute wonder, her sweet modesty,
And meeke obedience, justifies that too,

She kneeles at Strikers feet

And makes her up a miracle of nature;
My former misbeliefe I doe renounce,
And at first sight, (which is the birth of love)
A faith grows in me, strengthened by the word
Of this expiring man, that chastity
Has not forsaken beauty.

Stri. You shall heare him.

Ann. What to propound a husband? honour'd sir,
Although I rather wish to dye a Virgin;
Yet my obedience to your grave behests
Shall sway my will: your choise shall be my liking:
But let me thus much favour begge, before
You make that choyse, that you will not destroy
The building you have rear'd; your care and cost
Hath built me up by vertuous education,
Unto that heighth that I consider heaven;
And waxe so old in that high contemplation
That to look downe on youthfull vanities,
Were to be at a stand; and to delight in 'hem
Were to fall backe againe; and to be link'd

In marriage, to a man whose wilde affections
Are bent to worldly pleasures a maine perdition.

Caut. I dare not speak to her for my Nephew
now :

Nor (though I love her strangely) for my selfe.

Ann. Doe you tell me of his Nephew sir? even
hee

The Knight himselfe, I hold to be too young
For a well govern'd man as the world goes.

Caut. I ha' not the heart to wrong her ; she's too
good.

Fris. Sir, here's a gentleman presses at my
heelles
To speak with you.

ACT IV. Scene VIII.

Enter Gilbert with his arme in a Scarffe.

Caut. Mr. Goldwire, what's your haste?

Gil. I come to crye you mercy, and this good
gentleman ;

And this sweet Gentlewoman, who I take it
Is his faire Neece, of whom you are in treaty ;
If it be not already gone too farre ;
Let me entreate you not to put your finger
Further i'the businesse in behalfe of your Nephew.

Caut. You first mov'd me to't.

Gil. Tis that repents me :

Your base unworthy Nephew has abus'd me ;
I doe not speake it for a slight hurt he has gi'n me,
But for his breach of faith to another Virgin.

Ann. Oh me ; and would you speak for such a
man ?

Gil. And the false way, the plot he had upon you,
To put you on this enterprize, the Quarrell

In

In which he rescu'd you, to indeere himselfe to you,
Was a meere counterfeit squable, a very tricke
Contriv'd betwixt him and his brother Poet
T'abuse your goodnesse :

I leave it to your consideration fir :
I am in haste ; and so I wish you health fir ;
And you much happinesse in a husband Lady.

Gives her a letter. Ex.

Ann. Has given me here a letter, I want but
Place fit to peruse it.

Caut. Had he a plot upon me, Ile have my plot
too ;

And now woe for my selfe fir if you please.

Stri. Sir, let me tell you, I thinke well of you,
uh, uh,

Deceipt becomes not dying men you know,
Shee would make ee'ne too good a wife for you :
For I have heard fir of your disposition,
Never to marry without best assurance,
First, of Virginity, and then of Chastity,
In her that you would chuse ; and let me tell you,
uh, uh,

I know not where you can so well be fitted :
She's right, uh, uh, if you dare take a weak mans
word

Deceipt would ill become me, uh uh.

Caut. I take you at your word, and thanke you
fir.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh, uh—O lay me in my bed :
You need not leave me yet fir.

Caut. No fir, no.

It shall be a match, or no match ere I goe.

Exeunt omnes.

They lead Striker forth.

ACT

ACT IV. Scene IX.

Money-lacke, Springe, Brittleware, Hoyden.

Mon. **N**ow fir have you your rules by heart?

How. Both Rules and Rudiments I have al *ad unguem*.

Mon. Repeate your Principles.

Hoy. Principles to be imprinted in the heart of every new made gentleman: To commend none but himselfe: to like no mans wit but his owne: to flight that which he understands not: to lend mony, & never look for't agen: to take up upon obligation, & lend out upon affection: to owe much, but pay little: to sell land, but buy none: to pawn, but never to redeem agen: to fight for a whore: to cherish a Bawd, and defie a tradesman.

Mon. And can you observe and keepe these rules thinke you?

Hoy. I hope I can fir, and have begunne pretty well already; you see I have spent and lent all my money, and pawn'd all my Cloaths but these a' my backe, as I am a cleare gentleman; and for the rest of the rudiments, and the severall carriages and deportments by garbe, by congy, complement, &c., which are to be attain'd by practice when I come abroad and amongst 'hem, you shall gaine credit by me.

Mon. I commend your confidence: now Mr. *Springe*, and Mr. *Brittleware*, play you the Complementasters before him a little, for his further instruction: Imagine then a couple of Courtiers scarcely acquainted fall to; and looke that you congy in the new French Bum-trick; here Landlord, take his Cloak and hat, to appeare more generous.

Hoy.

Hoy. Bum tricke!

Mon. Come meet and begin; play but two or three bouts at most at single Rapier complement, and one or two at Back-sword and you ha done: now observe fir.

Hoy. Single Rapier, and Back-sword Complement foyle.

Spr. Noble Master Fine-wit, the single example of Court-Ceremony, if my apprehension deale fairely with me.

Brit. Sir, how auspiciously have I falne upon the knowledge of you by vertue of the same apprehension.

Mon. So, there's one.

(hension.

ACT IV. Scene X.

Enter Gil, Sam, Wat, aside.

Gil. What's here?

Sam. Peace, let's see a little more.

Hoy. As I am a Gentleman, a neate bout and fairely come off o' both sides.

Spr. Sir, I shall ever bleffe the promptnesse of my memory, in being so fortunate to collect the fallicious acquaintance of so compleat a goodnesse.

Hoy. Sweet fir I shall ever bleffe, &c.

Writes in his tables.

Brit. Oh you are pleas'd out of that noble worth which can convert all things to the forme and image of its owne perfection to make your selfe glorious, with that which is miserably impoverish'd in it selfe.

Mon. Good, there's two.

Hoy. Miserably impoverisht in it selfe — oh sweet,

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Spr.

Spr. Sir, you have such a conquering way in humility, that hee shall be fure to come off vanquish'd that offers to contend with you.

Brit. This is the noblest of all humanity to peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne.

Mon. A plaine hit that: there were three bouts well plaid.

Hoy. Peece up the defect of your friend with a glory of your owne: most stately fine as I am a gentleman.

Mon. So much for single Rapier: now for your secret wipe at Back-sword.

Hoy. I that I would see, like the hackling of the Millers leggs: now for a delicate back-blow.

Spr. See you yon fellow I held complement with?

Hoy. Yes sir, a well-spoken gentleman and a lovely.

Spr. The arrantst trifle in a Kingdome.

Hoy. What he is not, is he?

Spr. Made onely to make phyficke worke: a very lumpe of laughter.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha.

Mon. You have done well: now you sir.

Brit. Doe you note him yonder that past from you?

Hoy. That gallant sir.

Brit. The very scorne at Court;
So empty, not one passable part about him.

Mon. Good.

Brit. A very tilting stocke for yong practisers to break their jests on.

Mon. Enough.

Hoy. Good and enough; doe you call this good enough, to abuse one another thus?

Mon. Yes, this is backsword Complement: this
wipes

wipes off the false praise which the first thrust on :
you must bee seene in both, or you are no true
garbist else.

Hoy. I shall soonest hit o'this ; for from a
whelp I could give scurvey language.

Gil. Now break in upon 'hem ; save you sir
Hugh.

Hoy. O course salutation : save you sir *Hugh.*

Mon. How got you hither gentlemen ?

Wat. Here we are sir, and have seene part of
your practice, your Courtly exercise.

Mon. Peace : but how got you in, and a stranger
with yee ?

Gil. He shall betray nothing.

Sam. We found faire *Gil & Wat*
entrance into the house. *whisp. with Mon.*

Brit. 'Sfoot where's my wife then ?

Sam. If your wife be the gentlewoman o' the
house sir, shee's now gone forth in one o' the new
Hand-litters : what call yee it, a Sedan.

Brit. O Sedana. *Ex.*

Spr. He's runne mad with his hornes.

Hoy. He's runne with my Hat and Cloak by
your leave.

Spr. He'll come agen, neare doubt him.

Hoy. You say so small acquaintance, but I
could ne're see any thing of mine againe, since
I came amongst you, if it once got out of my
sight : what money have I left troe? *Tells.*

Brit. I pray gentlemen which way took she.

Sam. Downe towards the Strand I tell you, in a
new Litter, with the number one and twenty in the
breech on't.

Brit. A Litter of one and twenty in the breech :
High time to runne. *Exit.*

Gil. You see we have our plot in action too, sir
Hugh, and it runnes fairely on.

Mon.

mother ga' thee to vinde thine uncle? gi' me that, chill zee what I can doe wi' it,

Hoy. Away Clowne I know thee not, canst thou complement?

Tom. Complement! yes, I can complement dagger out o'fheath, an I zet on't.

Coul. I hope he'll veeze you, and make your zilken jacket hum: well zed Mr. *Thomas* to 'hem, and to 'hem all Ile zide yee.

Gil. Wat. Sam. Mr. *Thomas* does he call him?

Tom. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, and what zay you to that; and as good a Mr. as the best o'yee, and you goe to that; for by uds shall jidge me, I think you are all but a company of Cheaterlings; and if you doe not give the voole my brother sartifaction for the wrongs you ha' done him, and me in him, Ile canvas it out o' the carkasses o'zome o'yee, by uds daggers death will I. Draw *Coulter*, and amongst 'hem.

Mon. Hold fir, hold, you shall have satisfaction.

Tom. O shall I zoe, put up againe *Coulter*.

Gil. This is a stout roring Clowne.

Mon. Where's the Mr. o' the house?

Spr. He's runne mad after his wife, now he should look to his house.

Tom. Cha mich a doe to vorbeare beating o' thee yet, my vingers doe zo itch at thee.

Hoy. I understand thee not, as I am a gentleman.

Tom. But now I thinke on't *Coulter*, we'll have all againe, and by a quieter way; and teach 'hem to licke hony, catch birds with Chaffe, or go to plow with dogs.

All, Ha, ha, ha.

Hoy. Ha, ha, ha; who understands the Barbarian tro?

Coul. Uds vish Master: they do nothing but jeer to you all this while now.

Tom.

Tom. Doe they jeere, let 'hem jeer and gibe too ; ile vetch ones Warrant shall out-jeere 'hem all, and he be above ground.

Mon. You shall not need fir ; go but in till the Mr. of the house comes home, you shall have your desire.

Tom. You zay very well fir ; zay well is good, but doe well is better. Lets zee what you will doe now,

Gil. Remember we have warned you, fir *Hugh*, we must leave you.

Tom. Nay, I chill look to you ; firrah come in my hand.

Mon. Now for a trick to rid us of this Clowne, Or our trade sinks, and up our house is blowne.

Ex. omnes

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Trampler and Touchwood.

Tram. **T**Is as I tell you Mr. *Touchwood* ; your sonne has lost a faire fortune in the young gentlewoman, and as I conceive by your wilfulnes Sir *Arnold Cautious* licks his lips at her, I assure you ; and a sweet lick it is, fixe thousand pound in present portion.

Touch. A sweet lick he has indeed if he knew all.

Tram. He does know all fir.

Touch. If he did, I know what I know ; good oath let me not lose thy vertue.

Tram. He knowes moreover, that Mr. *Striker*, her grandfather has covenanted to give her two thousand pound more at the birth of his first Child, lawfully begotten on her body.

Touch. Ha, ha, ha, but what if her first child prove illegitimate ?

Tram.

Tram. That is not to be thought fir.

Touch. Yes, and spoken too, if I durst ; but good oath let mee not lose thy vertue.

Tram. And then he had entred into ten thousand pound bond, to leave her his heire if she survive him.

Touch. But he's well recover'd you say.

Tram. Very lusty, very lively fir.

Touch. Then hang him, he'll never dye ; I am a fear'd I must be faine to give him over, I shall never vex him to death : no, no, I shall never do't.

Tram. No fir, I heard himselfe say, that your vexing him has bin his physick, and the best meanes to keep him alive.

Touch. Did he say so ? Ile teare this match in peeces presently, and see how that will worke on him ; ile do it, what's an oath to me, in respect of sending him to the Devill, Ile do't.

Tram. I would you could fir, and recover her for your son yet.

Touch. Umh.

Tram. Because I love the yong gentleman well.

Touch. Umh.

Tram. Though I assure you the writings are all past, sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd ; but I have 'hem in my hands yet, and can doe you a pleasure.

Touch. Humh.

Tram. And came purposely to advise you, because I love your son.

Touch. Umh—what a world of villany lies in the jobber noule of a Lawyer.

Tram. Thinke of it fir, and be speedy

Touch. Right learned in the Law, and my sons friend Mr. *Trampl*er, Mr. *Ambodexter Trampl*er, you are a most notorious knave, and you shall heare on't o'both sides, as you take fees.

Tram.

Tram. Nay, and you be so hot Mr. *Touchwood* I am gone.

Ex.

Touch. I know my course; either I will crack the heart-strings of *Striker*, in crossing this match, with the crack'd credit of his Neece, or else I will be friends with him, and that will kill him out right: But my oath still troubles me—O gentlemen you are welcome.

ACT V. Scene II.

Enter Gilbert and Wat.

Wat. Ha you heard sir of your sonne yet?

Touch. Not I, he lacks no money yet it seems: Young Travellers make no other use of their fathers.

Gil. But ha you heard the newes of his young Mistrifs?

Touch. What of sir *Cautious* being catcht, the wife and wary gentleman, your Uncle, that would not beleieve there could be a marriageable maid, though she were justified by a jury of Midwives, and therefore purpos'd to have dy'd a Batchelour; that he should now bee catch'd with a pipt Nut-shell, and a Maggot in't.

Wat. Sure he was strangely wrought to't.

Gil. I you must think

There have beene knavish heads us'd in the businesse.

Touch. But I will crosse it and their knaveries, what ere they are.

Wat. I hope you will not crosse mine uncle in such a fortune tho.

Touch. What to marry a wench?

Wat. No, so much wealth sir.

Touch.

Touch. Pray let me use my Christian Liberty,
my Conscience pricks me to't, it must be done.

Euter Servant.

Now what say you sir?

Whisper.

Gil. We might ha spar'd this labour : he was
resolv'd before we came it seemes to spoyle the
marriage.

Wat. We could not bee too sure though : wee
are now sure enough, that our dissuasions will spur
him on the faster.

Gil. And are we no lesse sure, that Sir *Hugh*
Money-lacks will set his strength to lift Sir *Cautious*
off o' the hooks, in hope of a matter of 5 Pound,
though he forfeit the obligation of his throat by't.

Wat. All the danger is, that Sir *Hugh* will be
with mine Uncle too soon, & prevent the match
before he be too deep ingag'd in't.

Gil. For that my letter of instructions, which I
have given *Annabell* shall prevent him ; and
Striker keeps Sir *Cautious* in his house so warily,
that untill the intended wedding houre, Sr. *Hugh*
shall not obtaine admittance.

Ex. Ser.

Touch. Goe fetch 'hem in, and make the warrant :
ha, ha, ha : Gentlemen will you heare a complaint
my man tells mee of certaine Clownes that desire
my warrant to apprehend for notorious Cheaters,
whom doe you thinke?

Gil. I cannot guesse.

Wat. I know none I hope.

Touch. Even Sir *Hugh Money-lacks*, the mourn-
ing Knight, and some of his associates.

Gil. O'my life it is the roring Clowne, about the
new made Gentleman his brother.

ACT

ACT V. Scene III.

Enter Tom and Coulter.

Touch. What is it you fir, Mr. *Strikers* Nephew, as I take it, you cald his great worships Uncle lately as I take it, and did your best to rore me out of his house.

Tom. Zheart *Coulter* we be vallen into the Bakers ditch.

Touch. And doe you bring your complaints to me fir, ha?

Coul. Zet a good vace on't; and veare no colours though.

Tom. I am a honest man, and a true man for all that, and I thought you the vitteft to make my complaint to because you were the next Justice, to as pestilence a peece of villany as ever you were Master of in all your life: I come but vor justice, and to pay vor what I take, and't be avorehand here it is, whether it be vor your Clarke or your zelfe who makes or meddles with it, your man has my complaint in writing, pray let me have your warrant.

Touch. You shal, but first tell me, how came it that you cald that *Striker* uncle.

Tom. Vor cause that he is uncle to avoole that I ha' to my brother, and I thought I might be so bold wee'n, and he was not against it at virft, till you were gone, and then he bad me goe zeek better testimony, and so I went and vound my brother *Tim*, his owne zusters zonne I assure yee.

Touch. His Sisters sonne?

Tom. Where he was made such a *Tim*, as ne're was heard on in *Tonton*, amongst a many Cheaters; by masse here are a couple o'm.

(c)

Coul.

Coul. These were o' the crew.

Touch. How now my Masters : fure fellow thou art mistaken.

Tom. No fir, I am not mistaken I : but I take 'hem I, where I vinde 'hem I : And I charge your justiceship with 'hem I, til they bring out my brother I.

Touch. Bring out your brother : why what has your brother done ?

Tom. Done : nay they have done and undone him amongst 'hem. And I think devour'd him quick too, vor he is lost, & no where to be vound.

Touch. Doe you know the meaning of any of this gentlemen ?

Gil. If he were your brother fir, that you found at Sir *Hugh Money-lacks* lodging, you know we left him in your hands.

Wat. We slept in but by chance, & such a youth we found there, & there we left him in your and their hands, that had the managing of him.

Tom. Zo you did, but what then did me the rest, but pli'd'me, and my man *Coulter* here with wine, and zack, and something in't, I dare be zware that laid us asleep, when we mistrusted nothing but vaire play : oh speak *Coulter*, oh.

Coul. And then when were vast asleep, they all gave us the zlip, the Knight was gon, and the Squire was gon, & Mr. *Tim* was gon, but he was made away, without all peraventure ; for all the parrell that he wore was left behind : and then—speak Master.

Tom. And then the Mr. o' the house came home, & made a monstrous wonderment for the losse of his wife ; he could not vinde her he zed, and zo he vaire and vlatly thrust us out o' doores, and is gone a hunting after his wife agen : speak *Coulter*.

Gil

Gil. Alas poore *Brittleware*.

Coult. And then we came for your warrant, to vinde all these men agen.

Tom. And to take 'hem where we vinde 'hem, and these were zome on 'hem, when time was, and pray look to 'hem.

Touch. I know not what to make o'this; but fure there's something in't: And for these gentlemen ile see them forth-comming.

Wat. We thanke you fir.

Gil. And I undertake Sir *Hugh Monylacks* will be at the Bride-house.

Touch. And thither will I instantly.

Gil. Wat. We'll waite upon you fir.

Tom. And I chill make bold to wait upon you till I be better zartified.

Touch. You shall, come on your way, come gentlemen.

Gil. Well, here is such a knot now to untie, As would turne *Oedipus* his braine awry.

Ex. omnes.

ACT V. Scene IV.

Enter Curate and Brittleware.

Cur. Be appeas'd and comforted, good Mr. *Brittleware*, trouble not your head in running after your fate, nor break your weighty braines in seeking wayes after your wives heeles, which are so light by your owne report, they cannot crack an egge.

Bris. Her credit yet they may and mine.

Cur. Besides your wife is your wife where e're she is, abroad as wel as at home; yea, lost perhaps
as

as well as found : I am now going to yoke a heifer to a husband, that perhaps will say so shortly : whither away Mr. *Trampler* ?

ACT V. Scene V.

Enter Trampler.

Tram. To the wedding house : where I thinke I saw your wife last night, Mr. *Brittleware*.

Brit. Did you sir, did you ?

Tram. I cannot say directly ; but I think it was she : does she not call the Gentlewoman Aunt that keeps Mr. *Strikers* house.

Brit. Yes Mistris *Friswood*, she is her Aunt sir.

Cur. Come goe with us, and find her.

ACT V. Scene VI.

Enter the Sedan, Hoyden in it, in womans cloaths.

Brit. Pray gentleman stay, for I suppose she's here : here's number one and twenty, & this is sure the litter.

Litter-man. What peep you for ; you ought not to do sir.

Brit. By what Commission ought you to carry my wife in a Close stoole under my nose.

Litter-man. Tis a close Chayre by your leave : And I pray forbear, you know not who we carry.

Brit. I know the cloaths she weares, and I will see the party.

Hoy.

Hoy. I know that voyce, & let me see the man ; it is my surgeon.

Tram. A Surgeon ! I took you for a China shop-keeper Master *Britleware* ; these by trades are for some by purposes, and I smell knavery.

Cur. And Lawyers commonly are the best upon that sent.

Brit. Gentlemen this is a man that lay in my house.

Hoy. A gentleman you would say, or my cost was ill besto'd there.

Brit. These are my goods he weares ; that was my mothers Gowne, and feloniously he weares it.

Hoy. Tis all I have to shew for foure hundred pound I laid out in your house ; and Sir *Hugh* put it upon me, and hir'd these men to carry me.—Whither was it ?

Liter-man. Up to a lodging in St. *Gilefes* sir.

Hoy. Where he promis'd to finish his worke of a gentleman in me, and send me to my Uncle.

Cur. O *monstrum horrendum* ; a man in womens cloaths.

Tram. Tis felony by the Law.

Brit. Has sir *Hugh* gin me the slip to finish his work in private ? it shall all out, I am resolv'd, though I bewray my selfe in't : pray gentlemen assist me with this party to Mr. Justice *Strikers*, you say my wife is there.

Tram. Yes you shall thither.

Brit. And there I'll take a course you shall smell knavery enough.

Hoy. I finde I am abus'd enough o' conscience : and shall be carried to mine Uncle now before my time and not as a gentleman, but as a gentlewoman, which grieves me worst of all.

Cur. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, the youth is sure abus'd indeed.

Hoy. Oh,

Tram. Come, leave your crying ; And you beasts up with your luggage, and along with us : Ile fetch such drivers as shall set you on else.

Litter-man. Let us be paid for our labour, and we'll carry him to Bridewell, if you please.

Hoy. Oh, oh, that ever I was born in this groaning chaire.

Ex.

ACT V. Scene VII.

Friswood and Rebecca.

Fris. It was well I sent for thee Neece, to helpe me decke the Bride here, and that the jealous foole thy husband thinkes thou art gone astray the while ; it will be a meanes for thee to take thy liberty another night, and pay him home indeed, when he shall not have the power to mistrust thee : it is the common condition of Cuckolds to mistrust so much aforehand, that when they are Dub'd indeed, they have not a glympse of fuspition left.

Reb. Their hornes hang i'their light then ; but truely Aunt, for mine owne part, I had rather my husband should be jealous stil then be cur'd in that right kinde, though I confesse the ends of all my longings, and the vexations I have put him to

Were but to run jealousie out of breath,
And make him pant under the frivolous weight
He beares ; that is, a Cuckold in conceit ;
Which without doubt he labours with by this
time:

And when he finds me cleare, twill be as well :
(I hope) and better then if it were done
By the broad way of foule pollution.

Fris.

Fris. Nay I doe not perswade you, take the
downe-right way,
Nothing against your Conscience Neece ; I sent
For him to ha come and found you here by
chance ;

But he has shut up house, and is runne mad
About the Towne I heare to all your haunts.

Reb. He shall come hither and renounce his
jealousie,

And then entreat me too before I goe.

Fris. Yes, that's a wife wives part.

ACT V. Scene VIII.

Enter Striker and Cautious.

Stri. Whats the Bride ready ?

Fris. Yes sir, she's drest.

Reb. And drest, and drest indeed ;

Never was maid so drest : oh sir you are happy ;
The happiest Knight, and are now in election
Of the most sweet encounter in a bride,
That e're your chivalry could couch a lance at.

Caut. I thanke you Mrs. and Ile bring her
shortly to bestow mony w'yee in China wares.

Reb. She is herself the purest piece of Purflane
—that e're had liquid sweet meats lick'd out of it.

Caut. And purer too I hope.

Stri. Go call her down.

Fris. She's at her private prayers yet sir. she.

Stri. When she has done, then hasten her away.

Ex. Fris. Reb.

Reb. Such Brides doe seldom make their grooms
their prey.

Stri. Doe you now conclude Sir *Arnold* you are
happy ?

Caut. As man can be being so neare a wife.

ACT V. Scene IX.

*Enter Monylacks.**Mon.* By your leave, gentlemen.*Stri.* He come? I fear a mischief.*Mon.* How comes it Father *Striker*, and sonne
Cautious in electionThat you huddle up a match here for my child,
And I not made acquainted, as unworthy,
Untill the very intended marriage houre?*Stri.* Who sent you hither, I sent not for you
now fir.

And there I am wi'ye fir.

Mon. Tis true, I covenanted not to come at you,
Untill you sent for me, unlesse you found
Young *Touchwood* had the love of *Annabell*,
You have heard he has touch'd her has he not?*Stri.* Hold your peace.*Mon.* Has he not made her *Touchwood* too?*Stri.* Can you say so?*Mon.* Yes, and struck fire too in her tinderbox.*Stri.* You will not speak thus.*Mon.* To you I neede not; for you know't
already;But to my friend Sir *Cautious*, whom I honour,
And would not see so shipwrack'd, I may speake
it.*Stri.* Will you undoe your daughter?*Mon.* My daughter; no you shall not put her
upon me now.She is your daughter fir: if I but call her mine,
Or suffer her to ask me a bare blessing,
You'll thrust her out: no, you adopted her
In your owne name, and made a *Striker* of her,
No more a *Monylacks*.*Stri.*

Stri. The beggarly Knight is desperate,
And should he out with it, my shame were end-
lesse :

This is the way or none to stop his mouth :

Tis but a money matter ; stay a little.

Mon. Goe not away fir *Arnold*, I must speak
wi'yee.

Caut. I am not going fir.

Stri. Be not a Mad-man, here, here's forty
peeces,

I know you use to strike for smaller summes :

But take it for your silence, and withall

My constant love, and my continuall friendship.

Mon. Give me your hand o' that ; enough, Sir
Arnold.

Caut. What say you to me fir *Hugh* ?

Sti. What does he meane tro ?

Mon. You must not have my daughter.

Cau. No fir *Hugh*.

Mon. Unlesse you meane to take anothers
leavings.

Stri. Oh devillish reprobate.

Caut. How mean you that ?

Mon. Till she has buried first another husband,
And he leave her a widow : I am her father,
And claime a fathers interest in her choise ;
And I have promis'd her to one already,
This very day, because I was not privy
To your proceedings ; and have taken here
This faire assumption forty peeces fir ;
You might admire how I should have 'hem other-
wife.

Stri. Here's an impudent villaine.

Mon. For these I give a hundred, if you wed
her.

Caut. To shew my love unto your daughter fir
He pay't.

Mon.

Mon. Security in hand were good.

Caut. Pray lend me fir a hundred Peeeces.

Stri. I dare not crosse this devill, I must fetch
'hem. *Ex.*

Mon. Twill ne're the lesse be my disparagement.

Caut. What, when they know her grandfather
dispos'd her,

That has the care of her, and gives her portion?
And then he can ha' but his money, can hee?

Mon. Oh but the wench, the wench, is such a
wench,

Scarce two such marryed in a Diocesse,
In twice two twelve moneths, for right and straight
ones.

Caut. There said you well: the straight ones I
like well:

But those that men call right, or good ones,
suffer

A by Construction.

Mon. Amongst the lewd.

ACT V. Scene X.

Enter Striker with a purse.

Stri. Here fir.

Mon. But is here weight and number fir?

Stri. Now the fiend stretch thee—you may take
my word.

Mon. Here I am wi'yee fir.

ACT V. Scene XI.

Enter Gilbert, Wat, Touchwood, Tom, Sam.

Gil. Though you are fully bent to crosse the marriage,

Yet lets entreat you not to be too suddaine.

Tou. Till they come to the word, for better, for worse

I will not touch at it.

Stri. How now, what mates breake in upon us here?

Touch. I come not as a guest fir, or spectator
To your great wedding, but o'the Kings affaires ;
In which I must crave your assistance fir :
Deny't me, or my entrance, if you dare.

Stri. It is some weighty matter sure then.

Touch. So it is fir,

But not to trouble your sconce with too much
businesse,

At once, pursue your owne, we will attend a
while.

Caut. In that he has said well : I would the
Bride

And Priest were come once : I am content they
stand

For witnesses ; what my kind Nephew are you
here ?

I thanke you for this plot, you see what 'tis come to.

Wat. Tis not all finish'd yet fir.

Caut. But it may bee

All in good time : the Bride is comming now.

You and your brother Poet are grown friends I
see.

Touch. What's he ?

Gil. A friend of *Wats* he brought for company.

Tom.

Tom. He was amongst 'hem too at the cheating exercife, and yonds

The Knight himfelfe; I know 'hem all I troe.

Touch. And you'll ftand to this, that your loft brother

Was *Strikers* Sifter *Audreyes* fonne.

Tom. I ha told you twonty times, and yet becaufe you zay you'll ftand my vrend, ile tell you more fhe was with child with *Tim* bevore my vather married her (fhe brought him in her belly vrom this towne here, where they get Children without veare or wit) but vor her money, and's owne credits zake, my vather was well apaid to keep it vor his owne; and nobody knew to the Contrary, not *Tim* himfelfe to this houre.

Touch. Then how camft thou to know it?

Tom. My vather told it me upon his death-bed, and charg'd me on his bleffing, never to open my mouth to man, woman, nor child, zo I told no body but vokes on't.

Touch. Wel, hold thy peace, tis an absolute wonder! now to the wedding.

ACT V. Scene XII.

Enter Curate, Tramp. Ann. Fris. Reb.

Cau. Hows this? my bride in mourning habit, and her head in willow?

Stri. What's the meaning of it?

Reb. I faid fhe was dreft as never Bride was dreft.

Touch. A folemme shew, and fuiting well the Scene!

She feems round bellied, and you marke it too.

Ann.

Ann. My habit and my dressing suits my fortune.

Stri. Pray fir doe your office, her conceit.
We will know afterward,

Cur. Hem, hem.

Ann. Oh, oh.

sinkes.

Fris. Oh me ; why Miftris look up, look up I say.

Reb. Clap her cheek, rub her nose.

Fris. Sprinkle cold water on her face.

Reb. Cut her lace, cut her lace, and bow her forward, so, so, so.

Touch. Ile lay my life she quickens now with child.

An. Oh.

Mon. What think you is the matter ?

Caut. Women how is it with her ?

Fis. Sir, as with other women in her case.

Caut. How's that I pray you ?

Reb. Twill out, 'twill out, you have bin doing something afore-hand fir.

Caut. Have I ?

Reb. It seems so by the story.

Caut. Is she so drest ?

Tou. Ha, ha, ha.

Fris. You may leave laughing, it was your sonne that did it.

Stri. I am undone, my house disgrac'd for ever.

Touch. He knew't before hand, now I may declare't,

Speake o' thy Conscience, didst not ?

Stri. Oh my heart.

Touch. Oh the hangman.

Caut. Deceite becomes not dying men you know,

Into a whirlepoole of confusion

Sinke thou and all thy family, accursed miser.

Touch.

Touch. This was a sure way now Sir *Cautious*,
To marry a maid, there's one i' the mother's
belly.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh, uh.

Caut. You knew not where I could be so well

Stri. Uh, uh, uh. (fitted.

Caut. A rot o'your dissembling intrailles, spit
'hem out, you durst not strain yourselfe to wind
your whistle, your Doctor told you it would spend
your spirits, so made me whistle for her.

Stri. Uh, uh, uh.

Touch. Cheare up, cheare up, I may be friends
wi' yee now :

Here's one has cause, and knows the way to vex
ye.

To preserve life in you as well as I.

Stri. A hem, a hem, I will out-live you both :

This dayes vexation is enough for a life time.

Caut. And may it last thee to thy lives last
houre.

Touch. Now let me talke wi' yee, and come you
hither sir.

Tram. I tell you true, your writings are so past,
that if you goe

Not off by composition, you'll shake your whole
estate.

Caut. Come hither Nephew,

Ile give thee a thousand pound, and take her off
me.

Wat. I cannot with my reputation now :

But I will doe my best to worke a friend to't.

Caut. Prethee doe, try thy Poeticall souldier.

Mon. That Clowne come hither too : I feare I
am trapt.

Touch. Tis all as I have told you, and without
question,

The man in question is your sisters sonne.

Stri.

Stri. Would it might prove so, that I had yet a Nephew,

For now my Neece is lost.

Touch. Here's one shall find him out : or stretch a neck for't.

Sir Hugh you are charg'd for making of a gentleman.

Mon. Now I am in.

Touch. And more then so, for making him away.

Mon. What gentleman ?

Tom. Marry my brother *Tim.*

Touch. Your patience yet a while : now gentlemen all,

Sir Cautious, and the rest, pray heare a story :

I have bin often urg'd to yield the cause

Of the long quarrell twixt this man and me :

Thirty yeares growth it has, he never durst

Reveale the reason ; I being fullen would not.

Stri. You will not tell it now ?

Touch. Indeed I will :

He had a sister (peace to her memory)

That in my youth I lov'd, shee me so much,

That we concluded, we were man and wife ;

And dreadlesse of all marriage lets, we did

Anticipate the pleasures of the bed.

Nay it shall out ; briefly, she prov'd with child :

This covetous man then greedy of her portion,

(Of which for the most part he was possesse)

Forces her with her shame to leave his house.

She makes her moane to me, I then (which since

I have with teares a thousand times repented)

Against my heart stood off, in hope to winne

Her Dowry from him ; when she gentle soule

(Whom I must now bewaile) when she I say,

Not knowing my reserv'd intent, from him and me,

From friends, and all the world, for ought we knew,

Suddainly slipt away : after five yeares

I tooke another wife, by whom I had
The sonne, that has done that the woman sayes :
But where I left, if this mans tale be true,
She had a sonne, whom I demaund of you.

Tom. I shall have a kind of an uncle of you
anon.

And you prove *Tim's* vather.

Tram. The young Gentleman that *sir Hugh* had
in handling, is in the house, and Master *Brittleware*
with him.

Cur. Only we kept em back, till our more
serious office were ended.

Touch. Pray em in, lets see him. *Exit. Tram.*

Gil. Sir, will it please you first to see a match
quickely clapt up? This Gentleman whom I
know every way deserving, were your Neece now
in her prime of Fortune and of Virtue, desires to
have her, and she him as much.

Touch. Hee shall not have her.

Stri. How can you say so?

Wat. He knowes his son I feare.

Touch. My son shall make his fault good, and
restore her honor to her if he lives, in meed for
your faire sisters wrong and my misdeede, my son
shall marry her; provided he take her in his Con-
science unstain'd by any other man.

Stri. On that condition Ile give her all the
worldly good I have.

Sam. Ann. We take you at your word.

Touch. My sonne!

Sam. I take her not with all faults, but without
any least blemish.

Ann. My supposed staine: Thus I cast from
me.

Tom. Znailes a Cushion, how warme her belly
has made it.

Ann. And that all was but a plot 'twixt him
and

and me, and these gentlemen: This paper may resolve you.

Sam. Tis mine owne hand by which I instructed her by a dissembled way, to wound her honour.

Ann. Which, to preserve my love, againe ide doe,

Hoping that you forgive it in me too.

Gaut. Now am I cheated both wayes.

Wat. The plot is finish'd: now thanks for your thousand pound fir.

Touch. You are mine owne; welcome into my bosome.

ACT V. Scene XIII.

Enter Hoyden, Trampler, Brittleware.

Tom. Whoope, who comes here, my brother *Tim* drest like Master Maiors wife of *Taunton-Deane*.

Hoy. Tis all I could get to scape with out of the cozning house; and all I have to shew of foure hundred pound; but this certificate and this small jewel which my dying mother ga' me; and I had much ado to hide it from the Cheaters, to bring unto mine Uncle; which is he?

Stri. Lets see your token Sir.

Touch. This is a jewell that I gave my *Awdrey*.

Hoy. That was my mother.

Tom. And that's your vather he zaies.

Hoy. And a gentleman? what a divellish deale of mony might I ha fav'd! for gentle-men let me tell you, I have been cozen'd black and blew; backe-guld and belly-guld; and have nothing left
me

me but a little bare Complement to live upon, as I am a cleare gentleman.

Stri. Will you bestow some of it upoh me.

Hoy. Uncle you shall : First ile give you a hit at single Rapier complement : and then a wipe or two with the Back-sword Complement and I ha done.

Stri. Pray begin.

Hoy. Noble Mr. *Striker* the grave Magistrate (if my apprehension deale fairely with me) whose prayses reach to Heaven, for the faire distribution of equall justice : the poore mans Sanctuary, the righter of widdowes, and the Orphans wrongs.

Stri. Enough, enough, you have sayd very well.

Hoy. Note you yond justice sits upon the Bench ?

Touch. Yes, I do note him.

Hoy. The Stockes were fitter for him : the most corrupted fellow about the Suburbs, his conscience is stewd in Bribes, all his poore neighbours curse him ; tis thought he keeps a whoor now at three-score.

Touch. A very Westerne Southfayer, thou art mine owne.

Hoy. His Neece is much suspected.

Touch. Nay there you went too farre, this is his Neece, and my daughter now.

Hoy. I know no Neece he has, I speak but back-sword complement.

Stri. You put me well in mind though, here's one, that ere the Parson and we part, ile make an honest woman. *takes Fris.*

Touch. And for your part sir *Hugh*, you shall make satisfaction, and bring in your Confederates.

Hoy. Here's one that came to complaine of me for my Robes here, but I ha lost my small acquaintance.

Mon.

Mon. Ile answer for him too, and give you all the satisfaction that I can.

Touch. What you cannot shall be remitted, we have all our faults.

Brit. And have I found thee *Beck* in so good company?

Reb. I *Facke*, be you jealous no more, and I will long no more to vex thee.

Fris. Live lovingly and honestly I charge you, or come not at mee when I am married.

Touch. This yonker ile take care for, And make him a new gentleman by new breeding, Without the Dyet, bathing, purge, or bleeding.

Hoy. Sweet Sir I thanke you.

Tom. Ile home againe then and make *Tanton* ring on't.

Stri. Our quarrell in this peece of folly ends.

Touch. He parted us, and he has made us friends.

Caut. Nephew, and Gentlemen, I am friends with all,

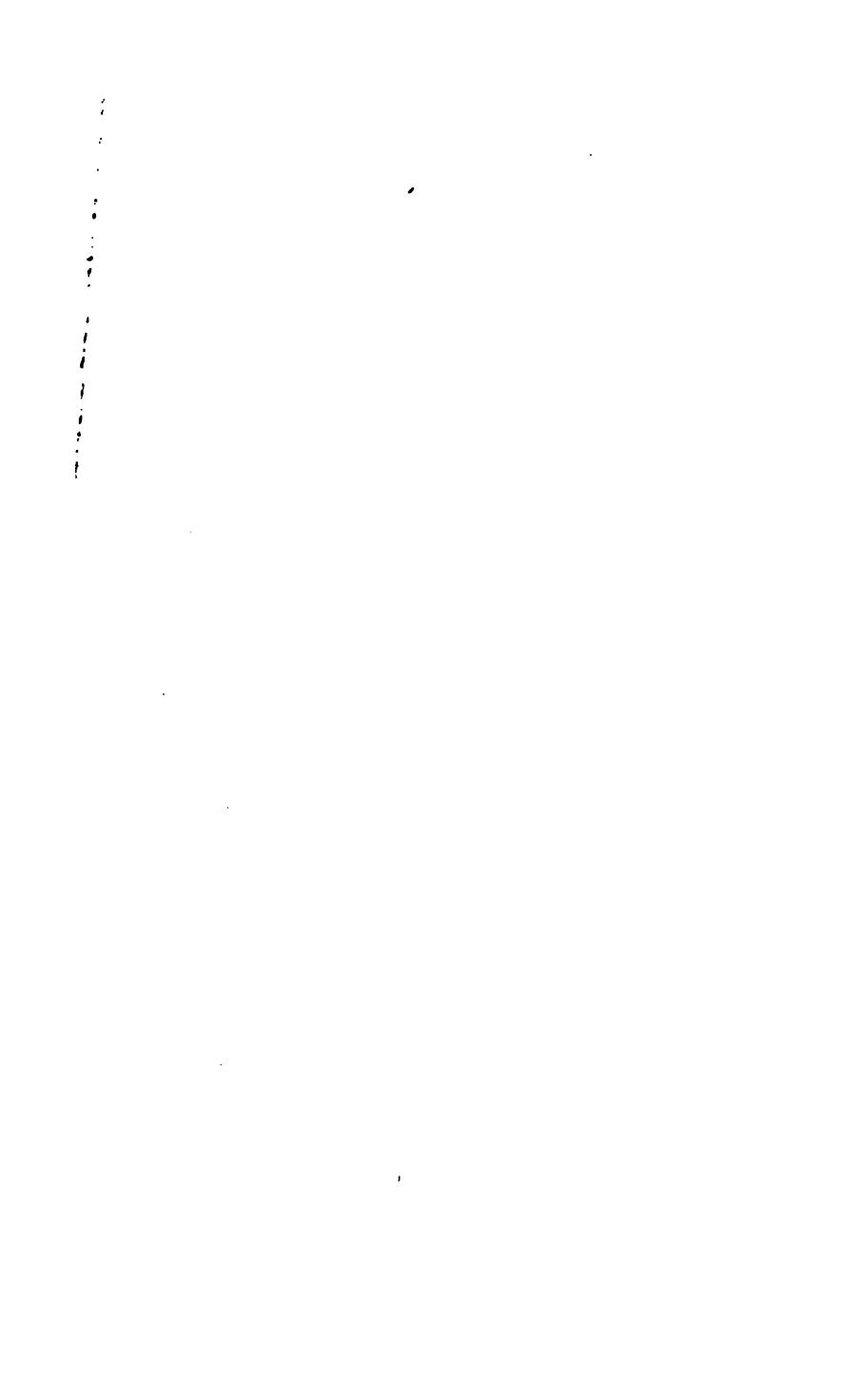
You had your plot upon me, I had mine.

Stri. Lets in, and end all differences in wine.

The Epilogue.

A*T first we made no boast, and still we feare,
We have not answer'd expectation here,
Yet give us leave to hope, as hope to live,
That you will grace, as well as Justice give,
We do not dare your Judgments now: for we
Know lookers on more then the Gamsters see;
And what ere Poets write, we Act, or say,
Tis only in your hands to Crowne a Play.*

F I N I S .



THE
ANTIPODES:

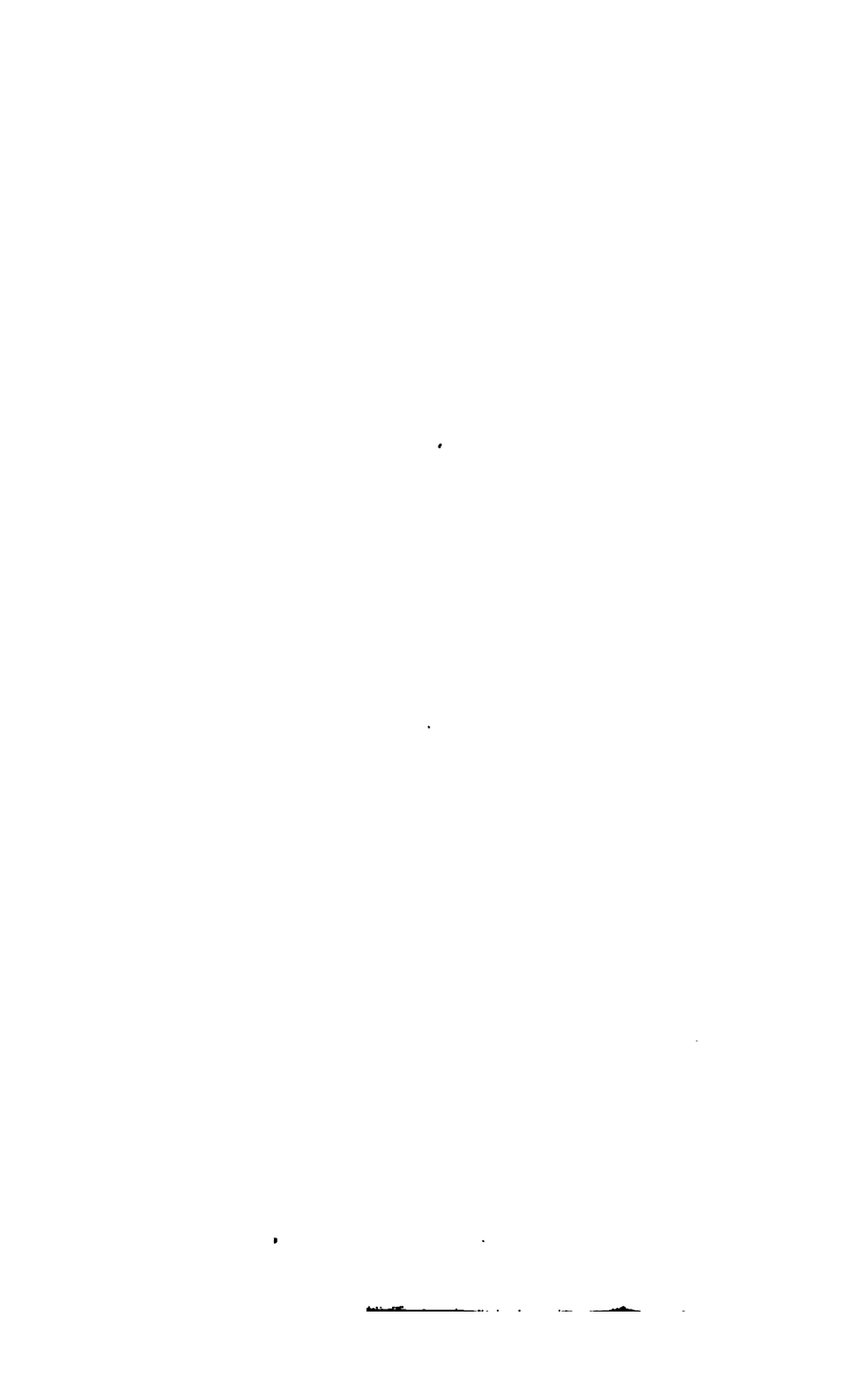
A COMEDIE.

Acted in the yeare 1638, by the Queenes
Majesties Servants, at *Salisbury*
Court in Fleet-street.

The Author *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Okes*, for *Francis Constable*, and
are to be sold at his shops in Kings-
street at the signe of the Goat,
and in Westminster-hall. 1640.





To the Right Honourable WILLIAM Earle
of *Hertford*, &c.

My Lord :

THe long experience, I have had of
your Honours favourable intentions
towards me, hath compell'd me to this
Presumption. But I hope *your Goodnesse*
will be pleased to pardon what *your Benignity*
was the cause of, *viz.* the error of my *Dedi-*
cation. Had *your Candor* not encourag'd
me, in this I had beene innocent: Yet (*I*
befeech you) thinke not, I *intend* it any other,
then *your Recreation* at *your retirement* from
your weighty *Employments*; and to be the
Declaration of *your gracious encouragements*
towards me, and the testimony of my *Gra-*
titude. If the publicke view of the *world*
entertayn it with no lesse welcome, then that
private one of the *Stage* already has given it,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I shall be glad the *World* owes *you* the
Thanks: If it meet with too severe Con-
struction, I hope *your* Protection. What
hazards foever it shall justle with, my desires
are it may pleasure your *Lordship* in the
perusall, which is the only ambition he is
conscious of, who is

My *Lord*,

Your Honour's
humbly devoted :

Richard Brome.



To censuring Criticks, on the approved Comedy,
The Antipodes.

I Onson's alive ! the World admiring stands,
And to declare his welcome there, shake hands ;
Apollo's Pensioners may wipe their eyes,
And stifle their abortive Elegies :
Taylor his Goose-quill may abjure againe,
And to make Paper deare, scribbling refraine ;
For sure there's cause of neither. Ionson's ghost
Is not a Tenant i'the Elizian Coast :
But vext with too much scorne, at your dispraise,
Silently stole unto a grove of Bayes ;
Therefore bewaile your errours, and entreat
He will returne, unto the former seat,
Whence he was often pleas'd, to feed your eare
With the choice dainties of his Theatre ;
But I much feare, he'll not be easily wonne
To leave his Bower, where griefe, and he alone
Do spend their time, to see how vainly wee
Accept old toys, for a new Comedie.
Therefore repaire to him, and praise each line
Of his Vulpone, Sejanus, Cateline.
But stay, and let me tell you, where he is,
He sojourne in his Brome's Antipodes.

C.G.

THE



The Prologue.

Opinion, *which our Author cannot court,*
(*For the deare daintinesse of it*) *has, of late,*
From the old way of Playes possest a Sort
Only to run to those, that carry state
In Scene magnificent and language high ;
And Cloathes worth all the rest, except the Action,
And such are only good those Leaders cry ;
And into that beleefe draw on a Faction,
That must despise all sportive, merry Wit,
Because some such great Play had none in it.

But it is knowne (peace to their Memories)
The Poets late sublimed from our Age,
Who best could understand, and best devise
Workes, that must ever live upon the Stage,
Did well approve, and lead this humble way,
Which we are bound to travaile in to night ;
And, though it be not trac'd so well, as They
Discover'd it by true Phœbean light,
Pardon our just Ambition, yet, that strive
To keep the weakest Branch o'th' Stage alive.

I meane the weakest in their great esteeme,
That count all slight, that's under us, or nigh ;
And only those for worthy Subjects deeme,
Fetcl'd, or reach'd at (at least) from farre, or high
When low and home-bred Subjects have their use,
As well, as those, fetcl'd from on high, or farre ;
And 'tis as hard a labour for the Muse
To moove the Earth, as to dislodge a Starre.
See, yet, those gloriqus Playes ; and let their
fight
Your Admiration moove ; these your Delight.

To



To the Author on his Comedy,
The Antipodes.

*S*Teer'd, by the hand of Fate, o'er swelling Seas,
Me thought I landed on th' Antipodes ;
Where I was straight a Stranger : For tis thus,
Their feet do tread against the tread of us.
My Scull mistooke : thy Book, being in my hand,
Hurried my Soule to th' Antipodian strand,
Where I did feast my Fancy, and mine Eyes
With such variety of Rarities,
That I perceive thy Muse frequents some shade,
Might be a Grove for a Pierian Maide.
Let Ideots prate ; it boots not what they say.
Th' Antipodes to Wit and Learning may
Have ample Priv'ledge : For among that crew,
I know there's not a man can judge of You.

Rob. Chamberlain.

The



The Persons in the Play.

Blaze, *an Herauld Painter.*
Joylesse, *an old Country Gentleman.*
Hughball, *a Doctor of Physicke.*
Barbara, *Wife to Blaze.*
Martha, *Wife to Perigrine.*
Letoy, *a Phantasticke Lord.*
Quaylpipe, *his Curate.*
Perigrine, *sonne to Joylesse.*
Diana, *wife to Joylesse.*
By-play, *a conceited servant to Letoy.*
Trulocke, *a close friend to Letoy.*
Followers of the Lord Letoyes, who are Actors in
the By-play.



The Antipodes.

ACT I. Scene I.

Blaze, Ioyleffe.

TO me, and to the City, Sir, you are welcome,
And so are all about you : we have long
Suffer'd in want of such faire Company.
But now that Times calamity has given way
(Thanks to high Providence) to your kinder visits,
We are (like halfe pin'd wretches, that have lain
Long on the planks of sorrow, strictly tyed
To a forc'd abstinence, from the sight of friends)
The sweetlier fild with joy.

Ioy. Alas, I bring
Sorrow too much with me to fill one house,
In the sad number of my family.

Bla. Be comforted good Sir, my house, which now
You may be pleas'd to call your owne, is large
Enough to hold you all ; and for your sorrowes,
You came to lose 'hem : And I hope the meanes
Is readily at hand : The Doctor's comming,
Who, as by Letters, I advertis'd you,
Is the most promising man to cure your Sonne,
The

The Kingdome yields ; it will astonish you
 To heare the mervailles he hath done in cures
 Of such distracted ones, as is your sonne,
 And not so much by bodily Physicke (no !
 He sends few *Recipes* to th' Apothecaries)
 As medicine of the minde, which he infuses
 So skilfully, yet by familiar wayes,
 That it begets both wonder and delight
 In his observers, while the stupid patient
 Finds health at unawares.

Ioy. You speak well of him :

Yet I may feare, my sonnes long growne disease
 Is such he hath not met with.

Bla. Then ile tell you Sir,

He cur'd a Country gentleman, that fell mad
 For spending of his land before he sold it :
 That is : 'twas sold to pay his debts : All went
 That way, for a dead horse, as one would say,
 He had not money left to buy his dinner,
 Upon that whole-sale day. This was a cause,
 Might make a gentleman mad you'll say ; and
 him

It did, as mad as landlesse Squire could bee,
 This Doctor by his art remov'd his madnesse,
 And mingled so much wit among his braines,
 That, by the over-flowing of it meereley,
 He gets and spends five hundred pound a yeare
 now,

As merrily as any Gentleman
 In *Darby-shire* ; I name no man. But this
 Was pretty well you'll say.

Ioy. My sonne's disease
 Growes not that way.

Bla. There was a Lady mad,
 I name no Lady : but starke mad she was,
 As any in the Country, City, or almost
 In Court could be.

Ioy.

Joy. How fell she mad ?

Bla. With study ;
Tedious and painfull study : And for what
Now can you thinke ?

Joy. For painting, or new fashions.
I cannot thinke for the Philosophers stone.

Bla. No, 'twas to finde a way to love her
husband ;
Because she did not, and her friends rebuk'd her.

Joy. Was that so hard to find, if she desir'd it.

Bla. She was seven years in search of it, & could
not,

Though she consum'd his whole estate by it.

Joy. I was he was mad then.

Bla. No ; he was not borne
With wit enough to loose, but mad was she
Untill this Doctor tooke her into cure,
And now she lies as lovingly on a flockebed
With her owne Knight, as she had done on downe,
With many others, but I name no parties,
Yet this was well you'l say.

Joy. Would all were well

Bla. Then sir, of Officers, and men of place.
Whose sences were so numm'd, they understood
not

Bribes from dew fees, and fell on premunires,
He has cur'd diverse, that can now distinguish,
And know both when, and how to take, of both ;
And grow most safely rich by't, tother day
He fet the braines of an Attorney right,
That were quite topsie turvy overturn'd
In a pitch ore the Barre ; so that (poore man)
For many Moones, he knew not whether he
Went on his heels or's head, till he was brought
To this rare Doctor, now he walkets again,
As upright in his calling, as the boldest
Amongst 'hem. This was well you'l say.

Joy.

Ioy. Tis much.

(bour

Bla. And then for horne mad Citizens my neig
He cures them by the dozens, and we live
As gently with our wives, as Rammes with Ewes.

Ioy. We doe you say, were you one of his
Patients.

Bla. 'Slid he has almost catch'd me ; No fir ne
I name no parties ! But wifh you merry ;
I ftraine to make you fo, and could tell forty
Notable cures of his to paffe the time
Untill he comes.

Ioy. But pray, has he the art
To cure a husbands Jealoufie ?

Bla. Mine fir he did : 'Sfoot I am catcht againe.

Ioy. But still you name no Party, pray how
long,

Good Master *Blaze*, has this fo famous doctor
Whom you fo well fet out, beene a profeffor ?

Bla. Never in publike : Nor indures the name
Of Doctor, though I call him fo, but lives
With an odde Lorde in towne, that lookes like no
Lord,

My Doctor goes more like a Lord than he.

Enter Doctor.

O welcome fir, I fent mine owne wife for you :
Ha you brought her home againe ?

A C T I. Scene II.

Blaze, Doctor, Ioyleffe.

Doct. She's in your house,
With Gentlewomen, who seeme to lodge here.

Bla. Yes fir, this Gentlemans wife, and his
fonnes wife :

They

They all ayle something, but his sonne (tis
thought)

Is falling into madnesse, and is brought

Up by his carefull father to the towne here

To be your patient, speake with him about it.

Doct. How doe you finde him Sir? do's his
diseafe

Take him by fits ; or is it constantly,

And at all times the same ?

Ioy. For the most part

It is onely inclining still to worse,

As he growes more in dayes ; by all the best

Conjectures we have met with in the countrey,

Tis found a most deepe melancholy.

Doct. Of what yeares is he ?

Ioy. Of five and twenty Sir.

Doct. Was it borne with him ? is it naturall,

Or accidentall ? have you or his mother

Beene so at any time affected ?

Ioy. Never.

Not shue unto her grave ; nor I, till then,

Knew what a sadnesse meant ; though since, *I* have

In my sonne's sad condition, and some crosses

In my late marriage, which at further time

I may acquaint you with.

Bla. The old man's jealous

Of his young wife ; *I* finde him by the question

He put me to ere while.

Doct. Is your sonne married ?

Ioy. Diverse yeares since ; for we had hope'd a
wife

Might have restrain'd his travelling thoughts, and
so

Have beene a meanes to cure him ; but it fail'd us.

Doct. What has he in his younger yeares been
most

Addicted to ? what study ? or what practise ?

Ioy.

Ioy. You have now, Sir, found the question,
which *I* thinke

Will lead you to the ground of his distemper.

Doct. That's the next way to the cure. Come
quickely, quickly.

Ioy. In tender yeares he alwayes lov'd to read
Reports of travailes, and of voyages ;
And when young boyes, like him, would tire
themselves

With sports, and pastimes, and restore their spirits
Again by meate and sleepe, he would whole dayes
And nights (sometimes by stealth) be on such
bookes

As might convey his fancy round the world.

Doct. Very good, on.

Ioy. When he grew up towards twenty,
His minde was all on fire to be abroad ;
Nothing but travaile still was all his aime ;
There was no voyage or forraine expedition
Be said to be in hand, but he made sute
To be made one in it. His mother and
My selfe oppos'd him still in all, and strongly
Against his will, still held him in ; and wonne
Him into marriage ; hoping that would call
In his extravagant thoughts, but all prevail'd not,
Nor stayd him (though at home) from travailing
So farre beyond himselfe, that now too late,
I wish he had gone abroad to meet his fate.

Doct. Well sir, upon good termes Ile undertake
Your sonne : let's see him.

Ioy. Yet there's more : his wife Sir.

Doct. Ile undertake her too. Is she mad too ?

Bla. They'll ha' mad children then.

Doct. Hold you your peece.

Ioy. Alas the danger is they will have none,
He takes no joy in her ; and she no comfort
In him : for though they have bin three yeeres
ved, They

They are yet ignorant of the marriage bed.

Doct. I shall finde her the madder of the two then.

Ioy. Indeed she's full of passion, which she utters
By the effects, as diversly, as severall
Objects reflect upon her wandring fancy,
Sometimes in extream weepings, and anon
In vehement laughter; now in fullen silence,
And presently in loudest exclamations.

Doct. Come let me see 'hem Sir, ile undertake
Her too: ha' you any more? how does your wife?

Ioy. Some other time for her.

Doct. Ile undertake
Her too: and you your selfe Sir (by your
favour,
And some few yellow spots, which I perceive
About your Temples) may require some Coun-
cell.

ACT I. Scene III.

Enter Barbara.

Bla. So, he has found him.

Ioy. But my sonne, my sonne sir?

Bla. Now *Bab*, what newes?

Bar. There's newes too much within,
For any home-bred Christian understanding.

Ioy. How does my sonne?

Bar. He is in travaile Sir.

Ioy. His fits upon him?

Bar. Yes, pray *Doct*or *Hughball*
Play the Man-midwife, and deliver him
Of his huge Timpany of newes; of Monsters,
Pigmies, and Gyants, Apes, and Elephants,
Griffons.

Griffons, and Crocadiles ; men upon women,
And women upon men ; the strangest doings
As farre beyond all Christendome, as tis to't.

Doct. How, how ?

Bar. Beyond the Moone and Starres *I* think,
Or mount in *Cornwall* either.

Bla. How prettily like a foole she talkes ?
And she were not mine owne wife, *I* could be
So taken with her.

Doct. 'Tis most wondrous strange.

Bar. He talks much of the Kingdome of *Cathay*
Of one great *Caan*, and goodman *Prefter Iohn*,
(What e're they be) and sayes that *Caan's* a Clown
Unto the *Iohn* he speaks of. And that *Iohn*
Dwels up almost at Paradise : But sure his mind
Is in a wilderneffe : For there he sayes
Are Geese that have two heads a peece, and Hens
That beare more wooll upon their backs than sheep.

Doct. O *Mandevile*, lets to him. Lead the way sir.

Bar. And men with heads like hounds.

Doct. Enough, enough.

Bar. You'll finde enough within *I* warrant yee.

ACT I. Scene IV.

Enter Martha.

And here comes the poore mad gentleman's wife,
Almost as mad as he : she haunts me all
About the house to impart something to me :
Poore heart *I* gesse her grieffe, and pity her.
To keepe a Maiden-head three yeares afte Mar-
riage,

Vnder wed-locke and key, insufferable ! monstrous,
It

It turnes into a wolfe within the flesh,
Not to be fed with Chickens, and tame Pigeons.
I could wish maids be warn'd by't, not to marry
Before they have wit to lose their Maiden-
 heads,

For feare they match with men whose wits are past it.
What a sad looke, and what a sigh was there?

Sweet Mistris *Joylesse*, how is't with you now?

Mar. When I shall knowe Ile tell, pray tell me
 first,

How long have you beene married?

Bar. Now she is on it. Three yeares forsooth.

Mar. And truely so have I, we shall agree I see.

Bar. If you'll be merry.

Mar. No woman merrier, now I have met with
 one

Of my condition. Three yeares married say you, ha,
 ha, ha.

Bar. What ayles she trow?

Mar. Three yeares married, Ha, ha, ha.

Bar. Is that a laughing matter?

Mar. Tis just my story. And you have had no
 child,

That's still my story. Ha, ha, ha.

Bar. Nay I have had two children.

Mar. Are you sure on't,

Or does your husband onely tell you so,
Take heed o'that, for husbands are deceitfull.

Bar. But I am o'the surer side, I am sure
 I groan'd for mine and bore 'hem, when at best,
 He but beleeves he got 'hem.

Mar. Yet both he

And you may be deceiv'd, for now Ile tell you,
My husband told me, fac'd me downe and stood
 on't,

We had three sonnes, and all great travellers,

That

That one had shooke the great Turke by the
beard,

I never saw 'hem, nor am I such a foole
To thinke that children can be got and borne,
Train'd up to men, and then sent out to travell,
And the poore mother never know nor feele
Any such matter; there's a dreame indeede.

Bar. Now you speake reason, and tis nothing
but
Your husbands madnesse that would put that
dreame
Into you.

Mar. He may put dreames into me, but
He nere put child nor any thing towards it yet
To me to making: something sure belongs
To such a worke; for I am past a child *weepe.*
My selfe to thinke they are found in parsley
beds,
Strawberry banks or Rosemary bushes, though
I must confesse I have sought and search'd such
places,

Because I would faine have had one.

Bar. Lasse poore foole.

Mar. Pray tell me, for I thinke no body heares
us,

How came you by your babes? I cannot thinke
Your husband got them you.

Bar. Foole did I say?
She is a witch I thinke: why not my husband,
Pray can you charge me with another man?

Mar. Nor with him neither, be not angry pray
now.

For were I now to dye, I cannot guesse
What a man do's in child-getting, I remember
A wanton mayd once lay with me, and kifs'd
And clip't, and clapt me strangely, and then wish'd
That I had beene a man to have got her with childe:
What

What must I then ha' done, or (good now tell me)
What has your husband done to you?

Bar. Was ever

Such a poor peece of innocence, three years
married?

Does not your husband use to lye with you?

Mar. Yes he do's use to lye with me, but he do's
not

Lye with me to use me as she should I feare
Nor doe I know to teach him, will you tell me,
Ile lye with you and practise if you please.
Pray take me for a night or two: or take
My husband and instruct him, But one night
Our countrey folkes will say, you London wives
Doe not lye every night with your owne husbands.

Bar. Your countrey folkes should have done well
to ha' sent

Some newes by you, but I trust none told you
there,

We use to leave our fooles to lye with mad-men.

Mar. Nay now againe y'are angry.

Bar. No not I

But rather pittty your simplicity.

Come Ile take charge and care of you.

Mar. I thanke you.

Bar. And wage my skill, against my doctors
art,

Sooner to ease you of these dangerous fits,

Then he shall rectifie your husbands wits. *Ex.*

Mar. Indeed, indeed, I thanke you.

ACT I. Scene V.

Letoy, Blaze.

Let. Why broughtst thou not mine Armes, and
Pedegree

¹⁷ VOL. III.

Home

Home with thee *Blaze*, mine honest Heralds,
Painter ?

Bla. I have not yet my Lord, but all's in
readinesse,

According to the Heralds full directions.

Let. But has he gone to the root, has he deriv'd
me,

Ex origine, ab antiquo? has he fetch'd me
Farre enough *Blaze* ?

Bla. Full foure descents beyond
The conquest my good Lord, and findes that one
Of your French ancestry came in with the Con-
queror.

Let. *Iefrey Letoy*, twas he, from whom the
English

Letoy's have our descent ; and here have tooke
Such footing, that we'll never out while France
Is France, and England England,
And the Sea passable to transport a fashion.
My ancestors and I have been beginners
Of all new fashions in the Court of England
From before *Primo Ricardi Secundi*
Untill this day.

Bla. I cannot thinke my Lord
They'll follow you in this though.

Let. Marke the end,
I am without a precedent for my humour.
But is it spread, and talk'd of in the towne ?

Bla. It is my Lord, and laught at by a many.

Let. I am more beholding to them, then all the
rest ;

Their laughter makes me merry ; others mirth,
And not mine owne it is, that feeds me, that
Battens me as poore mens cost do's Ufurers.
But tell me *Blaze*, what say they of me, ha ?

Bla. They say my Lord you look more like a
pedlar,

Then

Then like a Lord, and live more like an Emperor.

Let. Why there they ha' me right, let others shine

Abroad in cloth o'bodkin, my broad cloath,
Pleases mine eye as well, my body better,
Besides I'm sure tis paid for (to their envy)
I buy with ready money ; and at home here
With as good meat, as much magnificence,
As costly pleasures, and as rare delights,
Can satisfie my appetite and senses,
As they with all their publique shewes, and
braveries.

They runne at ring, and tilt 'gainst one another,
I and my men can play a match at football,
Wrastle a handsome fall, and pitch the barre,
And crack the cudgells, and a pate sometimes,
Twould doe you good to see't.

Bla. More then to feel't.

Let. They hunt the Deere, the Hare, the Fox,
the Otter,

Polcates, or Harlots, what they please, whilst I
And my mad Grigs, my men can runne at base,
And breathe our selves at Barley-breake, and
dancing.

Bla. Yes my Lord i'the countrey when you are
there.

Let. And now I am here i'th city, Sir, I hope
I please my selfe with more choyse home delights,
Then most men of my ranke.

Bla. I know my Lord
Your house in substance is an Amphitheater
Of exercise and pleasure.

Let. Sir, I have
For exercises, Fencing, Dancing, Vaulting,
And for delight, Musique of all best kindes ;
Stage-playes, and Masques, are nightly my pas-
times.

And

And all within myselfe. My owne men are
 My Musique, and my Actors, I keepe not
 A man or boy but is of quality :
 The worst can sing or play his part o'th' Violls,
 And act his part too in a comedy.
 For which I lay my bravery on their backs ;
 And where another Lord undoes his followers,
 I maintaine mine like Lords. And there's my
 bravery.

*Hoboyes. A service as for dinner, passe over the
 stage, borne by many Servitors, richly apparreld, doing
 honour to Letoy as they passe.* *Ex.*

Now tell me *Blaze*, looke these like Pedler's men ?

Bla. Rather an Emperors my Lord.

Let. I tell thee,
 These lads can act the Emperors lives all over,
 And Shakespeares Chronicled histories to boot,
 And were that *Cæsar*, or that English Earle,
 That lov'd a Play and Player so well now living,
 I would not be out-vyed in my delights.

Bla. My Lord tis well.

Let. I love the quality of Playing I, I love a
 Play with all
 My heart, a good one : and a Player that is
 A good one too, with all my heart : As for the
 Poets,

No men love them, I thinke, and therefore
 I write all my playes my selfe, and make no doubt
 Some of the Court will follow
 Me in that too. Let my fine Lords
 Talke o' their Horfe-tricks, and their Jockies, that
 Can out-talke them. Let the Gallants boast
 Their May-games, Play-games, and their Mis-
 tresses,

I love a Play in my plaine cloaths, I
 And laugh upon the Actors in their brave ones.

Ent. Quailp.

Re.

Re. My Lord, your dinner stayes prepar'd.

Let. Well, well,

Be you as ready with your grace as I *Ex. Quail.*

Am for my meate, and all is well. *Blaze* we have
rambled

From the maine poynt this while, it seems by his
letter,

My Doctor's busie at thy house. I know who's
there,

Beside, give him this Ring, Tell him it wants

A finger : farewell good *Blaze*.

Bla. Tell him it wants a finger ! My small wit.
Already finds what finger it must fit.

ACT I. Scene VI.

Enter Doctor, Perigrine, a *Booke* in his hand, Joy-
leffe, Diana.

Doct. Sir I applaud your noble disposition,
And even adore the spirit of Travaile in you,
And purpose to waite on it through the world,
In which I shall but tread againe the steps
I heretofore have gone.

Per. All the world o're ha' you bin already ?

Doct. Over and under too.

Per. In the *Antipodes* ?

Doct. Yes, through, and through :
No Isle nor Angle in that Neather world,
But I have made discovery of : Pray sir sit
And sir be you attentive, I will warrant
His speedy cure without the helpe of *Gallen*,
Hippocrates, *Avicen*, or *Dioscorides*.

Dia. A rare man : Husband, truely I like his
person
As well as his rare skill.

Foy.

Joy. Into your chamber,
I do not like your liking of men's persons.

Doct. Nay Lady you may stay : Heare and
admire,

If you so please : But make no interruptions.

Joy. And let no looser words, or wandering looke
Bewray an intimation of the flight
Regard you beare your husband, lest I fend you
Upon a further pilgrimage, than he
Feigns to convey my sonne.

Dia. O jealousie !

Doct. Doe you thinke sir, to th' *Antipodes* such a
journey ?

Per. I thinke there's none beyond it ; and that
Mandevile

Whose excellent worke this is, was th' onely man
That e're came neare it.

Doct. *Mandevile* went farre.

Per. Beyond all English legges that I can
read of.

Doct. What thinke you sir of *Drake*, our famous
Countriman ?

Per. *Drake* was a Dy'dapper to *Mandevile*
Candish, and *Hawkins*, *Furbisher*, all our voyagers
Went short of *Mandevile* : But had he reach'd
To this place here——yes here——this wildernesse,
And seen the trees of the Sunne and Moone, that
speake,

And told King *Alexander* of his death, he then
Had left a passage ope for Travailers :
That now is kept and guarded by wild beasts,
Dragons, and Serpents, Elephants white and blue
Unicornes, and Lyons of many colours,
And monsters more as numberlesse as namelesse.

Doct. Stay there.

Per. Read here else : can you read ?
Is it not true ?

Doct.

Doct. No truer than I ha'seen't.

Dia. Ha you bin there Sir, ha' you seene those trees?

Doct. And talked with 'hem, and tasted of their fruit.

Per. Read here againe then : it is written here,
That you may live foure or five hundred yeere.

Dia. Brought you none of that fruit home with you sir?

Joy. You would have some of't would you, to have hope

T'out-live your husband by't.

Dia. Y'd ha't for you,

In hope you might out-live your jealousie.

Doct. Your patience both I pray; I know the grieve

You both doe labour with, and how to cure it.

Joy. Would I had given you halfe my land 'twere done.

Dia. Would I had given him halfe my love, to settle

The tother halfe free from incumbrances

Upon my husband.

Doct. Doe not thinke it strange sir :

Ile make your eyes witnesses of more
Than I relate, if you'll but travaile with me.

You heare me not deny that all is true
That *Mandevile* delivers of his *Travailes*,
Yet I my selfe may be as well beleev'd.

Per. Since you speake reverently of him, say on.

Doct. Of *Europe* ile not speake, tis too neare home :

Who's not familiar with the Spanish garbe,
Th' Italian shrug, French cringe, and German hugge?
Nor will I trouble you with my observations
Fetcht from *Arabia*, *Paphlagonia*,
Mesopotamia, *Mauritania*,

Syria,

Syria, Thessalia, Persia, India,
 All still is too neare home : though I have touch'd
 The Clouds upon the *Pyrenæan* mountaines,
 And bin on *Paphos* isle, where I have kist
 The image of bright *Venus* : All is still
 Too neare home to be boasted.

Dia. That I like well in him too, he will not
 boast of kissing

A woman too neare home.

Doct. These things in me are poore : they found
 In a farre travellers eare,
 Like the reports of those, that beggingly
 Have put out, on returnes from *Edenburgh*,
Paris, or *Venice*, or perhaps *Madrid*,
 Whither a *Millaner* may with halfe a nose
 Smell out his way : And is not neare so difficult,
 As for some man in debt, and unprotected
 To walke from Charing-crosse to th' old Exchange.
 No, I will pitch no nearer than th' *Antipodes* ;
 That which is farthest distant, foot to foote
 Against our Region.

Dia. What with their heeles upwards ?
 Blesse us ! how scape they breaking o' their necks ?

Doct. They walke upon firm earth, as we doe
 here,
 And have the Firmament over their heads,
 As we have here

Dia. And yet just under us !
 Where is hell then ? if they whose feet are towards
 us,

At the lower part of the world have heaven too
 Beyond their heads, where's hell ?

Joy. You may find that
 Without inquiry : Cease your idle questions.

Dia. Sure hell's above ground then in jealous
 husbands.

Per. What people fir (I pray proceed) what
 people Are

Are they of the *Antipodes*? are they not such
As *Mandevile* writes of, without heads or necks,
Having their eyes plac'd on their shoulders, and
Their mouths amidst their breasts?

Dia. I so indeed,
Though heeles goe upwards, and their feet should
 flip
They have no necks to breake.

Doct. Silence sweete Lady.
Pray give the gentleman leave to understand me.
The people through the whole world of *Antipodes*,
In outward feature, language, and religion,
Resemble those to whom they are supposite:
They under *Spaine* appeare like *Spaniards*,
Under *France* *French-men*, under *England* *English*.
To the exterior shew: but in their manners,
Their carriage, and condition of life
Extreamly contrary. To come close to you
What part o' th' world's *Antipodes* shall I now
Decipher to you, or would you travaile to?

Per. The furthest off.

Doct. That is the *Antipodes* of England.
The people there are contrary to us.
As thus; here (heaven be prais'd) the Magistrates
Governe the people; there the people rule
The Magistrates.

Dia. There's pretious bribing then.

Joy. You'll hold your peace.

Doct. Nay Lady tis by Nature,
Here generally men governe the women.

Joy. I would they could else.

Dia. You will hold your peace.

Doct. But there the women over-rule the men,
If some men faile here in their power, some women
Slip their holds there. As parents here, and
 masters,
Command, there they obey the childe and servant.

Dia.

Dia. But pray Sir, is't by nature or by art,
That wives orefway their husbands there ?

Doct. By nature.

Dia. Then art's above nature, as they are under
us.

Doct. In briefe Sir, all
Degrees of people both in sex, and quality,
Deport themselves in life and conversation,
Quite contrary to us.

Dia. Why then the women
Doe get the men with child : and put the poore
fooles

To grievous paine I warrant you in bearing.

Joy. Into your Chamber, get you in I charge
you.

Doct. By no meanes, as you tender your sonnes
good.

No Lady no ; that were to make men women,
And women men. But there the maids doe woe
The Batchelors, and tis most probable,
The wives lie uppermost.

Dia. That is a trim
Upside-downe Antipodian tricke indeed.

Doct. And then at christenings and gossip's feasts,
A woman is not seene, the men doe all
The tittle-tattle duties, while the women
Hunt, Hawke, and take their pleasure.

Per. Ha, they good game I pray Sir ?

Doct. Excellent,
But by the contraries to ours, for where
We Hawke at Pheasant, Partrich, Mallard, Heron,
With Gosshawke, Tarfell, Falcon, Laneret ;
Our Hawks, become their game, our game their
Hawks,

And so the like in hunting. There the Deere
Pursue the Hounds, and (which you may thinke

I ha' seene one Sheepe worry a dozen Foxes,
By Moone-shine, in a morning before day,
They hunt, trayne-fents with Oxen, and plow with
Dogges.

Per. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Dia. Are not their Swannes all blacke, and
Ravens white?

Doe. Yes indeed are they; and their Parrets
teach

Their Mistresses to talke.

Dia. Thats very strange.

Doe. They keepe their Cats in cages,
From Mice that would devour them else; and birds
Teach 'hem to whistle, and cry beware the Rats
Pusse.

But these are frivolous nothings. I have knowne
Great Ladyes ride great horfes run at tilt;
At Ring, Races, and hunting matches, while
Their Lords at home have painted, pawned their
plate

And Jewels to feast their honourable servants,
And there the Merchants wives doe deale abroad
Beyond seas, while their husbands cuckold them
At home.

Dia. Then there are cuckolds too it seemes,
As well as here.

Joy. Then you conclude here are.

Dia. By hearefay Sir, I am not wise enough
To speake it on my knowledge yet.

Joy. Not yet.

Doe. Patience good Sir.

Per. Hugh, hugh, hugh.

Doe. What do you laugh, that there is cuckold
making

In the *Antipodes*, I tell you Sir,
It is not so abhorr'd here as tis held
In reputation there: all your old men

Doe

Doct. Trust to my skill,
Pray take an arme, and see him in his cabbín.
Good Lady save my Ring that's fallen there.

Dia. In sooth a mervailous neate and costlly
one!

Bla. Sò, so, the Ring has found a finger.

Doct. Come fir, aboard, aboard, aboard, aboard.

Bla. To bed, to bed, to bed; I know your
voyage,

And my deare Lords deare plot, I understand
Whose Ring hath past here by your slight of hand.

ACT II. Scene I.

Letoy, Doctor.

TO night saiest thou my *Hughball*?

Doct. By all meanes,
And if your Play takes to my expectation,
As I not doubt my potion workes to yours,
Your fancy and my cure shall be cry'd up
Miraculous. O y'are the Lord of fancy.

Let. I'm not ambitious of that title Sir,
No, the Letoys are of Antiquity,
Ages before the fancyes were begot,
And shall beget still new to the worlds ends.
But are you confident o'your potion doctor?
Sleeps the young man?

Doct. Yes, and has slept these twelve houres,
After a thousand mile an houre out-right,
By sea and land; and shall awake anone
In the *Antipodes*.

Let. Well Sir my Actors
Are all in readinesse; and I thinke all perfect,
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing

He

With mee to the *Antipodes*, or has not
The journey wearied you in the description.

Per. No I could heare you a whole *A Bowle*
fortnight, but *on the table.*

Let's loose no time, pray talke on as we passe.

Doct. First, Sir a health to auspicate our tra-
vailes,

And wee'll away.

ACT I. Scene VII.

Enter Blaze.

Per. Gi' mee't. What's he? One sent
I feare from my dead mother, to make stop
Of our intended voyage.

Doct. No Sir : drink.

Bla. My Lord, Sir, understands the course y'are
in,

By your letters he tells mee : and bad me gi' you
This Ring, which wants a finger here he sayes.

Per. Wee'll not be stayd.

Doct. No, Sir, he brings me word
The Marriner calls away ; the winde and tyde
Are faire, and they are ready to weigh anchor,
Hoyft sayles, and onely stay for us, pray drinke Sir.

Per. A health then to the willing winds and seas,
And all that steere towards th' *Antipodes*.

Ioy. He has not drunke so deepe a draught this
twelvemonth.

Doct. Tis a deepe draught indeed, and now tis
downe,

And carries him downe to the *Antipodes* ?

I meane but in a dreame.

Joy. Alasse I feare.

See he beginnes to sink.

Doct.

Within there hoe?

Within. { 1 This is my beard and haire.
 2 My Lord appointed it for my part.
 3 No, this is for you; and this is
 yours, this grey one.
 4 Where be the foyles, and Targets
 for the women?
 1 Here, can't you see?

Let. What a rude coyle is there? But yet it
 pleases me.

Within. { 1 You must not weare that Cloak and
 Hat.
 2 Who told you so? I must.

In my first Scene, and you must weare that robe.

Let. What a noyse make those knaves? Come
 in one of you.

Are you the first that answers to that name?

ACT II. Scene II.

Enter Quaile-pipe, 3 Actors, and Byplay.

Qua. My Lord.

Let. Why are not you ready yet?

Qua. I am not to put on my shape, before
 I have spoke the Prologue. And for that my
 Lord

I yet want something.

Let. What I pray with your grave formality?

Qua. I want my Beaver-shooes, and Leather-Cap,
 To speake the Prologue in; which were appoynted
 By your Lordships owne direction.

Let. Well sir, well:

There they be for you; I must looke to all.

Qua. *Certes* my Lord, it is a most apt conceit:
 The Comedy being the world turn'd upside-downe.
 That

That the prefenter weare the Capitall Beaver
Upon his feet, and on his head shooe-leather.

Let. Trouble not you your head with my conceite,

But minde your part. Let me not see you act now,

In your Scholasticke way, you brought to towne wi' yee,

With fee saw sacke a downe, like a Sawyer ;
Nor in a Comicke Scene, play *Hercules furens*,
Tearing your throat to split the Audients eares.

And you Sir, you had got a tricke of late,
Of holding out your bum in a set speech ;
Your fingers fibulating on your breast,
As if your Buttons, or your Band-strings were
Helpes to your memory. Let me see you in't
No more I charge you. No, nor you sir, in
That over-action of the legges I told you of,
Your fingles, and your doubles, Looke you——
thus——

Like one o'th' dancing Masters o'the Beare-garden ;
And when you have spoke, at end of every speech,
Not minding the reply, you turne you round
As Tumblers doe ; when betwixt every feat
They gather wind, by firking up their breeches.
Ile none of these, absurdities in my house.
But words and action married so together,
That shall strike harmony in the eares and eyes
Of the severest, if judicious Criticks.

Qua. My Lord we are corrected.

Let. Goe, be ready :

But you Sir are incorrigible, and
Take licence to your selfe, to adde unto
Your parts, your owne free fancy ; and sometimes
To alter, or diminish what the writer
With care and skill compos'd : and when you are
To speake to your coactors in the Scene,

You hold interloquutions with the Audients.

Bip. That is a way my Lord has bin allow'd
On elder stages to move mirth and laughter.

Let. Yes in the dayes of *Tarlton* and *Kempe*,
Before the stage was purg'd from barbarisme,
And brought to the perfection it now shines with.
Then fooles and jesters spent their wits, because
The Poets were wise enough to save their owne
For profitabler uses. Let that passe.

To night, ile give thee leave to try thy wit,
In answering my Doctor, and his Patient
He brings along with him to our *Antipodes*.

By. I heard of him my Lord: *Blaze* gave me
light

Of the mad Patient: and that he never saw
A Play in's life: it will be possible

For him to thinke he is in the *Antipodes*

Indeed, when he is on the Stage among us.

When't has beene thought by some that have their
wits,

That all the Players i' th'Towne were funke past
rising.

Let. Leave that fir to th' event. See all be
ready;

Your Musicke properties, and——

By. All my Lord,

Onely we want a person for a Mute.

Let. *Blaze* when he comes shall serve. *Goe in.*

Ex. Bip.

My Guests J heare are comming.

ACT II. Scene III.

Enter Blaze, Joylesse, Diana, Martha, Barb.

Bla. My Lord, J am become your honours
usher, To

To these your gueſts. The worthy Mr. *Ioyleſſe*,
With his faire wife, and daughter in law.

Let. They're welcome,
And you in the firſt place ſweet Miſtris *Ioyleſſe*,
You weare my ring J ſee : you grace me in it.

Ioy. His Ring! what Ring? how came ſhe
by 't?

Blaz. Twill worke.

Let. J ſent it as a pledge of my affection to you :
For J before have ſeene you, and doe languish,
Untill J ſhall enjoy your love.

Ioy. He courts her.

Let. Next Lady—you—J have a toy for you too

Mar. My Child ſhall thanke you for it, when
I have one.

I take no joy in toys ſince I was married.

Let. Prettily anſwer'd ! I make you no ſtranger
Kind Miſtris *Blaze*.

Bar. Time was your honour us'd
Me ſtrangely too, as you'll doe theſe I doubt not.

Let. Honeſt *Blaze*,
Prethee goe in, there is an Actor wanting,

Bla. Is there a part for me ? how ſhall I ſtudy't ?

Let. Thou ſhalt ſay nothing.

Bla. Then if I doe not act
Nothing as well as the beſt of 'hem, let me be hiſt.

Exit.

Ioy. I ſay reſtore the Ring, and backe with me.

Dia. To whom ſhall I reſtore it ?

Ioy. To the Lord that ſent it.

Dia. Is he a Lord ? I alwayes thought and
heard

Ith' Country, Lords were gallant Creatures. He
Looks like a thing not worth it : tis not his,
The Doctor gave it me, and I will keepe it.

Let. I uſe ſmall verball courteſie Mr. *Ioyleſſe*
(You ſee) but what I can in deed ile doe.

You

You know the purpose of your coming, and
 I can but give you welcome. If your sonne
 shall receive ease in't, be the comfort yours,
 The credit oft my Doctors. You are sad.

Ioy. My Lord I would entreat we may returne ;
 I feare my wife's not well.

Let. Returne ! pray slight not so my courtesie.

Dia. Besides sir I am well ; and have a minde
 (A thankfull one) to taste my Lords free bounty.
 I never saw a play, and would be loath
 To lose my longing now.

Ioy. The aire of *London*
 Hath tainted her obedience already :
 And should the Play but touch the vices of it,
 She'd learne and practise 'hem. Let me beseech
 Your Lordships reacceptance of the un-
 Merited favour that she weares here, and
 Your leave for our departure.

Let. J will not
 Be so dishonour'd ; nor become so ill
 A master of my house, to let a Lady
 Leave it against her will ; and from her longing ;
 J will be plaine wi'yee therefore : If your haste
 Must needs post you away, you may depart,
 She shall not not till the morning for mine honour.

Ioy. Indeed tis a high poynt of honour in
 A Lord to keepe a private Gentlemans wife
 From him.

Dia. J love this plaine Lord better than
 All the brave gallant ones, that ere I dream't on.

Let. Tis time we take our seats. So if you'll
 stay.

Come sit with us, if not, you know your way.

Ioy. Here are we fallen through the Doctors
 fingers

Into the Lords hands. Fate deliver us.

Ex. omnes.

ACT

ACT II. Scene IV.

Enter in sea-gownes and Caps, Doctor, and Perigrine brought in a chaire by 2 Sailers: Cloaks and Hats brought in.

Doct. Now the last minute of his sleeping fit Determines. Raise him on his feete. So, so: Rest him upon mine Arme. Remove that Chaire, Welcome a shore Sir in th' *Antipodes*.

Per. Are we arriv'd so farre?

Doct. And on firme land.

Sailers you may returne now to your ship. *Ex Sail.*

Per. What worlds of lands and Seas have I past over,

Neglecting to set downe my observations,
A thousand thousand things remarkable
Have slipt my memory, as if all had beene
Meere shadowy phantasmes, or Phantasticke
dreames.

Doct. We'll write as we returne Sir: and tis true,
You slept most part o' th' journey hitherward,
The aire was so somniferous: And twas well
You scap'd the Calenture by't.

Per. But how long doe you thinke I slept?

Doct. Eight moneths, and some odde days,
Which was but as so many houres and minutes
Of ones owne naturall Countrey sleepe.

Per. Eight Moneths——

Doct. Twas nothing for so young a Braine.
How thinke you one of the seven Christian
Champions,

David by name, slept seven yeares in a Leek-bed.

Per. I thinke I have read it in their famous
History.

Doct.

Doct. But what chiefe thing of note now in our Travells
Can you call presently to mind? Speake like a Traveller.

Per. I doe remember, as we past the Verge
O' th' upper world, comming downe, down-hill,
The setting Sunne then bidding them good night,
Came gliding easly downe by us; and strucke
New day before us, lighting us our way;
But with such heate, that till he was got farre
Before us, we even melted.

Doct. Well wrought potion. Very well observ'd
fir.

But now we are come into a temperate clime
Of equall composition of elements
With that of *London*; and as well agreeable
Unto our nature, as you have found that aire.

Per. I never was at *London*.

Doct. Cry you mercy.

This Sir is *Anti-London*. That's the' Antipodes
To the grand City of our Nation,
Iust the same people, language, and Religion,
But contrary in Manners, as I ha' told you.

Per. I doe remember that relation,
As if you had but given it me this morning.

Doct. Now cast your Sea weeds off, and do'n
fresh garments.

Hearke fir their Musicke.

Shift.

ACT II. Scene V.

Hoboyes. Enter Letoy, Ioyleffe, Diana, Martha,
Barbara, in *Masques*, they sit at the other end of
the stage.

Lct. Here we may sit, and he not see us.

Doct.

Docl. Now see one of the Natives of this Country,
Note his attire, his language, and behaviour.

Enter Quailpipe, Prologue.

Qua. Our farre fetch'd Title over lands and seas,
Offers unto your view th'Antipodes.
But what Antipodes now shall you see?
Even those that foot to foot 'gainst *London* be :
Because no Traveller that knowes that state,
Shall say we personate or imitate
Them in our actions : For nothing can
Almost be spoke, but some or other man,
Takes it unto himselfe ; and sayes the stuffe,
If it be vicious, or absurd enough,
Was woven upon his backe. Farre, farre be all
That bring such prejudice mixt with their gall.
This play shall no Satyrick Timist be
To taxe or touch at either him or thee,
That art notorious. Tis so farre below
Things in our orbe, that doe among us flow,
That no degree, from Keyser to the Clowne,
Shall say this vice or folly was mine owne.

Let. This had bin well now, if you had not
dreamt

Too long upon your fillables. *Ex. Prol.*

Dia. The Prologue call you this my Lord ?

Bar. Tis my Lords Reader, and as good a lad
Out of his function, as I would desire
To mixe withall in civill conversation.

Let. Yes, Lady, this was Prologue to the Play,
As this is to our sweet ensuing pleasures. *Kisse.*

Joy. Kissing indeed is Prologue to a Play,
Compos'd by th' Divell, and acted by the Children
Of his blacke Revelles, may hell take yee for't.

Mar. Indeed I am weary, and would faine goe
home.

Bar. Indeed but you must stay, and see the play.

Mar.

Mar. The Play ; what play ? It is no Childrens play,

Nor no Child-getting play, pray is it ?

Bar. You'll see anon. O now the Actors enter.
Flourish.

ACT II. Scene VI.

Enter two Sergeants, with swords drawne, running before a Gentleman.

Gent. Why doe you not your office courteous friends ?

Let me entreat you stay, and take me with you ;
Lay but your hands on me : I shall not rest
untill I be arrested. A fore shoulder ache
Paines and torments me, till your vertuous hands
Doe clap or stroake it.

1 Ser. You shall pardon us.

2 Ser. And I befeech you pardon our intent,
Which was indeed to have arrested you :
But sooner shall the Charter of the City
Be forfeited, then varlets (like our selves)
Shall wrong a Gentlemans peace. So fare you
well fir. *Ex.*

Gent. O y'are unkinde.

Per. Pray what are those ?

Doct. Two Catchpoles
Runne from a gentleman (it seemes) that would
Have bin arrested.

ACT

ACT II. Scene VII.

Enter Old Lady and Byplay, like a Servingman.

La. Yonder's your Master,
Goe take him you in hand, while I fetch breath.

Bip. O are you here? my Lady, and my selfe
Have fought you sweetly.

Let. You, and your Lady, you
Should ha' said Puppy.

Byp. For we heard you were
To be arrested. Pray sir, who has bail'd you?
I wonder who of all your bold acquaintance,
That knowes my Lady durst baile off her husband.

Gent. Indeed I was not touch'd.

Byp. Have you not made
An end by composition, and disburs'd
Some of my Ladies money for a peace
That shall beget an open warre upon you?
Confesse it if you have: for 'twill come out.
She'll ha' you up you know. I speak it for your
good.

Gent. I know't, and ile entreate my Lady wife
To mend thy wages tother forty shillings
A yeare, for thy true care of me.

La. Tis well Sir.
But now (if thou hast impudence so much,
As face to face, to speak unto a Lady,
That is thy wife, and supream head) tell me
At whose sute was it? or upon what action?
Debts I presume you have none: For who dares
trust

A Ladyes husband, who is but a Squire,
And under covert barne? it is some trespasse—
Answer me not till I finde out the truth.

Gent.

Gent. The truth is——

La. Peace.

How darst thou speake the truth
Before thy wife? ile finde it out my selfe.

Dia. In truth she handles him handsomely.

Ioy. Doe you like it?

Dia. Yes, and such wives are worthy to be lik'd,
For giving good example.

Let. Good! hold up
That humour by all meanes.

La. I thinke I ha' found it.
There was a certaine Mercer sent you filkes,
And cloth of gold to get his wife with child;
You slighted her, and answered not his hopes;
And now he layes to arrest you; is't not so?

Gent. Indeed my Lady wife tis so.

La. For shame
Be not ingratefull to that honest man,
To take his wares, and scorne to lye with his wife,
Do't I command you, what did I marry you for?
The portion that you brought me was not so
Abundant, though it were five thousand pounds
(Considering too the Joincture that I made you)
That you should disobey me.

Dia. It seems the husbands
In the *Antipodes* bring portions, and
The wives make Joinctures.

Ioy. Very well observ'd.

Dia. And wives, when they are old, and past
child-bearing,
Allow their youthfull husbands other women.

Let. Right. And old men give their young wives
like licence.

Dia. That I like well. Why should not our
old men,
Love their young wives as well?

Ioy. Would you have it so?

Let.

Let. Peace master *Ioylesse*, you are too lowd.
Good still.

Byp. Doe as my Lady bids, you got her woman
With child at halfe these words.

Gent. O, but anothers
Wife is another thing. Farre be it from
A Gentlemans thought to do so, having a wife
And hand-mayd of his owne, that he likes better.

Byp. There said you well: but take heed I
advise you
How you love your owne wench, or your owne
wife
Better then other mens.

Dia. Good Antipodian counsell.

La. Goe to that woman, if she prove with childe,
I'll take it as mine owne.

Gent. her husband would
Doe so. But from my house I may not stray.

Mar. If it be me your wife commends you to,
You shall not need to stray from your owne house.
I'll goe home withyou.

Bar. Precious! what doe you meane?
Pray keepe your seat: you'll put the players out.

Ioy. Here's goodly stufte! Shee's in the *Anti-*
podes too.

Per. And what are those?

Doct. All *Antipodeans*.
Attend good Sir.

La. You know your charge, obey it.

ACT II. Scene VIII.

Enter wayting woman great bellyed.

Wom. What is his charge? or whom must he
obey?

Good

Good madam with your wilde authority ;
 You are his wife, tis true, and therein may
 According to our law, rule, and controwle him.
 But you must know withall, I am your servant,
 And bound by the same law to governe you,
 And be a stay to you in declining age,
 To curbe and qualifie your head-strong will,
 Which otherwise would ruine you. Moreover,
 Though y'are his wife, I am a breeding mother,
 Of a deare childe of his ; and therein claime
 More honor from him then you ought to challenge.

La. Infooth she speakes but reason.

Gent. Pray let's home then.

Wom. You have something there to looke to,
 one would thinke,
 If you had any care. How well you saw
 Your father at Schoole to-day, and knowing how
 apt

He is to play the Trewant.

Gent. But is he not
 Yet gone to schoole ?

Wom. Stand by, and you shall see.

ACT II. Scene IX.

Enter three old men with satchells, &c.

All 3. Domine, domine duster. Three knaves
 in a cluster, &c.

Gent. O this is gallant pastime. Nay comeon,
 Is this your schoole ? was that your lesson, ha ?

1 Old. Pray now good son, indeed, indeed.

Gent. Indeed
 You shall to schoole, away with him ; and take
 Their wagships with him ; the whole cluster of
 'hem.

2 Old.

2 *Old.* You shant fend us now, so you shant.

3 *Old.* We be none of your father, so we beant.

Gent. Away with 'hem I say ; and tell their
Schoole-mistris,

What trewants they are, and bid her pay 'hem
foundly.

All 3. O, O, O.

Byp. Come, come, ye Gallows-clappers.

Dia. Alasse, will no body beg pardon for

The poore old boyes ?

Doct. Sir, gentle Sir, a word with you.

Byp. To strangers Sir I can be gentle.

Lot. Good,

Now marke that fellow, he speakes *Extempore*.

Dia. *Extempore* call you him? he's a dogged
fellow

To the three poore old things there, fie upon him.

Per. Do men of such faire years here go to
schoole ?

Byp. They would dye dunces else.

Per. Have you no young men schollers, sir I
pray ;

When we have beardedleffe doctors ?

Doct. He has wip'd my lips, you question very
wisely Sir.

Byp. So sir have wee ; and many reverend
teachers

Grave counsellors at law ; perfect statesmen,
That never knew use of Rasor, which may live
For want of wit to loose their offices.

These were great schollers in their youth. But when
Age growes upon men here, their learning wasts,
And so decays : that if they live untill
Threescore, their sons fend them to schoole againe.
They'd dye as speechlesse else as new born children.

Per. Tis a wise nation ; and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable,
Yet

Ioy. But it is late, and theſe long intermiſſions

By banqueting and Courtſhip twixt the Aſts
Will keep backe the Cataſtrophe of your play,
Vntill the morning light.

Let. All ſhall be ſhort.

Ioy. And then in miſt of Scenes
You interrupt your Aſtors; and tye them
To lengthen time in ſilence, while you hold
Diſcourſe, by th'by.

Let. Poxe o' thy jealousie.
Becauſe I give thy wife a looke, or word
Sometimes! What if I kiſſe (thus) Ile not eate
her.

Ioy. Soe, ſo, his banquet workes with him.

Let. And for my Aſtors, they ſhall ſpeake, or
not ſpeake
As much, or more, or leſſe, and when I pleaſe,
It is my way of pleaſure, and ile uſe it.
So fit: They enter. *Flouriſh.*

ACT III. Scene II.

Enter Lawyer, and Poet.

Law. Your caſe is cleare, I underſtand it fully,
And need no more inſtructions, this ſhall ſerue,
To firke your Adverſary from Court to Court,
If he ſtand out upon rebellious Legges,
But till *Octabis Michaelis* next.
Ile bring him on ſubmiſſive knees.

Dia. What's he?

Let. A Lawyer, and his Clyent there, a Poet.

Dia. Goes Law ſo torne, and Poetry ſo brave?

Ioy. Will you but give the Aſtors leave to
ſpeake,

They

They may have done the sooner?

Law. Let me see,

This is your bill of Parcels.

Poet. Yes, of all

My severall wares, according to the rates

Delivered unto my debtor.

Dia. Wares does he say?

Let. Yes, Poetry is good ware

In the Antipodes, though there be some ill payers,

As well as here; but Law there rights the Poets.

Law. Delivered too, and for the use of the right
worshipfull

Mr. Alderman *Humblebee*, as followeth—*Imprimis*
Reads.

Umh, I cannot read your hand; your Character

Is bad, and your Orthography much worse.

Read it your selfe pray.

Dia. Doe Aldermen

Love Poetry in Antipodea *London.*

Let. Better than ours doe Custards; but the
worst

Pay-masters living there; worse than our gallants,

Partly for want of money, partly wit.

Dia. Can Aldermen want wit and money too?
That's wonderfull.

Poet. *Imprimis* fir here is

For three religious Madrigalls to be sung

By th' holy Vestalls in Bridewell, for the

Conversion of our City wives and daughters,

Ten groats a peece: it was his owne agreement.

Law. Tis very reasonable.

Poet. *Item*, twelve Hymnes,

For the twelve Sessions, during his Shrievalty,

Sung by the Quire of New-gate, in the praise

Of City Clemency (for in that yeare

No guiltlesse person suffer'd by their judgement)

Ten groats a peece also.

Law. So, now it rises.

Dia. Why speaks your Poet so demurely ?

Let. Oh——

Tis a precise tone he has got among
The sober sister-hood.

Dia. Oh I remember,

The Doctor said Poets were all Puritans
In the Antipodes: But where's the Doctor ?
And where's your sonne my *Ioyleffe* ?

Let. Doe not minde him.

Poet. Item,

A Disticke graven in his thumb-ring,
Of all the wise speeches and sayings of all
His Alder Predecessors, and his brethren
In two Kings reignes.

Law. There was a curious Peece.

Poet. Two peeces he promised to me for it.

Item, inscriptions in his Hall and Parlour,
His Gallery, and garden, round the walls,
Of his owne publicke acts, betweene the time
He was a Common Councill man and shrieve,
One thousand lines put into wholsome verse.

Law. Here's a summe towards indeed! a thousand verses ?

Poet. They come to, at the knowne rate of the
City,

(That is to say at forty pence the score)
Eight pounds sixe shillings, eight pence.

Law. Well sir, on.

Poet. Item, an Elegy for Mistris Alderwoman
Upon the death of one of her Coach-mares,
She priz'd above her daughter, being crooked——

Dia. The more beast she.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha.

Bar. Enough, enough sweet-heart.

Mar. Tis true, for I should weep for that poore
daughter,

Tis

Tis like she'll have no children, pray now looke,
Am not *I* crooked too?

Bar. No, no, sit downe.

Poet. Item, a love Epistle for the Aldermanikin
his sonne,

And a Booke of the godly life and death
Of Mistris *Katherine Stubs*, which *I* have turn'd
Into sweet meetre, for the vertuous youth,
To woe an ancient Lady widow with.

Law. Heres a large summe in all, for which ile
try,

His strength in law, till he *peccavi* cry,
When I shall sing, for all his present bignesse,
Iamq: opus exegi quod nec Iovis Ira, nec ignis.

Dia. The Lawyer speaks the Poets part.

Let. He thinks

The more; the Poets in th' *Antipodes*,
Are flow of tongue, but nimble with the pen.

Poet. The counsaile and the comfort you have
given

Me, requires a double fee. *Offers mony.*

Law. Will you abuse me therefore?

I take no fees double nor single I.

Retaine your money, you retaine not me else.

Away, away, you'll hinder other Clyents.

Poet. Pray give me leave to fend then to your
wife.

Law. Not so much as a Poesie for her thimble,
For feare I spoyle your cause.

Poet. Y'ave warned me sir. *Exit.*

Dia. What a poore honest Lawyer's this?

Let. They are all so
In th' *Antipodes*.

ACT III. Scene III.

Enter a spruce yong Captaine.

Law. Y'are welcome Captaine.

In your two causes I have done my best.

Cap. And whats the issue pray sir ?

Law. Truly sir,

Our best course is not to proceed to triall.

Cap. Your reason ? I shall then recover nothing.

Law. Yes, more by composition, than the Court
Can lawfully adjudge you, as I have labour'd.
And sir, my course is, where I can compound
A difference, Ile not tosse nor bandy it
Into the hazzard of a judgement.

Dia. Still

An honest Lawyer, and tho poore, no marvaile.

Let. A kisse for thy conceite.

Ioy. A sweet occasion !

Cap. How have you done sir ?

Law. First you understand

Your severall actions, and your adversaries.
The first a Battery against a Coach-man,
That beate you forely.

Dia. What hard hearted fellow
Could beat so spruce a gentleman, and a captaine.

Cap. By this faire hilt, he did sir, and so bruis'd
My armes, so crush'd my ribs, and stich'd my
sides,

That I have had no heart to draw my sword since ;
And shall I put it up, and not his purse
Be made to pay for't ?

Law. It is up already, sir,
If you can be advis'd, observe I pray,
Your other actions 'gainst your feathermaker,

And

And that of trespasse for th'incessant trouble
He puts you to by importunate requests,
To pay him no money, but take longer day.

Cap. Against all humane reason, for although
I have bought feathers of him these four yeares,
And never paid him a penny; yet he duns me
So desperately to keepe my money still,
As if I ought him nothing; he haunts and breaks
my sleepes.

I sweare sir, by the motion of this I weare now,
Shakes it.

I have had twenty better feathers of him, and as
ill paid for,

Yet still he duns me to forbear my payment,
And to take longer day.

I ha' not said my prayers in
Mine owne lodging sir this twelvemonths day,
For sight or thought of him; and how can you
Compound this action, or the other of
That Ruffian Coachman that durst lift a hand
'Gainst a Commander.

Law. Very easily thus,
The Coachman's poore, and scarce his twelve-
moneths wages

Tho't be five markes a yeare will satisfie.

Cap. Pray name no summe in markes, I have
had too many
Of's markes already.

Law. So you owe the other
A debt of twenty pound, the Coachman now
Shall for your satisfaction, beat you out
Of debt.

Cap. Beate me againe?

Law. No sir he shall beate
For you your feather man, till he take his money.

Cap. So Ile be satisfied, and helpe him to
More customers of my ranke.

Law

Law. Leave it to me then,
It shall be by posterity repeaten
That souldiers ought not to be dund or beaten,
Away and keepe your money.

Capt. Thanke you sir.

Dia. An honest lawyer still, how he confiders
The weake estate of a young Gentleman
At armes——But who comes here ? a woman.

ACT III. Scene IV.

Enter Buffo Woman.

Let. Yes ; that has taken up the newestt fashion
Of the towne-militasters.

Dia. Is it Buffe,
Or Calfe skin troe ? she lookes as she cold beate
Out a whole Taverne garrifon before her
Of mill tasters call you 'em ? if her husband
Be an old jealous man now, and can please her

Lawyer reads on papers.

No better then most ancient husbands can,
I warrant she makes her selfe good upon him.

Ioy. Tis very good, the play begins to please
me,

Buff. I wayt to speake w'yee sir, but must I
stand

Your constring and piercing of your scribblings.

Law. Cry mercy Lady.

Dia. Lady does he call her ?

Law. Thus farre *I* have proceeded in your cause
Ith' Marshalls court.

Buff. But shall I have the combate ?

Law. Pray observe
The passages of my proceedings ; and
The pro's and contras in the windings, workings
And

And carriage of the cause.

Buff. Fah on your passages,
Your windy workings, and your fillings at
The barre. Come me to th' poynt, is it decreed,
A combate?

Law. Well, it is; and heer's your order.

Buff. Now thou hast spoken like a lawyer,
And heer's thy fee.

Law. By no meanes gentle Lady.

Buff. Take it, or I will beat thy carcasfe thinner
Then thou hast worne thy gowne here.

Law. Pardon me.

Buff. Must I then take you in hand?

Law. Hold, hold, *I* take it.

Dia. Alas poore man, he will take money yet,
Rather then blowes, and so farre he agrees
With our rich lawyers, that sometimes give blowes
And shrewd ones for their money.

Buff. Now victory
Affoord me, fate, or bravely let me dye. *Exit.*

Let. Very well acted that.

Dia. Goes she to fight now?

Let. You shall see that anon——

ACT III. Scene V.

Enter a Beggar, and a Gallant.

Dia. What's here, what's here?
A Courtier, or some gallant practising
The beggars trade, who teaches him I thinke.

Let. Y'are something near the subject.

Beg. Sir excuse me, I have
From time to time supplied you without hope,
Or purpose to receive least retribution
From you, no not so much as thanks, or bare
Acknow-

Acknowledgement of the free benefits,
I have confer'd upon you.

Gal. Yet good unkle.

Beg. Yet doe you now when that my present
store

Responds not my occasions, seeke to oppresse me
With vaine petitionary breath, for what I may not
Give without feare of dangerous detriment?

Dia. In what a phraze the ragged Orator
Displayes himselfe.

Let. The Beggars are the
Most absolute Courtiers in th' *Antipodes*.

Gal. If not a peece, yet spare me halfe a peece
For goodnesse sake good sir, d'd you but know
My instant want, and to what vertuous use,
I would distribute it, I know you would not
Hold backe your charity.

Dia. And how feelingly
He begges; then as the beggers are the best
Courtiers, it seemes the Courtiers are best beggers
In the *Antipodes*; how contrary in all
Are they to us?

Beg. Pray to what vertuous uses
Would you put money to now, if you had it?

Gal. I would bestow a crowne in Ballads,
Love-pamphlets, and such poetickall Rarities,
To send downe to my Lady Grandmother.
She's very old you know, and given much
To contemplation; I know she'l send me for 'em,
In Puddings, Bacon, Sowse and Pot-Butter
Enough to keepe my chamber all this winter.
So shall I save my fathers whole allowance
To lay upon my backe, and not be forc'd
To shift out from my study for my victualls.

Dia. Belike he is some student.

Beg. There's a crowne.

Gal. I would bestow another crowne in

Hobby-

Hobby-horses, and Rattles for my Grand-father,
Whose legges and hearing faile him very much,
Then to preserve his sight a Jack-a-lent,
In a greene farsnet suite, he'l make my father
To send me one of Scarlet, or hee'l cry
His eyes out for't.

Dia. Oh politique young student.

Beg. I have but just a fee left for my Lawyer ;
If he exact not that, Ile give it thee.

Dia. He'l take no fee (that's sure enough young
man)

Of beggars, I know that.

Let. You are deceiv'd.

Dia. Ile speake to him my selfe else to remit it.

Ioy. You will not sure, will you turne Actor
too ?

Pray doe, be put in for a share amongst em ?

Dia. How must I be put in ?

Ioy. The Players will quickly

Shew you, if you performe your part ; perhaps
They may want one to act the whore amongst 'em.

Let. Fye Master *Ioylesse*, y'are too fowle.

Ioy. My Lord,

She is too faire it seemes in your opinion,
For me, therefore if you can finde it lawfull,
Keepe her ; I will be gone.

Let. Now I protest

Sit and sit civilly, till the play be done,
Ile iock thee up else, as I am true *Letoy*.

Ioy. Nay I ha' done——— *Whistles Fortune
my foe.*

Law. Give me my fee, I cannot heare you else.

Beg. Sir I am poore, and all I get, is at
The hands of charitable givers ; pray sir.

Law. You understand me sir, your cause is to be
Pleaded to day, or you are quite orethrowne in't.
The Judge by this tyme is about to sit.

Keepe

Keepe fast your money, and forgoe your wit. *Exit.*

Beg. Then *I* must follow, and entreate him to it,
Poore men in law must not disdaine to doe it.

Exit.

Gal. Doe it then, Ile follow you and heare the
cause. *Exit.*

Dia. True Antipodians still, for as with us,
The Gallants follow Lawyers, and the beggers them ;
The Lawyer here is follow'd by the begger,
While the gentleman followes him.

Let. The morall is, the Lawyers here prove
beggers,
And beggers only thrive by going to law.

Dia. How takes the Lawyers then the beggers
money ?

And none else by their wills ?

Let. They send it all
Up to our lawyers, to stop their mouths,
That curse poor Clyents that are put upon 'em.
In forma Pauperis.

Dia. In truth most charitable,
But sure that money's lost by th' way sometimes.
Yet sweet my Lord, whom do these beggers beg of,
That they can get aforehand so for law ?
Who are their benefactors ?

Let. Usurers, Usurers.

Dia. Then they have Usurers in th' *Antipodes*
too ?

Let. Yes Usury goes round the world, and will
doe,
Till the generall conversion of the Jewes.

Dia. But ours are not so charitable I feare.
Who be their Usurers ?

Let. Souldiers, and Courtiers chiefly ;
And some that passe for grave and pious Church-
men.

Dia. How finely contrary th'are still to ours.

ACT

ACT III. Scene V.

Enter Byplay.

Let. Why doe you not enter, what are you
asleepe?—

Byp. My Lord the madde young Gentleman.—

Ioy. What of him?

Byp. He has got into our Tying-house amongst
us,

And tane a strict survey of all our properties,
Our statues and our images of Gods; our Planets
and our constellations

Our Giants, Monsters, Furies, Beasts, and Bug-
Beares,

Our Helmets, Shields, and Vizors, Haires, and
Beards,

Our Pastbord March-paines, and our Wooden Pies.

Let. Sirrah be briefe, be not you now as long in
Telling what he saw, as he surveying.

Byp. Whether he thought twas some enchanted
Castle,

Or Temple, hung and pild with Monuments

Of uncouth, and of various aspects,

I dive not to his thoughts, wonder he did

A while it seem'd, but yet undanted stood:

When on the suddaine, with thrice knightly force,

And thrice, thrice, puissant arme he snatcheth
downe

The sword and shield that I playd *Bovis* with,

Rusheth amongst the foresaid properties,

Kils Monster, after Monster; takes the Puppets

Prisoners, knocks downe the Cyclops, tumbles all

Our jigambobs and trinckets to the wall.

Spying at last the Crowne and royall Robes

Ith

To cease your hufwifry in spinning out
The Play at length thus.

Doct. Heere fir, you shall see

A poynt of Justice handled.

Byp. Officer.

Off. My Lord.

Byp. Call the defendant, and the Plaintiffe in.

Sword. Their counsell and their witnessess.

Byp. How now !

How long ha you beene free oth Poyntmakers,
Good Master hilt and scaberd carrier ;

(Which is in my hands now) do you give order
For counsell and for witnessess in a cause

Fit for my hearing, or for me to judge, haw ?

I must be rul'd and circumscrib'd by Lawyers
must I,

And witnessess haw ? no you shall know

I can give judgement, be it right or wrong,

Without their needleffe proving and defending :

So bid the Lawyers goe and shake their eares,

If they have any, and the witnessess,

Preserve their breath to prophesie of dry summers.

Bring me the plaintiffe, and defendant only :

But the defendant first, I will not heare

Any complaint before I understand

What the defendant can say for himselfe.

Per. I have not known such down right equity,
If he proceeds as he begins, ile grace him.--

ACT III. Scene VII.

Enter Gentleman, and Officer.

By. Now fir, are you the plaintiffe or defendant,
haw ?

Gent. Both as the case requires my Lord.

Byp.

Before you are one, and when you appeare fo,
Then thanke your felfe ; your jealousie durst not
trust me,

Behinde you in the country, and since *I*me here,
*I*le see and know, and follow th'fashion ; if
It be to cuckold you, I cannot helpe it.

Ioy. I now could wish my sonne had beene as
farre

In the *Antipodes* as he thinkes himselfe,
Ere *I* had runne this hazzard.

Let. Y're instructed.

Bar. And *I*le perform't I warrant you my Lord.

Ex. Ba. Mar.

Dia. Why should you wish so ? had you rather
loose

Your son then please your wife ? you shew your
love both waies.

Let. Now whats the matter ?

Ioy. Nothing, nothing.—

Let. Sit, the Actors enter.

Flourish.

ACT III. Scene VI.

Enter Byplay the Governour, Mace-bearer, Sword-bearer, Officer, the Mace and Sword laid on the Table, the Governour sits.

Dia. What's he a King ?

Let. No tis the City Governor,
And the chiefe Judge within their Corporation.

Ioy. Here's a City *Enter Peregrine*
Like to be well govern'd then—— *and Doctor.*

Let. Yonder's a king, doe you know him ?

Dia. Tis your sonne,
My *Ioylesse*, now y'are pleas'd.

Ioy. Would you were pleas'd,

To

*ACT III. Scene VIII.**Enter Citizen, and Officer.*

By. Come you forwards,
 Yet nerer man, J know my face is terrible,
 And that a Citizen had rather lose
 His debt, then that a Judge should truly know
 His dealings with a gentleman, yet speake,
 Repeat without thy shop booke now ; and without
 Feare, it may rise in judgement here against thee.
 What is thy full demand ? what satisfaction
 Requirest thou of this gentleman ?

Cit. And please you sir——

Sword. Sir ! you forget your selfe.

By. Twas well said Sword-bearer,
 Thou knowst thy place, which is to shew correction.

Cit. My Lord an't please you, if it like your
 honour.

By. La ! an intelligent Citizen, and may grow
 In time himselfe to sit in place of worship.

Cit. I aske no satisfaction of the gentleman,
 But to content my wife ; what her demand is,
 Tis best knowne to her selfe ; please her, please me,
 An't please you sir—My Lord an't like your honour.
 But before he has given her satisfaction,
 I may not fall my fuit, nor draw my action.

By. You may not.

Cit. No alacke a day I may not,
 Nor find content, nor peace at home, and't please
 you

(My Lord, an't like your honour I would say)
 An't please you, what's a tradesman, that
 Has a faire wife, without his wife, an't please you ?
 And she without content is no wife, considering

We

We tradef-men live by gentlemen, an't please you,
And our wives drive a halfe trade with us, if the
gentlemen

Breake with our wives, our wives are no wives to us,
And we but broken Tradef-men, an't please you.
And't like your honour, my good Lord, and't please
you.

By. You argue honestly.

Cit. Yet gentlemen,
A lacke a day, and please you, and like your honour,
Will not consider our necessities,
And our desire in general through the City,
To have our sonnes all gentlemen like them.

By. Nor though a gentleman consume
His whole estate among ye, yet his sonne
May live t'inherit it?

Cit. Right, right, and't please you :
Your honour my good Lord and't please you.

By. Well,
This has so little to be said against it,
That you say nothing. Gentlemen it seems
Y'are obstinate, and will stand out——

Gent. My Lord,
Rather then not to stand out with all mens wives,
Except mine owne, ile yield me into prison.

Cit. Alacke a day.

Dia. If our young gentlemen,
Were like those of th' Antipodes, what decay
Of trade would here bee, and how full the prisons ?

Gent. I offer him any other satisfaction ;
His wares againe, or money twice the value.

By. That's from the poynt.

Cit. I, I, alacke a day,
Nor doe I sue to have him up in prison,
Alacke a day, what good (good gentleman)
Can I get by his body ?

By. Peace, I should

Now give my sentence, and for your contempt,
 (which is a great one, such as if let passe
 Unpunished, may spread forth a dangerous
 Example to the breach of City custome,
 By gentlemens neglect of Tradescmens wives)
 I should say for this contempt commit you
 Prisoner from sight of any other woman,
 Untill you give this mans wife satisfaction,
 And she release you ; justice so would have it :
 But as I am a Citizen by nature,
 (For education made it so) ile use
 Urbanity in your behalfe towards you ;
 And as I am a gentleman by calling,
 (For so my place must have it) ile performe
 For you the office of a gentleman
 Towards his wife, I therefore order thus ;
 That you bring me the wares here into Court,
 (I have a chest shall hold 'hem, as mine owne)
 And you send me your wife, ile satisfie her
 My selfe. Ile do't, and set all streight and
 right :

Justice is blinde, but Judges have their sight.

Dia. And feeling too in the *Antipodes*.

Han't they my Lord ?

Joy. What's that to you my Lady ?

Within. Dismiss the Court.

Let. Dismiss the Court, cannot you heare the
 prompter ?

Ha' you lost your eares, Judge ?

By. No : dismiss the Court,

Embrace you friends, and to shun further strife,
 See you send me your stufte, and you your wife.

Per. Most admirable Justice.

Dia. Protest *Extempore* plaid the Judge ; and I
 Knew him not all this while.

Joy. What over-sight
 Was there ?

Dia.

Dia. He is a properer man methinks
Now, than he was before : sure I shall love him.

Joy. Sure, sure, you shall not, shall you ?

Dia. And I warrant,
By his Judgement speech ee'n now, he loves a
woman well :

For he said, if you noted him, that he
Would satisfie the Citizens wife himselfe.

Methinks a gentlewoman might please him better.

Byplay kneeles, and kisses Peregrines hand.

Joy. How dare you talke so ?

Dia. What's he a doing now troe ?

Per. Kneele downe
Againe. Give me a sword some body.

Let. The King's about to Knight him.

By. Let me pray
Your Majesty be pleased, yet to with-hold
That undeserved honour, till you first
Vouchsafe to grace the City with your presence,
Accept one of our Hall-feasts, and a freedome,
And freely use our purse for what great summes
Your Majesty will please.

Dia. What subjects there are
In the *Antipodes*.

Let. None in the world so loving.

Per. Give me a sword, I say, must I call thrice ?

Let. No, no, take mine my Liege.

Per. Yours ! what are you ?

Doct. A loyall Lord, one of your subjects too.

Per. He may be loyall ; he's a wondrous plaine
one,

Joy. Prithee *Diana*, yet lets slip away
Now while he's busie.

Dia. But where's your daughter in Law ?

Joy. Come home I warrant you with Mistris
Blaze.

Let them be our example.

Dia.

Dia. You are cofen'd.

Joy. Y'are an impudent whore.

Dia. I know not what I may be
Made by your jealoufie.

Per. Ile none o' this,
Give me that Princely weapon.

Let. Give it him.

Sword. It is a property you know my Lord,
No blade, but a rich Scabbard with a Lath in't.

Let. So is the sword of Justice for ought he
knows.

Per. It is enchanted.

By. Yet on me let it fall,
Since tis your highneffe will, Scabbard and all.

Per. Rife up our trusty well beloved Knight.

By. Let me finde favour in your gracious fight
To taste a banquet now, which is prepar'd,
And shall be by your followers quickly shar'd.

Per. My followers, where are they?

Let. Come Sirs quickly.

Ent. 5. or 6. Courtiers.

Per. Tis well, lead on the way.

Dia. And must not we
Goe to the Banquet too?

Let. He must not see
You yet; I have provided otherwise
For both you in my Chamber, and from thence
Wee'll at a window see the rest oth' Play,
Or if you needs fir will stay here, you may.

Joy. Was ever man betray'd thus into torment?

Ex.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Doctor, and Peregrine.

Doct. **N**OW fir be pleas'd to cloud your Princely
raiment
With this disguise. Great Kings have done the
like,
To make discovery of passages *Puts on a Cloake*
Among the people : thus you *and Hat.*
shall perceive

What to approve, and what correct among 'hem.

Per. And so ile cherish, or severely punish.

Enter an old woman reading : to her, a young Maid.

Doct. Stand close fir, and observe.

Old. Royall pastime, in a great match betweene
the Tanners and the Butchers, fixe dogges of a
side, to play single at the game Bear, for fifty
pound, and a tenne pound supper, for their dogs
and themselves. Also you shall see two ten dogge-
courses at the Great Beare.

Maid. Fie Granny fie, can no perswasions,
Threatnings, nor blowes prevaile, but you'll persist
In these prophane and Diabolicall courses,
To follow Bear baitings, when you can scarce
Spell out their Bills with spectacles ?

Old. What though
My sight be gone beyond the reach of Spectacles,
In any print but this, and though I cannot,
(No, no, I cannot read your meditations) *strikes*
Yet I can see the Royall game plaid *downe*
over and over, *her book.*
And

And tell which dogge does best, without my Spectacles.

And though I could not, yet *I* love the noyse ;
The noyse revives me, and the Bear-garden scent
Refresheth much my smelling.

Maid. Let me entreat you

Forbeare such beastly pastimes, th'are Sathanicall.

Old. Take heed Child what you say, tis the
Kings game.

Per. What is my game ?

Doct. Bear-baiting fir she meanes. (Venison

Old. A Beare's a Princely beast, and one side
(Writ a good Author once) you yet want yeares,
And are with Bawbles pleas'd, ile see the Beares.

Exit.

Maid. And *I* must beare with it, she's full of
wine,

And for the present wilfull ; but in due
Season ile humble her : but we are all
Too subject to infirmity.

ACT IV. Scene II.

Enter a yong Gentleman, and an old Serving-man.

Gent. Boy—Boy.

Ser. Sir.

Gent. Here take my Cloake.

Per. Boy did he say ?

Doct. Yes fir, old servants are
But Boyes to Masters, be they nere so young.

Gent. Tis heavy, and *I* sweate.

Ser. Take mine, and keepe you warme then,
Ile weare yours.

Gent. Out you Varlet,

Doct

Dost thou obscure it, as thou meantst to pawne it?
Is this a Cloake unworthy of the light?

Publish it firrah :—oh presumptuous slave,
Display it on one arme——oh ignorance!

Ser. Pray load your Assfe your selfe, as you
would have it.

Gent. Nay prethee be not angry: Thus, and
now

Be sure you bear't at no such distance; but
As't may be knowne *appendix* to this booke.

Per. This custome I have seene with us.

Doct. Yes, but

It was deriv'd from the *Antipodes*.

Maid. It is a dainty creature, and my blood
Rebells against the spirit: I must speake to him.

Ser. Sir here's a Gentlewoman makes towards
you.

Gent. Me? she's deceiv'd, I am not for her
mowing. (pany?)

Maid. Faire sir, may you vouchsafe my com-

Gent. No truly, I am none of those you look for.
The way is broad enough, unhand me pray you.

Maid. Pray sir be kinder to a lassfe that loves
you.

Gent. Some such there are, but I am none of
those.

Maid. Come, this is but a Coppy of your
Countenance.

I ha knowne you better than you thinke I doe.

Gent. What ha you knowne me for?

Maid. I knew you once
For halfe a peece I take it.

Gent. You are deceiv'd
The whole breadth of your nose. I scorne it.

Maid. Come be not coy, but send away your
servant,
And let me gi' you a pint of wine.

Gent. Pray keepe
Your courtesie, I can bestow the wine
Vpon my selfe, if I were so dispos'd,
To drinke in Tavernes ; fah.

Maid. Let me bestow't
Vpon you at your lodging then ; and there
Be civilly merry.

Gent. Which if you doe,
My wife shall thanke you for it ; but your better
Course is to seeke one fitter for your turne,
You'll lose your aime in me ; and I befriend you
To tell you so.

Maid. Gip gaffer Shotten, fagh,
Take that for your coy Counsell. *Kicks.*

Gent. Helpe, oh helpe.

Ser. What meane you gentlewoman ?

Maid. That to you sir. *Kicks.*

Gent. O murther, murther.

Ser. Peace good Master,
And come away. Some Cowardly Jade I warrant,
That durst not strike a woman.

ACT IV. Scene III.

Enter Constable, and Watch.

Con. What's the matter ?

Ser. But and we were your match.—

Watch. What would you doe ?

Come, come afore the Constable : now if
You were her match, what would you doe sir ?

Maid. Doe ? *(weeps.)*

They have done too much already sir : a Virgin
Shall not passe shortly for these street-walkers,
If some judicious order be not taken.

Gen.

Gent. Heare me the truth.

Con. Sir, speake to your companions,
I have a wife and daughters, and am bound,
By hourelly precepts, to heare women first,
Be't truth, or no truth, therefore virgin speake,
And feare no bug beares, I will doe thee justice.

Mayd. Sir, they assayld me, and with violent
hands,
When words could not prevaile, they would have
drawne mee

Aside unto their lust till I cryed murder.

Gent. Protest Sir, as I am a gentleman,
And as my man's a man she beat us both,
Till I cryd murder.

Ser. That's the woefull truth on't.

Con. You are a party, and no witnesse fir,
Besides y'are two, and one is easier
To be beleev'd : moreover as you have the oddes
In number, what were justice, if it should not sup-
port
The weaker side? Away with them to the
Counter.

Per. Call you this justice?

Doct. In th' *Antipodes.*

Per. Here's much to be reform'd, young man
thy vertue
Hath wonne my favour, goe, thou art at large.

Doct. Be gone.

Gent. He puts me out, my part is now
To bribe the Constable.

Doct. No matter goe——

Exit. Gent. and Servant.

Per. And you fir, take that sober seeming
wanton,
And clap her up, till I heare better of her,
Ile strip you of your office and your eares else.

Doct. At first shew mercy.

Per.

Per. They are an ignorant nation,
And have my pittie mingled with correction :
And therefore, damsell (for you are the first
Offender I have noted here, and this
Your first offence (for ought I know)

Maid. Yes truely.

Doct. That was well said.

Per. Goe and transgresse no more,
And as you finde my mercy sweet, see that
You be not cruell to your grandmother,
When she returnes from beare-baiting.

Doct. So all be gone.

Ex.

*Enter Buffe woman, her head and face bleeding,
and many women, as from a Prize.*

Per. And what are these ?

Doct. A woman Fencer, that has plaid a Prize,
It seemes, with Losse of blood.

Per. It doth amaze me. *They passe over.*

What can her husband be, when shee's a Fencer ?

Doct. He keepes a Schoole, and teacheth needle-
worke,

Or some such Arts which we call womanish.

Per. Tis most miraculous and wonderfull.

Man scould within. Rogues, Varlets, Harlots, ha
you done

Your worst, or would you drowne me ? would you
take my life ?

Women within. Ducke him againe, ducke him
againe.

Per. What noise is this ?

Doct. Some man it seemes, that's duckt for
scolding.

Per. A man for scolding ?

Doct. You shall see.

ACT IV. Scene IV.

Enter women and man-scold.

Wom. So, so,
Enough, enough, he will be quiet now.

Manfc. How know you that, you divell ridden
witch you ?

How, quiet ; why quiet ? has not the law past on
me,

Over, and over me, and must I be quiet ?

1 Wom. Will you incurre the law the second
time ?

Manfc. The lawes the river, ist ? yes tis a river,
Through which great men, and cunning, wade, or
swimme ;

But meane and ignorant must drowne in't ; no
You haggess and hel-hounds, witches, bitches, all,
That were the law, the Judge, and Executioners,
To my vexation, I hope to see
More flames about your eares, then all the water
You cast me in can quench.

3 Wom. In with him againe, he calls us names.

2 Wom. No, no ; I charge yee no.

Manfc. Was ever harmelesse creature so abus'd ?
To be drench'd under water, to learne dumbnesse
Amongst the fishes, as I were forbidden
To use the naturall members I was borne with,
And of them all, the chiefe that man takes plea-
sure in ;

The tongue ; Oh me accursed wretch. *weepes.*

Per. Is this a man ?

I aske not by his bearde, but by his teares.

1 Wom. This shewre will spende the fury of his
tongue,

And

And so the tempest's over.

2 *Wom.* I am sorry for't,
I would have had him duck'd once more ;
But some body will shortly raise the storme
In him againe I hope for us, to make
More holiday-sport of him.

Exit.

Per. Sure these are dreames,
Nothing but dreames.

Doct. No, doubtlesse we are awake fir.

Per. Can men and women be so contrary
In all that we hold proper to each sex ?

Doct. I'me glad he takes a taste of fence in
that yet.

Per. 'Twill aske long time and study to reduce
Their manners to our government.

Doct. these are
Low things and easie to be qualified——
But see fir, here come Courtiers, note their manners.

ACT IV. Scene V.

Enter a Courtier.

1 *Cour.* This was three shillings yesterday, how
now !

All gone but this ? six pence, for leather soles
To my new greene filke stockings, and a groate
My ordinary in Pompions bak'd with Onions.

Per. Doe such eate Pompions ?

Doct. Yes : and Clownes Musk-Mellons.

1 *Cour.* Three pence I lost at Nyne-pines ; but
I got

Six tokens towards that at Pigeon holes——
'S nayles wheres the rest ; is my poake bottome
broake ?

2 *Cour.*

2 *Cour.* What *Iacke*! A pox oretake thee not;
how dost? *kicke.*

1 *Cour.* What with a vengeance aylst? dost
thinke my breech
Is made of Bell mettall? take that.

Box o'th eare.

2 *Cour.* In earnest?

1 *Cour.* Yes till more comes.

2 *Cour.* Pox rot your hold, let goe my locke,
dee thinke

Y'are currying of your Fathers horse againe?

1 *Cour.* Ile teach you to abuse a man behind,
Was troubled too much afore.

They buffet.

ACT IV. Scene VI.

Ent. 3. Court.

3 *Cour.* Hay, there boyes, there.
Good boyes are good boyes still. There *Will*,
there *Iack*.

Not a blow, now he's downe.

2 *Cour.* 'Twere base, I scorn't.

1 *Cour.* There's as proud fall, as stand in Court
or City.

3 *Cour.* That's well said *Will*, troth I commend
you both.

How fell you out? I hope in no great anger.

2 *Cour.* For mine owne part I vow I was in jeft.

1 *Cour.* But I have told you twice and once,
Will, jeft not

With me behind I never could endure
(Not of a Boy) to put up things behinde:

And

And that my Tutor knew ; I had bin a Schollar
 else.

Besides you know my sword was nock'd i'th'
 fashion,

Iust here behinde, for my backe-guard and all ;
 And yet you would do't.

I had as lief e you would take a knife——

3 *Cour.* Come, come,
 Y're friends. Shake hands ile give you halfe a
 dozen

At the next Ale-house, to fet all right and streight.
 And a new song ; a dainty one ; here tis.

a Ballad.

1 *Cour.* O thou art happy that canst reade——
 I would buy Ballads too, had I thy learning.

3 *Cour.* Come, we burn day-light, and the Ale
 may fowre. *Ex.*

Per. Call you these Courtiers ? They are rude
 filken Clowns ;

As course within, as water-men or Car-men.

Doct. Then look on these : Here are of those
 conditions.

ACT IV. Scene VII.

Ent. carman, & waterman.

Wat. Sir, I am your servant.

Car. I am much oblig'd

Sir, by the plenteous favours your humanity
 And noble vertue have conferr'd upon me,
 To answer with my service your deservings.

Wat. You speake what I should say. Be there-
 fore pleas'd

T'unload, and lay the wait of your commands
 Vpon my care to serve you.

Car.

Car. Still your Courtesies,
Like waves of a Spring-tide, ore-flow the Bankes
Of your abundant store ; and from your Channell,
Or streame of faire affections you cast forth
Those sweet refreshings on me (that were else
But sterile earth) which cause a gratitude
To grow upon me, humble, yet ambitious
In my Devoire, to doe you best of service.

Wat. I shall no more extend my utmost labour,
With Oare and Saile to gaine the lively-hood
Of wfe and children, then to set a shore
You, and your faithfull honourers at the haven
Of your best wishes.

Car. Sir, I am no lesse
Ambitious, to be made the happy meanes,
With whip and whistle, to draw up or drive
All your detractors to the Gallowes.

ACT IV. Scene VIII.

Enter Sedan-man.

Wat. See,
Our noble friend.

Sed. Right happily encountred——
I am the just admirer of your vertues.

2. We are, in all, your servants.

Sed. I was in quest
Of such elect society, to spend
A dinner-time withall.

2. Sir we are for you.

Sed. Three are the golden Number in a
Taverne ;
And at the next of best, with the best meate,
And wine the house affords (if you so please)

We

We will be competently merry. *I*
 Have receiv'd, lately, Letters from beyond Seas,
 Importing much of the occurrences,
 And passages of forraigne States. The knowledge
 Of all *I* shall impart to you.

Wat. And *I*

Have all the new advertisements from both
 Our Universities, of what has past
 The most remarkably of late.

Car. And from

The Court I have the newes at full,
 Of all that was observable this Progresse.

Per. From Court?

Doct. Yes, sir: They know not there, they have
 A new King here at home.

Sed. Tis excellent!

We want but now, the newes-collecting Gallant
 To fetch his Dinner, and Materialls
 For his this weeks dispatches.

Wat. I dare thinke

The meat and newes being hot upon the Table,
 He'll smell his way to't.

Sed. Please you to know yours, sir?

Car. Sir, after you.

Sed. Excuse me.

Wat. By no meanes sir.

Car. Sweet Sir lead on.

Sed. It shall be as your servant
 Then, to prepare your dinner.

Wat. Pardon me.

Car. Infooth ile follow you.

Wat. Yet tis my obedience. *Ex.*

Per. Are these but labouring men, and tother
 Courtiers?

Doct. Tis common here sir, for your watermen
 To write most learnedly, when your Courtier
 Has scarce ability to read. *Per:*

Per : Before I reigne

A Moneth among them, they shall change their notes,

Or ile ordaine a course to change their Coats.

I shall have much to doe in reformation.

Doct : Patience and Counsell will goe through it fir.

Per : What if *I* crav'd ? a Counsell from New England ?

The old will spare me none.

Doct : Is this man mad ?

My cure goes fairely on. Doe you marvaile that Poore men out-shine the Courtiers ? Looke you fir,

A sicke-man giving counsell to a Physitian :
And there's a Puritan Trades-man, teaching a
Great Traveller to lye : That Ballad-woman
Gives light to the most learned Antiquary
In all the Kingdome.

Bal : Buy new Ballads, come.

*These persons passe over the Stage in Couples,
according as he describes them.*

Doct : A naturall foole, there, giving grave instructions

T'a Lord Embassador : That's a Schismatick,
Teaching a Scrivener to keep his eares :
A parish Clarke, there, gives the Rudiments
Of Military Discipline to a Generall :
And there's a Basket-maker confuting *Bellarmino*.

Per : Will you make me mad ?

Doct. We are faild, I hope,
Beyond the line of madnesse. Now fir, see
A States-man studious for the Common-wealth,
Solicited by Projectors of the Country.

ACT IV. Scene IX.

*Ent. Byplay like a Statesman. 3. or 4.
Projectors with bundles of papers.*

Byp. Your Projects are all good *I* like them wel,
Especially these two : This for th' increafe of
wool :

And this for the destroying of Mice : They'r good,
And grounded on great reason. As for yours,
For putting downe the infinite use of *Jacks*,
(Whereby the education of young children,
In turning spits, is greatly hindred)
It may be look'd into : And yours against
The multiplicity of pocket-watches,
(Whereby much neighbourly familiarity,
By asking, what de'ye'e gesse it is a Clocke ?
Is lost) when every puny Clerke can carry
The time oth' day in's Breeches : This, and these
Hereafter may be lookt into : For present ;
This for the increafe of Wool ; that is to say,
By sleying of live horses, and new covering them
With Sheeps-skins, I doe like exceedingly.
And this for keeping of tame Owles in Cities,
To kill up Rats and Mice, whereby all Cats
May be destroyed, as an especiall meanes
To prevent witch-craft and contagion.

Per. Here's a wise businesse !

Pro. Will your honour now,
Be pleas'd to take into consideration
The poore mens suits for Briefes, to get reliefe
By common charity throughout the Kingdome,
Towards recovery of their lost estates,

Byp.

Byp. What are they? let me heare.

Pro. Firſt, here's a Gamſter, that ſold houſe and land,

To the knowne value of five thouſand pounds,
And by miſfortune of the Dice loſt all,
To his extreame undoing; having neither
A wife or child to ſuccour him.

Byp. A Batchelour!

Pro. Yes, my good Lord.

Byp. And young, and healthfull?

Pro. Yes.

Byp. Alas tis lamentable: he deſerves much
pitty.

Per. How's this?

Doct. Obſerve him further, pray fir.

Pro. Then, here's a Bawd, of ſixty odde yeares
ſtanding.

Byp. How old was ſhe when ſhe ſet up?

Pro. But foure

And twenty, my good Lord. She was both ware
And Merchant; Fleſh and Butcher, (as they ſay)
For the firſt twelve yeares of her houſe-keeping:
She's now upon foureſcore, and has made markets
Of twice foure thouſand choyſe virginities;
And twice their number of indifferent geare.
(No riſſe raffe was ſhe ever knowne to cope for)
Her life is certiſ'd here by the Juſtices,
Adjacent to her dwelling——

Byp. She is decai'd.

Pro. Quite trade-fallen, my good Lord, now in
her dotage;

And deſperately undone by ryot.

Byp. 'Laſſe good woman.

Pro. She has conſum'd in prodigall feaſts and
Fidlers,

And laſhiv lendings to debauch'd Comrades,
That ſuckt her purſe, in Jewells, Plate, and money,

To

To the full value of fixe thousand pounds.

Byp. She shall have a Collection, and deserves it.

Per. Tis monstrous, this.

Pro. Then here are divers more,
Of Pandars, Cheaters, hōuse-and high-wayRobbers,
That have got great estates in youth and strength,
And wasted all as fast in wine and Harlots,
Till age o'retooke 'hem, and disabled them,
For getting more.

Byp. For such the Law provides
Reliefe within those Counties, where they practis'd.

Per. Ha! what for thieves?

Doct. Yes, their Law punisheth
The rob'd, and not the thiefe, for surer warning,
And the more safe prevention. I have seene
Folkes whipt for losing of their goods and money,
And the picke-pockets cherish'd.

Byp. The weale publicke,
As it severely punisheth their neglect,
Undone by fire ruines, shipwracke, and the like,
With whips, with brands, and losse of carelesse
cares,

Imprisonment, banishment, and sometimes death;
And carefully maintaineth houses of Correction
For decay'd Schollars, and maim'd Souldiers;
So doth it finde reliefe, and almes-houses,
For such as liv'd by Rapine and by Cosenage.

Per. Still worse and worse! abominable!
horrid!

Pro. Yet here is one, my Lord, 'bove all the
rest,
Whose services have generally bin knowne,
Though now he be a spectacle of pitty:

Byp. Who's that?

Pro. The captaine of the Cut-purses, my Lord;
That was the best at's art that ever was,
Is fallen to great decay, by the dead palsie

In both his hands, and craves a large collection.

Byp. Ile get it him.

Per. You shall not get it him.

Doe you provide whips, brands ; and ordaine death,
For men that suffer under fire, or shipwracke,
The losse of all their honest gotten wealth :
And finde reliefe for Cheaters, Bawdes, and
Thieves ?

Ile hang yee all.

Byp. Mercy great King.

Omnes. O mercy.

Byp. Let not our ignorance suffer in your wrath,
Before we understand your highnesse Lawes,
We went by custome, and the warrant, which
We had in your late Predecessors raigne ;
But let us know your pleasure, you shall finde
The State and Common-wealth in all obedient,
To alter Custome, Law, Religion, all,
To be conformable to your commands.

Per. Tis a faire protestation : And my mercy
Meets your submission. See you merit it
In your conformity.

Byp. Great Sir we shall.

In signe whereof we lacerate these papers
And lay our necks beneath your Kingly feet.

Letoy, Diana, Ioyleffe, *appeare above.*

Per. Stand up, you have our favour.

Dia. And mine too ?

Never was such an actor as *Extempore !* (him.)

Ioy. You were best to flye out of the window to

Dia. Me thinkes I am even light enough to doe it.

Ioy. I could finde in my heart to Quoit thee at
him.

Dia. So he would catch me in his arms I
car'd not.

Let. Peace both of you, or you'l spoyle all.

Byp.

S O N G.

H *Ealth, wealth, and joy our wishes bring,
 All in a welcome to our king:
 May no delight be found,
 Wherewith he be not crown'd.
 Apollo with the Muses,
 Who Arts divine infuses,
 With their choyce Chyrlonds decke his head ;
 Love and the graces make his bed :
 And to crowne all, let Hymen to his side,
 Plant a delicious, chaste, and fruitfull Bride.*

Byp. Now Sir be happy in a marriage choyce,
 That shall secure your title of a king.
 See sir, your state presents to you the daughter,
 The onely childe and heire apparant of
 Our late deposed and deceased Soveraigne,
 Who with his dying breath bequeath'd her to you.

Per. A Crowne secures not an unlawfull marriage.

I have a wife already.

Doct. No : you had sir,

But she's deceased.

Per. How know you that ?

Doct. By sure advertisement ; and that her fleeting spirit

Is flowne into, and animates this Princeesse.

Per. Indeed she's wondrous like her.

Doct. Be not slacke

T'embrace and kisse her Sir.

He kisses her and retires.

Mar. He kisses sweetly ;

And that is more than ere my husband did.
 But more belongs then kissing to child-getting ;
 And he's so like my husband, if you note him,
 That I shall but lose time and wishes by him,
 No, no, Ile none of him.

Bar.

Bar. Ile warrant you he shall fulfill your wishes.

Mar. O but try him you first : and then tell me.

Bar. There's a new way indeed to choose a husband !

Yet twere a good one to barre foole getting.

Doct. Why doe you stand aloofe Sir ?

Per. Mandivell writes

Of people neare the *Antipodes*, called *Gadlibriens* :
Where on the wedding-night the husband hires
Another man to couple with his bride,
To cleare the dangerous passage of a Maidenhead.

Doct. 'Slid he falls backe againe to *Mandevile* madnesse.

Per. She may be of that Serpentine generation
That stings oft times to death (as *Mandevile* writes)

Doct. She's no *Gadlibrien*, Sir, upon my knowledge.

You may as safely lodge with her, as with

A mayd of our owne nation. Besides,

You shall have ample counsell : for the present,
Receive her, and intreat her to your Chappell.

Byp. For safety of your King-
dome, you must do it.

Let. So, so, so, so, this yet may
prove a cure.

Dia. See my Lord now is acting
by himselfe.

Let. And *Letoy's* wit cryd up triumphant hoe.
Come master *Toyleffe* and your wife, come downe
Quickly, your parts are next. I had almost
Forgot to send my chaplaine after them.
You *Domine* where are you ?

Haughtboies
Exit in state
as Letoy di-
rects. Manet
Letoy.

ACT IV. Scene XI.

Enter Quailpipe in a fantasticall shape.

Qua. Here my Lord.

Let. What in that shape?

Chap. Tis for my part my Lord,
Which is not all perform'd.

Let. It is fir, and the Play for this time. We
Have other worke in hand.

Quai. Then have you lost
Action (*I dare be bold to speake it*) that
Most of my coat could hardly imitate.

Let. Goe shift your coat fir, or for expedition,
Cover it with your owne, due to your function.
Follyes, as well as vices, may be hid so:
Your vertue is the fame; dispatch, and doe
As Doctor *Hughball* shall direct you, go.

Exit Quail.

ACT IV. Scene XII.

Enter Ioylesse, Diana.

Now Master *Ioylesse*, doe you note the progreffe
And the faire issue likely to insue
In your sons cure? observe the Doctors art.
First, he has shifted your sonnes knowne disease
Of madnesse into folly; and has wrought him
As farre short of a competent reason, as
He was of late beyond it, as a man

Infected

Infected by some fowle disease is drawne
By physicke into an Anatomy,
Before flesh fit for health can grow to reare him,
So is a mad-man made a foole, before
Art can take hold of him to wind him up
Into his proper Center, or the Medium
From which he flew beyond himselfe. The Doctor
Assures me now, by what he has collected
As well from learned authors as his practise,
That his much troubled and confused braine
Will by the reall knowledge of a woman,
Now opportunely tane, be by degrees
Setled and rectified, with the helps beside
Of rest and dyet, which he'll administer.

Dia. But tis the reall knowledge of the woman
(Carnall I think you meane) that carries it.

Let. Right, right.

Dia. Nay right or wrong, I could even wish
If he were not my husbands son, the Doctor
Had made my selfe his *Recipe*, to be the meanes
Of such a Cure.

Ioy. How, how?

Dia. Perhaps that course might cure your mad-
nes too,
Of jealousy, and set all right on all sides.
Sure, if I could but make him such a foole,
He would forgo his madnes, and be brought
To christian Sence againe.

Ioy. Heaven grant me patience,
And send us to my Country home againe.

Dia. Besides, the yong mans wife's as mad as
he,
What wife worke will they make!

Let. The better, fear't not.

Bab Blaze shall give her Counsell; and the youth
Will give her royall satisfaction,
Now, in this Kingly humour, I have a way

To

To cure your husbands jealousy my felfe.

Dia. Then I am friends again : Even now I was not

When you sneapt me my Lord.

Let. That you must pardon :

Come Mr. *Ioylesse*. The new married paire
Are towards bed by this time ; we'le not trouble
them

But keep a house-side to our selves. Your lodging
Is decently appointed.

Ioy. Sure your Lordship
Meanes not to make your house our prifon.

Let. By

My Lordship but I will for this one night.
See fir, the Keyes are in my hand. Y'are up,
As I am true *Letoy*. Confider, Sir,
The strict necessity that tyes you to't,
As you expect a cure upon your sonne——
Come Lady, see your Chamber.

Dia. I doe waite
Upon your Lordship.

Ioy. I both wait, and watch,
Never was man so master'd by his match.

Ex. omn.

ACT V. Scene I.

Ioylesse : with a light in his hand.

Ioy. **D***Iana ! ho ! where are you ? she is lost.*
Here is no further passage. All's made
fast.

This was the Bawdy way, by which she scap'd
My narrow watching. Have you privy posternes
Behind the hangings in your strangers Chambers ?
She's

She's loft from me, for ever. Why then seek I?
O my dull eyes, to let her flip so from yee,
To let her have her lustfull will upon me!
Is this the Hospitality of Lords?
Why, rather, if he did intend my shame,
And her dishonour, did he not betray me
From her out of his house, to travaile in
The bare suspection of their filthinesse;
But hold me a nose-witnesse to its ranknesse?
No: This is sure the Lordlier way; and makes
The act more glorious in my sufferings. O——
May my hot curses on their melting pleasures,
Cement them so together in their lust,
That they may never part, but grow one monster.

ACT V. Scene II.

Enter Barbara.

Bar. Good gentleman! he is at his prayers now,
For his mad sonnes good night-worke with his
bride.

Well fare your heart Sir; you have pray'd to
purpose;

But not all night I hope. Yet sure he has,
He looks so wild for lacke of sleepe. Y'are happy sir.
Your prayers are heard, no doubt, for I'm per-
swaded

You have a childe got you to-night.

Ioy. Is't gone
So farre doe you thinke?

Bar. I cannot say how farre.
Not fathome deepe I thinke. But to the scantling
Of a Child-getting, I dare well imagine.

For

For which, as you have pray'd, forget not fir
To thanke the Lord oth' house.

Ioy. For getting me
A child? why I am none of his great Lordships
tenants,

Nor of his followers, to keepe his Bastards.
Pray stay a little.

Bar. I should goe tell my Lord
The newes : he longs to know how things doe passe.

Ioy. Tell him I take it well : and thanke him.
I did before despaire of Children I.
But ile goe wi'yee, and thanke him.

Bar. Sure his joy
Has madded him : Here's more worke for the
Doctor.

Ioy. But tell me first : were you their Bawd that
speak this?

Bar. What meane you with that Dagger?

Ioy. Nothing I,
But play with't. Did you see the passages
Of things? I aske were you their Bawd?

Bar. Their Bawd?
I trust she is no Bawd, that sees, and helps
(If need require) an ignorant lawfull paire
To doe their best.

Ioy. Lords actions all are lawfull.
And how? and how?

Bar. These old folkes love to heare.
Ile tell you you fir—and yet I will not neither.

Ioy. Nay, pray thee out with't.

Bar. Sir, they went to bed.

Ioy. To bed! well on.

Bar. On? they were off fir yet;
And yet a good while after. They were both
So simple, that they knew not what, nor how.
For she's fir, a pure maid.

Who dost thou speake of?

Bar.

Bar. Ile speake no more, lesse you can looke more tamely.

Ioy. Goe bring me to 'hem then. Bawd will you goe?

Bar. Ah——

A C T V. Scene III.

Enter Byplay and holds Ioylesse.

Byp. What aile you fir: why Bawd? whose Bawd is she?

Ioy. Your Lords Bawd, and my wives.

Byp. You are jealous mad.

Suppose your wife be missing at your Chamber,
And my Lord too at his, they may be honest:

If not, what's that to her, or you I pray,
Here in my Lords owne house?

Ioy. Brave, brave, and monstrous!

Byp. Shee has not seene them. I heard all
your talke.

The Child she intimated, is your grandchild
In *posse* fir, and of your sonnes begetting.

Bar. I, ile be sworne I meant, and said so too?

Ioy. Where is my wife?

Byp. I can give no account,

If she be with my Lord I dare not trouble 'hem.
Nor must you offer at it: no nor stab your selfe.

Byp. takes away his dagger.

But come with me: ile counsell, or, at least,
Governe you better: Shee may be, perhaps,
About the Bride-chamber, to heare some sport;
For you can make her none; 'lasse good old man.

Ioy. J'me most insufferably abus'd.

Byp. Vnlesse

The

The killing of your selfe may do't ; and that
J would forbear, because, perhaps 'twould please
her.

Ioy. Jf fire, or water, poyson, cord, or steele,
Or any meanes be found to do it : ile doe it ;
Not to please her, but rid me of my torment.

Ex. Joy. and Byp.

Byp. J have more care and charge of you than
fo.

Bar. What an old desperate man is this, to make
Away your selfe for feare of being a Cuckold !
Jf every man that is, or that but knowes
Himselfe to be oth' order, should doe so,
How many desolate widowes would here be,
They are not all of that minde. Here's my hus-
band.

ACT V. Scene IV.

Enter Blaze with a habit in his hand.

Bla. Bab ! art thou here ?

Bar. Looke well. How thinkst thou *Tony* ?
Hast not thou neither slept to-night ?

Bla. Yes, yes.

I lay with the Butler. Who was thy bed-fellow ?

Bar. You know I was appoynted to sit up.

Bla. Yes, with the Doctor in the Bride-chamber.
But had you two no waggery ? Ha !

Bar. Why how now *Tony* ?

Bla. Nay facks I am not jealous.
Thou knowst I was cur'd long since, and how.
I jealous ! I an asse. A man sha'n't aske
His wife shortly how such a gentleman does ?
Or how such a gentleman did ? or which did best ?
But

But she must thinke him jealous.

Bar. You need not : for

If I were now to dye on't, nor the Doctor,
Nor I came in a bed to night : I meane
Within a bed.

Bla. Within, or without, or over, or under,
I have no time to thinke o' such poore things.

Bar. What's that thou carriest *Tony* ?

Bla. O ho *Bab.*

This is a shape.

Bar. A shape ? what shape I prethee *Tony* ?

Bla. Thou'lt see me in't anon ; but shalt not
know me

From the starkst foole ith' Towne. And I must
dance

Naked in't *Bab.*

Bar. Will here be Dancing *Tony* ?

Bla. Yes *Bab.* My Lord gave order for't last night.
It should ha'bin ith' Play : But because that
Was broke off, he will ha't to day.

Bar. O *Tony.*

I did not see thee act ith' Play.

Bla. O, but

I did though *Bab.* two Mutes.

Bar. What in those Breeches ?

Bla. Fie foole, thou understandst not what a
Mute is.

A Mute is a dumbe Speaker in the Play.

Bar. Dumbe Speaker ! that's a Bull. Thou
wert the Bull

Then, in the Play. Would I had seene thee rore.

Bla. That's a Bull too, as wise as you are *Bab.*

A Mute is one that acteth speakingly,
And yet sayes nothing. I did two of them.

The Sage Man-midwife, and the Basket-maker.

Bar. Well *Tony*, I will see thee in this thing.
And tis a pretty thing.

Bla. Prethee good *Bab*,
Come in, and help me on with't in our Tying-
house.

And helpe the Gentlemen, my fellow dancers,
And thou shalt then see all our things, and all
Our properties and practice to the Musicke.

Bar. O *Tony* come, I long to be at that.

Exeunt.

ACT V. Scene IV.

Letoy, and Diana.

Dia. My Lord, your strength and violence pre-
vaile not.

There is a Providence above my vertue,
That guards me from the fury of your lust.

Let. Yet, yet, I prethee yield. Is it my person
That thou despisest? See, here's wealthy trea-
sure, *a table set forth, covered with treasure.*
Jewells, that *Cleopatra* would have left
Her *Marcus* for.

Dia. My Lord tis possible,
That she who leaves a husband, may be bought
Out of a second friendship.

Let. Had stout *Tarquin*
Made such an offer, he had done no Rape,
For *Lucrece* had consented, sav'd her owne,
And all those lives that followed in her cause.

Dia. Yet then she had beene a loser.

Let. Wouldst have gold?

Mammon, nor *Pluto's* selfe should over-bid me,
For il'd give all. First, let me raine a showre,
To out-vie that which overwhelmed *Danaë* ;
And after that another ; a full river

Shall

Shall from my chefts perpetually flow
Into thy ftore.

Dia. I have not much lov'd wealth,
But have not loath'd the fight of it, till now,
That you have foyld it with that foule opinion
Of being the price of vertue. Though the Metall
Be pure, and innocent in it felfe ; fuch ufe
Of it is odious, indeed damnable,
Both to the feller, and the purchafer :
Pitty it fhould be fo abus'd. It beares
A ftampe upon't, which but to clip is treason.
Tis ill us'd there, where Law the life controules ;
Worfe, where tis made a falary for foules.

Let. Deny'ft thou wealth ? wilt thou have plea-
fure then

Given, and ta'ne freely, without all condition ?
Ile give thee fuch, as fhall (if not exceed)
Be at the leaft, comparative with thofe
Which *Iupiter* got the Demy-gods with ; and
Juno was mad ſhe miſt.

Dia. My Lord, you may
Gloſe o're and gild the vice, which you call pleaſure,
With god-like attributes ; when it is, at beſt
A ſenfuality, ſo farre below
Diſhonourable, that it is meere beaſtly ;
Which reaſon ought to abhorre ; and I deteſt it,
More than your former hated offers.

Let. Laſtly.

Wilt thou have honour ! Ile come cloſer to thee ;
(For now the Flames of Love grow higher in me,
And I muſt periſh in them, or enjoy thee)
Suppoſe I finde by Power, or Law, or both,
A meanes to make thee mine, by freeing
Thee from thy preſent huſband.

Dia. Hold, ſtay there.

Now ſhould I utter volumes of perſwaſions ;
Lay the whole world of Riches, pleaſures, honours.
Before

Before me in full grant, that one, last word
 Husband, and from your owne mouth spoke, con-
 futes

And vilifies even all. The very name
 Of husband, rightly weigh'd, and well remembred,
 Without more Law or discipline, is enough
 To governe woman-kinde in due obedience ;
 Master all loofe affections, and remove
 Those Idolls, which too much, too many love ;
 And you have fet before me, to beguile
 Me of the faith I owe him. But, remember
 You grant I have a husband ; urge no more,
 I seek his love. Tis fit he loves no whore.

Let. This is not yet the way. You have seene
 Lady,

My ardent love, which you doe seeme to flight,
 Though to my death, pretending zeale to your
 husband.

My person, nor my proffers are so despicable,
 But that they might (had I not vow'd affection
 Intirely to your selfe) have met with th' embraces
 Of greater persons, no lesse faire, that can
 Too, (if they please) put on Formality,
 And talke in as divine a straine, as you.
 This is not earnest, make my word but good,
 Now with a smile, ile give thee a thousand pound.
 Looke o' my face—Come—prithee looke and
 laugh not—

Yes, laugh, and dar'st—Dimple this cheek a little ;
 Ile nip it else.

Dia. I pray forbear my Lord :
 I'me past a childe, and will be made no wanton.

Let. How can this be ? so young ? so vigorous ?
 And so devoted to an old mans bed !

Dia. That is already answerd. He's my hus-
 band.
 You are old too my Lord.

Let.

Let. Yes, but of better metall :
A jealous old man too, whose disposition
Of injury to beauty, and young blood,
Cannot but kindle fire of just revenge
In you, if you be woman, to requite
With your owne pleasure his unnaturall spight.
You cannot be worse to him than he thinkes you,
Considering all the open scornes and jeeres
You cast upon him, to a flat defiance ;
Then the affronts I gave, to choake his anger :
And lastly your stolne absence from his chamber :
All which confirms (we have as good as told him)
That he's a Cuckold, yet you trifle time,
As 'twere not worth the doing.

Dia. Are you a Lord ?
Dare you boast honor, and be so ignoble ?
Did not you warrant me upon that pawne
(Which can take up no mony) your blanck honour,
That you would cure his jealousy, which affects him
Like a sharpe sore, if I to ripen it
Would set that counterfeit face of scorne upon him,
Onely in shew of disobedience, which
You wonne me to, upon your protestation,
To render me unstain'd to his opinion,
And quit me of his jealousy for ever.

Let. No : not unstain'd by your leave, if you call
Unchastity a staine. But for his yellows,
Let me but lye with you, and let him know it,
His jealousy is gone, all doubts are clear'd,
And for his love and good opinion,
He shall not dare deny't. Come ; be wise,
And this is all : all is as good as done
To him already : let't be so with us ;
And trust to me, my power, and your owne,
To make all good with him—If not : Now marke,
To be reveng'd for my lost hopes (which yet
I pray thee save) Ile put thee in his hands,

Now

Now in his heat of fury ; and not spare
To boast thou art my Prostitute ; and thrust yee
Out of my gates, to try't out by your selves.

Dia. this you may doe, and yet be still a Lord ;
This can *I* beare, and still be the same woman !
I am not troubled now, your wooing oratory,
Your violent hands (made stronger by your lust)
Your tempting gifts, and larger promises
Of honor and advancements were all frivolous ;
But this last way of threats, ridiculous,
To a safe minde, that beares no guilty grudge :
My peace dwells here, while yonder sits my judge.
And in that faith ile dye.

ACT V. Scene V.

Enter Ioyleffe and Byplay.

Let. She is invincible !
Come ile relate you to your husband.

Ioy. No,
Ile meet her with more joy then I receiv'd
Upon our marriage-day. My better soule.
Let me againe embrace thee.

Byp. Take your dudgeon Sir,
I ha done you simple service.

Ioy. O my Lord,
My Lord, you have cur'd my jealousy, I thanke
you ;

And more, your man for the discovery ;
But most the constant meanes, my vertuous wife,
Your medicine my sweet Lord.

Let. she has tane all
I meane to give her fir. Now firrah, speake.

Byp. I brought you to the stand from whence
you saw

How

How the game went.

Ioy. Oh my deare, deare *Diana*.

Byp. I seem'd to doe it against my will, by
which I gain'd

Your bribe of twenty peeces.

Ioy. Much good doe thee.

Byp. But I assure you, my Lord give me order,
To place you there, after it seemes he had
Well put her to't within.

Ioy. Stay, stay, stay, stay ;

Why may not this be then a counterfeit action,
Or a false mist to blinde me with more error ?

The ill I fear'd may have been done before,
And all this but deceit to dawbe it ore.

Dia. Doe you fall backe againe ?

Ioy. Shugh, give me leave.

Byp. I must take charge I see o'th' dagger againe.

Lct. Come *Ioylesse*, I have pittie on thee ; Heare
me.

I swear upon mine honor she is chaff.

Ioy. Honor ! an oath of glasse !

Lct. I prithee Heare me.

I try'd and tempted her for mine owne ends,
More then for thine.

Ioy. That's easly beleev'd.

Lct. And had she yielded, *I* not onely had
Rejected her (for it was ne're my purpose,
(Heaven *I* call thee to witnesse) to commit
A sinne with her) but layd a punishment
Upon her, greater then thou couldst inflict.

Ioy. But how can this appeare ?

Lct. Doe you know your father Lady ?

Dia. I hope I am so wise a childe.

Lct. Goe call

In my friend *Truelocke*.

Byp. Take your dagger Sir,
Now I dare trust you.

Lct.

Let. Sirrah, dare you foole.
When I am serious? send in master *Truelocke*.

Exit Byp.

Dia. That is my fathers name.

Ioy. Can he be here?

Let. Sir, I am neither conjurer nor witch,
But a great Fortune-teller, that you'l finde,
You are happy in a wife fir, happier—yes
Happier by a hundred thousand pound,
Then you were yesterday—

Ioy. So, so, now he's mad.

Let. I meane in possibilities: provided that
You use her well, and never more be jealous.

Ioy. Must it come that way.

Let. Looke you this way fir,
When I speake to you, ile crosse your fortune else,
As I am true *Letoy*.

Ioy. Mad, mad, he's mad,
Would we were quickly out on's fingers yet.

Let. When saw you your wives father? answer
me?

Ioy. He came for London foure dayes before us.

Let. Tis possible he's here then, doe you know
him

ACT V. Scene VI.

Enter Truelocke.

Dia. O I am happy in his sight. Deare fir.

she kneeles.

Let. Tis but so much knee-labour lost, stand up,
stand up, and minde me.

True. You are well met, sonne *Ioylesse*.

Ioy. How have you beene conceald, and this
house?

Here's

Here's myſtery in this.

Tru. My good Lords pleaſure.

Let. know ſir, that I ſent for him, and for you,
Inſtructing your friend *Blaze* my inſtrument,
To draw you to my Doctor with your ſonne,
Your wife I knew muſt follow, what my end
Was in't ſhall quickly be diſcover'd to you,
In a few words, of your ſuppoſed father.

Dia. Suppoſed father!

Let. Yes, come maſter *Truelocke*,
My conſtant friend of thirty yeares acquaintance,
Freely declare with your beſt knowledge now
Whoſe childe this is.

Tru. Your honor do's as freely
Releaſe me of my vow, then in the ſecret
I lockd up in this breſt theſe ſevaanteene yeares
Since ſhe was three dayes old.

Let. True, maſter *Truelocke*,
I doe releaſe you of your vow: now ſpeake.

Tru. Now ſhe is yours my Lord; your onely
daughter,

And know you maſter *Toyleſſe*, for ſome reaſon
Knowne to my Lord; and large reward to me,
Shee has beene from the third day of her life
Reputed mine; and that ſo covertly,
That not her Lady mother, nor my wife
Knew to their deaths, the change of my dead
infant,

Nor this ſweet Lady. tis moſt true we had
A truſty Nurſes help and ſecreſie,
Well paid for, in the carriage of our plot.

Let. Now ſhall you know what mov'd me ſir.
I was

A thing beyond a mad-man, like your ſelfe,
Jealous; and had that ſtrong diſtruſt, and fancied
Such proofes unto my ſelfe againſt my wife,
That I conceiv'd the childe was not mine owne,

And

And scorn'd to father it ; yet I gave to breed her
 And marry her as the daughter of this gentleman
 (Two thousand pound I guesse you had with her)
 But since your match, my wife upon her death-bed
 So clear'd her selfe of all my foule suspitions,
 (Blest be her memory) that I then resolv'd
 By some quaint way (for I am still *Letoy*)
 To see and try her throughly ; and so much
 To make her mine, as I should find her worthy.
 And now thou art my daughter, and mine heire.
 Provided still (for I am still *Letoy*)
 You honourably love her, and desie
 The Cuckold-making fiend foule jealousie.

Ioy. My Lord, tis not her birth and fortune,
 which

Do joyntly claime a priviledge to live
 Above my reach of jealousie, shall restraîne
 That passion in me, but her well tried vertue :
 In the true faith of which I am confirmd,
 And throughly cur'd.

Let. As I am true *Letoy*
 Well said. I hope thy son is cur'd by this too.

ACT V. Scene VII.

Enter Barbara.

Now Mistris *Blaze* ! here is a woman now !
 I cur'd her husbands jealousie, and twenty more
 Ith' Towne, by meanes *I* and my Doctor wrought.

Bar. Truly my Lord, my husband has tane
 bread

And drunke upon't, that under heaven he thinkes,
 You were the meanes to make me an honest
 woman,

C least) him a contented man.

Let.

Let. Ha done, ha done.

Bar. Yes, *I* beleeve you have done
And if your husband, Lady, be cur'd, as he should
be ;

And as all foolish jealous husbands ought to be,
I know what was done first, if my Lord tooke
That course with you as me——

Let. Prithee what canst thou for ?

Bar. My Lord to tell you, (As the Doctor tels
me)

The Bride and Bridegroom, Both, are comming on,
The sweetliest to their wits againe.

Let. I told you.

Bar. Now you are a happy man fir ; and I hope
a quiet man.

Ioy. Full of content and joy.

Bar. Content ! So was my husband, when he
knew
The worst he could by his wife. Now youle live
quiet Lady.

Let. Why flyest thou off, thus woman, from the
subject
Thou wert upon ?

Bar. I beg your Honours pardon.
And now ile tell you. Be it by skill or chance,
Or both, was never such a Cure, as is
Vpon that couple : now they strive which most
Shall love the other.

Let. Are they up, and ready ?

Bar. Vp ! up, and ready to lye downe againe :
There is no ho with them ;
They have bin in th' *Antipodes* to some purpose ;
And, now, are risen, and return'd themselves :
He's her dear *Per*, and she is his sweet *Mat*.
His Kingship and her Queenship are forgotten.
And all their melancholly and his Travailes past,
And but suppos'd their dreams.

Let.

Let. Tis excellent.

Bar. Now fir, the Doctor, (for he is become
An utter stranger to your sonne ; and so
Are all about em) craves your prefence,
And such as he's acquainted with.

Let. Go fir.

And go your daughter.

Bar. Daughter ! that's the true trick of all old
whore-masters, to call their wenches daughters.

Let. Has he knowne you friend *Trulock* too ?

True. Yes from his child-hood.

Let. Go, then, and possesse him (Now, he is
fensible) how things have gone ; what Arte, what
meanes, what friends have bin imploy'd in his
rare cure ; and win him, by degrees, to Sense of
where he is ; bring him to me ; and I have yet an
entertainment for him,

Of better Settle-braine, then Drunkards porridge,
To set him right. As I am true *Letoy*,

I have one Toy left. Go, and go you, why stayst
thou ? *Exe. Ioy.*

Bar. If I had beene a Gentle-woman borne,
I should have bin your daughter too my Lord.

Let. But never as she is.

You'll know anon.

Bar. Neat city-wives flesh, yet may be as good,
As your course countrey gentlewomans blood.

Exit Bar.

Let. Goe with thy flesh to Turn-bull shambles ?

Hoe

Within there.

ACT V. Scene VIII.

Ent. Quailpipe.

Qua. Here my Lord.

Let. The musicke, songs,
And dance I gave command for, are they ready?

Qua. All my good Lord: and (in good sooth) I cannot enough applaude your honours quaint conceit in the designe; so apt, so regular, so pregnant, so acute, and so (withall) poetice legitimate, as I may say justly with *Plautus*—

Let. Prithee say no more, but see upon my signall given, they act as well as I design'd.

Qua. Nay not so well my exact Lord, but as they may, they shall. *Exit.*

Let. I know no flatterer in my house but this,
But for his custome I must beare with him.
'Spacious they come already. Now beginne.

ACT V. Scene IX.

A solemne lesson upon the Recorders. Ent. Truelocke, Ioyleffe and Diana, Peregrine and Martha, Doctor, and Barbara, Letoy meets them. Truelocke presents Peregrine and Martha to him, he salutes them. They seeme to make some short discourse. Then Letoy appoints them to sit. Peregrine seemes something amazed. The Musicke ceases.

Let. Againe you are welcome sir, and welcome all.

Per. I am what you are pleas'd to make me;
but withall, so ignorant of mine owne condition;
whether

whether I sleepe, or wake, or talke, or dreame ; whether *I* be, or be not ; or if I am, whether I doe, or doe not any thing : for I have had (if I now wake) such dreames, and been so far transported in a long and tedious voyage of sleep, that I may fear my manners can acquire no welcome, where men understand themselves.

Let. This is Musick, Sir, you are welcome ; and I give full power Unto your father, and my daughter here, your mother to make you welcome.

Ioyleffe whispers Peregrine.

Per. How ! your daughter sir ?

Doct. My Lord you'll put him backe againe, if you trouble his braine with new discoveries.

Let. Fetch him you on againe then : pray are you *Letoy* or I ?

Ioy. Indeed it is so sonne.

Doct. I feare your shew will but perplex him too.

Let. I care not sir, ile have it to delay your cure a while, that he recover soundly. Come sit again, again you are most welcome.

ACT V. Scene X.

A most untunable flourish. Ent. Discord attended by Folly, Jealousie, Melancholy and madnesse.

There's an unwelcome guest ; uncivill *Discord* that traines into my house her followers, *Folly*, and *Jealousie*, *Melancholy*, and *madnesse*.

Bar. My husband presents jealousy in the black and yellow jaundied sute there, halfe like man, and tother halfe like woman with one horne, and asse-eare upon his head.

Let.

Let. Peace woman, marke what they doe: but but by the way, conceive me this, but shew fir, and devife.

Per. I thinke so.

Let. How goes he backe againe, now doctör? sheugh.

Discord. Song in untunable notes.

Come forth my darlings, you that breed
The common strifes that discord feed:
Come in the first place, my deare folly;
Jealousie next, then Melancholy.
And last come Madnesse, thou art hee
That bearest th' effects of all those three,
Lend me your aydes, so discord shall you crowne,
And make this place a kingdome of our owne.

ACT V. Scene XI.

They dance.

*After a while they are broke off by a flourish,
and the approach of Harmony followed by
Mercury, Cupid, Bacchus and Apollo. Discord
and her faction fall downe.*

Let. See Harmony approaches, leading on,
Gainst Discords factions, feare great deities;
Mercury, Cupid, Bacchus, and Apollo.
Wit against Folly, Love against Jealousie,
Wine against Melancholly, and 'gainst Madnesse,
Health.

Observe the matter and the Method.

Per. Yes.

Let. And how upon the approach of Harmony,
Discord and her disorders are confounded.

Harmony

Harmony. Song.

Come Wit, come Love, come Wine, come Health,
 Mayntainers of my Common-wealth,
 Tis you make Harmony compleate,
 And from the Spheares (her proper seate)
 You give her power to raigne on earth,
 Where Discord claimes a right by birth.
 Then let us revell it while we are here,
 And keepe possession of this Hemisphere.

*After a straine or two, Discord cheares up her
 faction. They all rise, and mingle in the
 dance with Harmony and the rest.*

Dance.

Let. Note there how Discord cheares up her disorders,

To mingle in defiance with the Vertues :
 But soone they vanish ; and the mansion quit

Ex. Discord.

Unto the Gods of health, love, wine, and wit,
 Who triumph in their habitation new,
 Which they have taken, and assigne to you ;
 In which they now salute you—Bids you bee

Salute Exe.

Of cheare ; and for it, layes the charge on me.
 And unto me y'are welcome, welcome all.
 Meat, wine, and mirth shall flow, and what I fee,
 Yet wanting in your cure, supplied shall be.

Per. Indeed I finde me well.

Mar. And so shall I,
 After a few such nights more.

Bar. Are you there ?

Good Madam, pardon errors of my tongue.

Dia. I am too happy made to thinke of wrong.

Let. We will want nothing for you that may
 please,

Though we dive for it toth' *Antipodes.*

The

The Epilogue.

Doct. **W**Hether my cure be perfect yet or no,
 It lies not in my doctor-ship to know.
 Your approbation may more raise the man,
 Then all the Colledge of physicians can ;
 And more health from your faire hands may be
 wonne,
 Then by the stroakings of the seaventh sonne.
 Per. And from our Travailes in th' Antipodes,
 We are not yet arriv'd from off the Seas :
 But on the waves of desprate feares we roame
 Untill your gentler hands doe waft us home.

Courteous Reader, *You shal find in this Booke more then was presented upon the Stage, and left out of the Presentation, for superfluous length (as some of the Players pretended) I thought good al should be inserted according to the allowed Original ; and as it was, at first, intended for the Cock-pit Stage, in the right of my most deserving Friend Mr. William Beeston, unto whom it properly appertained ; and so I leave it to thy perusal, as it was generally applauded, and well acted at Salisbury Court.* Farewell, Ri. Brome.

F I N I S .



A
JOVIAL CREW:
OR,
THE MERRY BEGGARS.

Presented in a
COMEDIE,
AT

The Cock-pit in Drury Lane, in
the year 1641.

Written by
RICHARD BROME.

Mart. *Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.*



LONDON:
Printed by J. Y. for E. D. and N. E., and
are to be sold at the Gun in *Ivy-Lane.*
1652.

*all, that this Play can do, is but to make more
Work ; and involves me in Debts, beyond
possibility of Satisfaction. Sir, it were a folly
in me, to tell you of your Worth, the World
knows it enough ; and are bold to say, Fortune
and Nature scarce ever club'd so well. You
know, Sir, I am old, and cannot cringe, no
Court with the powder'd and ribbanded Wits of
our daies : But, though I cannot speak so much
I can think as well, and as honourably as the
best. All the Arguments I can use to induce
you to take notice of this thing of nothing, is
that it had the luck to tumble last of all in
the Epidemicall ruine of the Scene ; and now
limps hither with a wooden Leg, to beg as
Alms at your hands. I will winde up all
with a Use of Exhortation, That since the
Times conspire to make us all Beggars, let
us make our selves merry ; which (if I am
not mistaken) this drives at. Be pleas'd there-
fore, Sir, to lodge these harmlesse Beggars in
the Outhouses of your thoughts ; and, among
the rest, Him, that in this Cuckoe time, put
in for a Membership, and will fill the Choyr
of those, that Duly and truly pray for you
and is,*

Sir,

Your humble Servant

RIC : BROME.



To Master RICHARD BROME, on his *Play*,
called, a *Joviall Crew* : or, *The merry*
BEGGARS.

P*Layes* are *instructive* Recreations :
Which, who would write, may not expect, at
once,

No, nor with every *breeding*, to write well.
And, though some itching Academicks fell
Lately upon this Task, their Products were
Lame and imperfect ; and did *grate* the eare ;
So, that they mock'd the stupid Stationers care,
That both with *Guelts* and Cringes did prepare
Fine Copper-Cuts ; and gather'd Verses too,
To make a Shout before the idle Show.

Your *Fate* is other : You do not invade ;
But by great *Johnson* were made free o'th' *Trade*.
So, that we must in this your *Labour* finde
Some Image and fair Relique of *his* Minde.

JOHN HALL.

To Master RICHARD BROME, on his Comedie
of *A Joviall Crew: or, The merry Beggars.*

Not to Commend, or Censure *thee*, or *thine* ;
Nor like a Bush, to signifie good *Wine* ;
Nor yet to publish to the World, or *Thee*,
Thou merit'st Bayes by Wit and *Poetry*,
Do I stand here. Though I do know, there come
A Shole, with Regiments of *Encomiums*,
On all occasions, whose *Astronomie*
Can calculate a Praise to *Fifty three*,
And write blank Copies, such, as being view'd,
May serve indifferently each *Altitude* ;
And make Books, like Petitions, whose Command
Are not from Worth, but multitude of Hands :
Those will prove Wit by Power, and make a
Trade,

To force by number when they can't perswade.
Here's no such need : For *Books*, like Children, be
Well Christ'ned, when their Sureties are but three
And those, which to twelve Godfathers do come,
Signifie former Guilt, or speedy Doom.

Nor need the *Stationer*, when all th' *Wits* are
past,

Bring his own *Periwig Poetry* at last.
All this won't do : For, when their Labour's done
The Reader's rul'd, not by their taste, but's own.
And he, that for *Encomiasticks* looks,
May finde the bigger, not the better *Books*.
So, that the most our *Leavers* serve for, shews
Onely that we're his Friends, and do suppose
'Tis good : And that is all, that I shall say.
In truth *I love him well, and like his Play*.
And if there's any, that don't think so too :
Let them let it alone for them, that do.

J. B.

To



To his worthy Friend Master RICHARD
BROME, upon his Comedie, called, *A Foviall*
Crew : or The merry Beggars.

THis Comedie (ingenious Friend) will raise
It self a Monument, without a Praise
Beg'd by the *Stationer* ; who, with strength of
Purse

And Pens, takes care, to make his *Book* fell worse.
And I dare calculate thy *Play*, although
Not elevated unto *Fifty two*.

It may grow old as Time, or Wit ; and he,
That dares despise, may after envie thee.

Learning, the File of *Poesie* may be
Fetch'd from the *Arts* and *Universitie* :
But he that writes a *Play*, and good, must know,
Beyond his Books, Men, and their Actions too.
Copies of Verse, that make the *New Men* sweat,
Reach not a *Poem*, nor the *Muses* heat ;
Small Bavage-Wits, and Wood, may burn a while,
And make more noise, then Forrests on a Pile,
Whose Fivers shrunk, ma' invite a piteous stream,
Not to lament, but to extinguish them.

Thy *Fancie's* Mettall ; and thy strain's much
higher
Proof 'gainst their *Wit*, and what that dreads, the
Fire.

Ja: Shirley.

To

To my Worthy Friend Master RICARD
BROME, on his excellent Play, called, *A Joviall
Crew : or, The merry Beggars.*

There is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,
Down with the *Dagon-Poet*, *Johnson* dies.
His Works were too elaborate, not fit
To come within the Verge, or face of *Wit*.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* (they say) perhaps, might
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night :
But *Shakespeare* the *Plebean* Driller, was
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.
And so, at all men flie, that have but been
Thought worthy of Applause ; therefore, their
spleen.

Ingratefull *Negro-kinde*, dart you your Rage
Against the Beams that warm'd you, and the Stage !
This malice, shews it is unhallowed heat,
That boyles your Raw-brains, and your Temples
beat.

Adulterate Pieces may retain the Mold,
Or Stamp, but want the purenesse of the Gold.
But the World's mad, those Jewels that were
worn

In high esteem, by some, laid by in scorn ;
Like *Indians*, who their Native Wealth despise,
And doat on Stranger's Trash, and Trumperies.
Yet, if it be not too far spent, there is
Some hopes left us, that this, thy well wrought
Piece,

May bring it Cure, reduce it to its sight,
To judge th' difference 'twixt the Day, and Night ;
Draw th' Curtain of their Errours : that their
sense

May be conformable to *Ben's* Influence ;
And finding here, *Nature* and *Art* agree,
May swear, thou liv'st in Him, and he in Thee.

To : Tatham.

To



To Master RICHARD BROME, upon his
Comedie, called, *A Joviall Crew : or, The merry
Beggars.*

SOMthing I'd say, but not to *praise* thee
(Friend)

For thou thy self, dost best thy self commend.
And he that with an *Eulogie* doth come,
May to's own *Wit* raise an Encomium,
But not to *thine*. Yet I'll before thee go,
Though *Whiffler*-like to usher in the *Shew*.
And like a *quarter Clock*, foretell the time
Is come about for greater *Bells* to *chime*.

I must not praise thy *Poetry*, nor *Wit*,
Though both are very *good* ; yet that's not it.
The *Reader* in his progresse will finde more
Wit in a *line*, than I praise in a *score*.
I shall be read with prejudice, for each *line*
I write of thee, or any thing that's *thine*,
Be't *Name*, or *Muse*, will all be read of me,
As if I claw'd my self by praising thee.

But though I may not *praise* ; I hope, I may
Be bold to *love* thee. And the *World* shall say
I've *reason* for't. *I love thee* for thy *Name* ;
I love thee for thy *Merit*, and thy *Fame* :
I love thee for thy *neat* and *harmlesse wit*,
Thy *Mirth* that does so *cleane* and *closely hit*.
Thy *luck* to *please* so well : who could go faster ?
At first to be the *Envy* of thy *Master*.
I love thee for thy *self* ; for who can choose
But like the *Fountain* of so brisk a *Muse* ?
I love this Comedie, and every *line*,
Because 'tis *good*, as well's because 'tis *thine*.

Thou

Thou tell'ft the *World*, the life that *Beggars* lead,
'Tis *seasonable*, 'twill become our *Trade*.

'T muft be our *study* too ; for in this *time*
Who'll not be innocent, fince *Wealth's a Crime* ?
Thou'rt th' *Ages* Doctör now ; for fince *all* go
To make us *poor*, thou mak'ft us *merry* too.

Go on, and thrive ; *may* all thy sportings be
Delightfull unto all, as th' are to *me*.

May this fo *please*, t'encourage thee ; that more
May be made *publick*, which thou keep'ft in *ftore*.
That though we've loft their Drefse ; we may be
glad

To fee and think on th' happineffe we had.

And thou thereby may'ft make *our Name* to
fhine ;

'Twas *Royall* once ; but now 'twill be Divine.

ALEX. BROME.

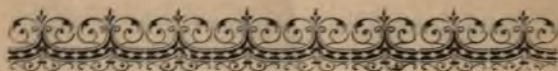
Prologue.



Prologue.

THe Title of our Play, A Foviall Crew,
May seem to promise Mirth: Which were a
new,

And forc'd thing, in these sad and tragick daies,
For you to finde, or we expresse in Playes.
We wish you, then, would change that expectation,
Since Foviall Mirth is now grown out of fashion.
Or much not to expect: For, now it chanches,
(Our Comick Writer finding that Romances
Of Lovers, through much travell and distresse,
Till it be thought, no Power can redresse
Th' afflicted Wanderers, though stout Chevalry
Lend all his aid for their delivery;
Till, lastly, some impossibility
Concludes all strife, and makes a Comedie)
Finding (he saies) such Stories bear the sway,
Near as he could, he has compos'd a Play,
Of Fortune-tellers, Damsels, and their Squires,
Expos'd to strange Adventures, through the Briers
Of Love and Fate. But why need I forestall
What shall so soon be obvious to you all:
But wish the dulnesse may make no Man sleep,
Nor sadnesse of it any Woman weep.



The Persons of the Play.

Old-rents, an ancient Esquire.
Hearty, his Friend, and merry Companion,
but a decay'd Gentleman.
Springlove, Steward to Master *Oldrents*.
Vincent, } two young Gentlemen.
Hilliard, }
Randall, a Groom, Servant to *Oldrents*.
Master *Sentwell*, } Friends to Justice *Clack*.
and two other }
Gentlemen, }
Oliver, the Justices Son.
Master *Clack*, the Justice himself.
Master *Talboy*, Lover to the Justices Neece.
Martin, the Justices Cleark.
Chaplain, }
Usher, } to Oldrents.
Butler, }
Cook }
Rachel, } Oldrent's Daughters.
Meriel, }
Amie, Justice *Clack's* Neece.
Autum-Mort, an old Beggar-woman.
Patrico, }
Souldier, } Four especiall Beggars.
Lawyer, }
Courtier, }
Scribble, their Poet.
Divers other Beggars, Fidlers, and Mutes.



A
JOVIAL CREW:
OR,
THE MERRY BEGGARS.

Actus Primus.

Oldrents. Hearty.

Old. **I**T has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Hea. And very justly, let me tell you,
Sir,

That could so impiously be curious
Yo tempt a judgement on you ; to give ear,
And Faith too (by your leave) to *Fortune-tellers*,
Wizards and *Gipsies* !

Old. I have since been frightened
With't in a thousand dreams.

Hea. I would be drunk
A thousand times to bed, rather than dream
Of any of their *Riddlemy Riddlemies*.
If they prove happy so : If not, let't go ;
You'l never finde their meaning till the event,
If you suppose there was, at all, a meaning,

As

As the equivocating Devil had, when he
 Cosen'd the Monk, to let him live soul-free,
 Till he should finde him sleeping between sheets :
 The wary Monk, abjuring all such lodging,
 At last, by over-watching in his study,
 The foul Fiend took him napping with his nose
 Betwixt the sheet-leaves of his conjuring Book.
 There was the *whim*, or double meaning on't.
 But these fond *Fortune-tellers*, that know nothing,
 Aim to be thought more cunning than their
 Master,

The foresaid Devil, tho' truly not so hurtful :
 Yet, trust 'em ! hang 'em. *Wizards !* old blinde
 Buzzards !

For once they hit, they miss a thousand times ;
 And most times give quite contrary, bad for good,
 And best for worst. One told a Gentleman
 His son should be a man-killer, and hang'd for't ;
 Who, after prov'd a great and rich Physician,
 And with great Fame ith' Univerfite
 Hang'd up in Picture for a grave example.
 There was the *whim* of that. Quite contrary !

Old. And that was happy, would mine could so
 deceive my fears.

Hea. They may : but trust not to't. Another
Schemist
 Found, that a squint-ey'd boy should prove a
 notable

Pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief ;
 When he grew up to be a cunning Lawyer,
 And at last died a Judge. Quite contrary !
 How many have been mark'd out by these
Wizards

For fools, that after have been prick'd for Sheriffs ?
 Was not a Shepherd-boy foretold to be
 A Drunkard, and to get his living from
 Bawds, Whores, Theeves, Quarrellors, and the like ?
 And

And did he not become a Suburbe Justice?
And live in Wine and Worship by the Fees
Rack'd out of such Delinquents? There's the
whim on't.

Now I come to you: Your *Figure-slinger* finds,
That both your Daughters, notwithstanding all
Your great Possessions, which they are Co-heirs of,
Shall yet be *Beggars*: May it not be meant,
(If, as I said, there be a meaning in it)
They may prove *Courtiers*, or great Courtiers
wives,

And so be Beggars in Law? Is not that
the *whim* on't think you? you shall think no
worfe on't.

Old. Would I had your merry heart.

Hea. I thank you, Sir.

Old. I mean the like.

Hea. I would you had; and I

Such an Estate as yours. Four thousand yearly,
With such a heart as mine, would defie *Fortune*,
And all her babling *Sooth-sayers*. I'd as soon
Distrust in *Providence*, as lend a fear
To such a *Destiny*, for a Child of mine,
While there be Sack and Songs in Town or
Country.

Think like a man of conscience (now I am ferious)
What justice can there be for such a curse
To fall upon your Heirs? Do you not live
Free, out of Law, or grieving any man?
Are you not th' onely rich man lives un-envied?
Have you not all the praises of the *Rich*,
And prayers of the *Poor*? Did ever any
Servant, or Hireling, Neighbour, Kindred curse
you,

Or wish one minute shorten'd of your life?
Have you one grudging Tenant? will they not all
Fight for you? Do they not teach their Children,
²⁴ VOL. III. And

Came to my hands since my last Audit, for
Cattel, Wool, Corn, all Fruits of Husbandry.
Then, my Receipts on Bonds, and some new
Leafes,

With some old debts, and almost desperate ones,
As well from Country Cavaliers, as Courtiers.
Then, here Sir, are my several Disbursements,
In all particulars for your self and Daughters,
In charge of House-keeping, Buildings and
Repairs ;

Journeys, Apparel, Coaches, Gifts, and all
Expences for your personal necessities.
Here, Servants wages, Liveries, and Cures.
Here for supplies of Horses, Hawks and Hounds.
And lastly, not the least to be remembered,
Your large Benevolences to the Poor.

Old. Thy charity there goes hand in hand with
mine.

And, *Springlove*, I commend it in thee, that
So young in years art grown so ripe in goodness.
May their Heaven-piercing Prayers bring on thee
Equall rewards with me.

Spr. Now here, Sir, is
The ballance of the several Accompts,
Which shews you what remains in Cash : which
added

Unto your former Banck, makes up in all——

Old. Twelve thousand and odd pounds.

Spr. Here are the keys

Of all. The Chests are safe in your own Clofet.

Old. Why in my Clofet ? is not yours as safe ?

Spr. O, Sir, you know my suit.

Old. Your suit ? what suit ?

Spr. Touching the time of year.

Old. 'Tis well-nigh *May*.

Why what of that, good *Springlove* ?

Nightingale sings.

Spr.

Hea. Sack must be had in sundry places too.
For Songs I am provided.

*Enter Springlove with Books and Papers, he layes
them on the Table.*

Old. Yet here comes one brings me a second
fear,
Who has my care the next unto my children.

Hea. Your Steward, Sir, it seems has business
with you.

I wish you would have none.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it :
And then be for our journey instantly.

Hea. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. *Exit.*

Old. But why, *Springlove*,
Is now this expedition ?

Spr. Sir, 'Tis duty.

Old. Not common among Stewards, I confess,
To urge in their Accompts before the day
Their Lords have limited. Some that are grown
To hoary haire and Knighthoods, are not found
Guilty of such an importunity.

'Tis yet but thirty daies, when I give forty
After the half-year day, our *Lady* last.
Could I suspect my Trust were lost in thee ;
Or doubt thy youth had not ability
To carry out the weight of such a charge,
I, then, should call on thee.

Spr. Sir, your indulgence,
I hope, shall ne'r corrupt me. Ne'rtheless,
The testimony of a fair discharge
From time to time, will be encouragement

*Springlove turns over the several
Books to his Master.*

To virtue in me. You may then be pleas'd
To take here a Survey of all your Rents
Receiv'd, and all such other payments, as

Came

Old. Can there no means be found to preserve life

In thee, but wandering, like a Vagabond ?
Does not the Sun as comfortably shine
Upon my Gardens, as the opener Fields ?
Or on my Fields, as others far remote ?
Are not my Walks and Greens as delectable
As the High-ways and Commons ? Are the shades
Of *Siccamore* and Bowers of *Eglantine*
Less pleasing then of Bramble, or thorne hedges ?
Or of my Groves and Thickets, then wild Woods ?
Are not my Fountain waters fresher then
The troubled streams, where every Beast does
drink ?

Do not the Birds sing here as sweet and lively,
As any other where ? is not thy bed more soft,
And rest more safe, then in a Field or Barn ?
Is a full Table, which is call'd thine own,
Less curious or wholsom, then the scraps
From others trenchers, twice or thrice translated ?

Spr. Yea, in the winter season, when the fire
Is sweeter then the air.

Old. What air is wanting ?

Spr. O Sir, y'have heard of Pilgrimages ; and
The voluntary travels of good men.

Old. For Pennance ; or to holy ends ? but bring
Not those into comparison, I charge you.

Spr. I do not, Sir. But pardon me, to think
Their sufferings are much sweetned by delights,
Such as we finde, by shifting place and air.

Old. Are there delights in beggary ? Or, if to
take

Diversity of Aire be such a solace,
Travel the Kingdom over : And if this
Yeeld not variety enough, try further :
Provided your deportment be gentle.
Take Horse, and Man, and Money : you have all,
Or,

Or I'll allow enough.

Sing Nightingale, Cuckoe, &c.

Spr. O how am I confounded !

Dear Sir, retort me naked to the world,
Rather then lay those burdens on me, which
Will stifle me. I must abroad or perish.

Old. I will no longer strive to wash this *Moor* ;
Nor breath more minutes so unthriftily,
In civil argument, against rude winde,
But rather practise to withdraw my love
And tender care (if it be possible)
From that unfruitful breast ; incapable
Of wholesome counsel.

Spr. Have I your leave, Sir ?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with your self.
I have no voice to bid you go, or stay :
My love shall give thy will preheminance ;
And leave th' effect to Time and Providence.—

Exit.

Spr. I am confounded in my obligation
To this good man : His virtue is my punishment,
When 'tis not in my Nature to return
Obedience to his Merits. I could wish
Such an Ingratitude were Death by th' law
And put in present execution on me,
Yo rid me of my sharper suffering.
Nor but by death, can this predominant sway
Of nature be extinguish'd in me. I
Have fought with my Affections, by th' assistance
Of all the strengths of Art and Discipline
(All which I owe him for in education too)
To conquer and establish my observance
(As in all other rules) to him in this,
This inborn strong desire of liberty
In that free course, which he detests as shameful,
And I approve my earths felicity :
But finde the war is endless, and must fly.

What

What must I lose then ? A good Master's love.
 What loss feels he that wants not what he loses ?
 They'll say I lose all Reputation.
 What's that, to live where no such thing is known ?
 My duty to a Master will be question'd.
 Where duty is exacted it is none :
 And among *Beggars*, each man is his own.

*Enter Randal and three or four servants with
 a great Kettle, and black Jacks, and a
 Bakers Basket, all empty, exeunt with all,
 manet Randal.*

Now fellows, what news from whence you came ?

Ran. The old wonted news, Sir, from your
 Guest-house, the old Barn. We have unloaden
 the Bread-basket, the Beef-Kettle, and the Beer-
Bumbards there, amongst your Guests the Beggars.
 And they have all prayed for you and our Master,
 as their manner is, from the teeth outward, marry
 from the teeth inwards 'tis enough to swallow your
 Alms ; from whence I think their Prayers seldom
 come.

Spr. Thou should'st not think uncharitably.

Ran. Thought's free, Master Steward, and it
 please you. But your Charity is nevertheless
 notorious, I must needs say.

Spr. Meritorious thou meant'st to say.

Ran. Surely Sir, no ; 'tis out of our Curats
 Book.

Spr. But I aspire no merits, nor popular thanks,
 'Tis well if I do well in it.

Ran. It might be better though (if old *Randal*,
 whom you allow to talk, might counsel) to help to
 breed up poor mens children, or decayed labourers,
 past their work, or travel ; or towards the setting
 up of poor young married couples ; then to bestow
 an

an hundred pound a year (at least you do that, if not all you get) besides our Masters bounty, to maintain in begging such wanderers as these, that never are out of their way; that cannot give account from whence they came, or whither they would; nor of any beginning they ever had, or any end they seek, but still to strowle and beg till their bellies be full, and then sleep till they be hungry.

Spr. Thou art ever repining at those poore people! they take nothing from thee but thy pains; and that I pay thee for too. Why should'st thou grudge?

Ran. Am I not bitten to it every day, by the six-footed blood-hounds that they leave in their Litter, when I throw out the old, to lay fresh straw for the new comers at night. That's one part of my office. And you are sure that though your hospitality be but for a night and a morning for one Rabble, to have a new supply every evening. They take nothing from me indeed, they give too much.

Spr. Thou art old *Randall* still! ever grumbling, but still officious for 'em.

Ran. Yes: hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough, I have had merry bouts with som of 'em.

Spr. What say'st thou *Randall*?

Ran. They are indeed my pastime. I left the merry Griggs (as their provender has prickt 'em) in such a Hoigh younder! such a frolick! you'll hear anon, as you walk neerer 'em.

Spr. Well honest *Randal*. Thus it is. I am for a journey. I know not how long will be my absence. But I will presently take order with the Cooke, Pantler and Butler, for my wonted allowance to the Poor; And I will leave money with thee to manage the affair till my return.

Ran

Ran. Then up rise *Randal*, Bayley of the Beggars.

Spr. And if our Master shall be displeas'd (although the charge be mine) at the opennefs of the Entertainment, thou shalt then give it proportionably in money, and let them walk further.

Ran. Pseugh! that will never do't, never do 'em good: 'Tis the Seat, the Habitation, the Rendevous, that chears their hearts. Money would clog their consciences. Nor must I lose the musick of 'em in their lodging.

Spr. We will agree upon't anon. Go now about your businefs.

Ran. I go. Bayley? nay Steward and Chamberlain of the Rogues and Beggars. *Exit.*

Spr. I cannot think but with a trembling fear
On this adventure, in a scruple, which
I have not weighed with all my other doubts.
I shall, in my departure, rob my Master.
Of what? of a true Servant; other theft
I have committed none. And that may be supply'd,

And better too, by some more constant to him.
But I may injure many in his Trust,
Which now he cannot be but sparing of.
I rob him too, of the content and hopes
He had in me, whom he had built and rais'd
Unto that growth in his affection,
That I became a gladness in his eye,
And now must be a grief or a vexation

A noyse and singing within.

Unto his noble heart. But heark! I there's
The Harmony that drowns all doubts and fears.
A little nearer——

SONG.

From hunger and cold who lives more free,
 Or who more richly clad then wee?
 Our bellies are full; our flesh is warm;
 And, against pride, our rags are a charm.
 Enough is our Feast, and for tomorrow
 Let rich men care we feel no sorrow.
 No sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow.
 Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

Spr. The Emperour hears no such Musick; nor
 feels content like this!

*Each City, each Town, and every Village,
 Affords us either an Alms or Pillage.
 And if the weather be cold and raw
 Then, in a Barn we tumble in straw.
 If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock
 The Fields will afford us a Hedge or a Hay-cock.
 A Hay-cock, a Hay-cock, a Hay-cock, a Hay-
 cock,
 The Fields will afford us a Hedge or a Hay-
 cock.*

Spr. Most ravishing delight! But, in all this
 Onely one sense is pleas'd: mine ear is feasted.
 Mine eye too must be satisfied with my joyes.
 The hoarding Usurer cannot have more
 Thirsty desire to see his golden store,
 When he unlocks his Treasury, then I
 The equipage in which my Beggars lie.

*He opens the Scene; the Beggars are discovered in
 their postures; then they issue forth; and last,
 the Patrico.*

All. Our Master, our Master! our sweet and
 comfortable Master.

Spr.

For of the general store that Heaven has sent
He values not a penny till't be spent.

All. A *Scribble*, a *Scribble*!

2 Beg. What City or Court Poet could say more
than our hedge Muse-monger here?

2 Beg. What say, Sir, to our Poet *Scribble* here?

Spr. I like his vain exceeding well; and the
whole Confort of you.

2 Beg. Confort, Sir. We have *Musicians* too among
us: true *merry Beggars* indeed, that being within
the reach of the Lash for singing libellous Songs
at *London*, were fain to flie into our Covie, and
here they sing all our Poet's Ditties. They can
sing any thing most tunably, Sir, but Psalms. What
they may do hereafter under a triple Tree, is much
expected. But they live very civilly and gently
among us.

Spr. But what is he there? that solemn old
fellow, that neither speaks of himself, nor any body
for him.

2 Beg. O Sir, the rarest man of all. He is a
Prophet. See how he holds up his prognosticating
nose. He is divining now.

Spr. How? a *Prophet*?

2 Beg. Yes, Sir, a cunning man and a Fortune-
teller: 'tis thought he was a great Cleark before
his decay, but he is very close, will not tell his
beginning, nor the fortune he himself is false
from: But he serves us for a Clergy-man still,
and marries us, if need be, after a new way of his
own.

Spr. How long have you had his company?

2 Beg. But lately come amongst us, but a very
ancient Strowle all the Land over, and has tra-
vell'd with *Gipsies*, and is a *Patrico*. Shall he read
your Fortune Sir?

Spr. If it please him.

Pat.

Pat. Lend me your hand, Sir.

*By this Palme I understand,
Thou art born to wealth and Land,
And after many a bitter gust,
Shalt build with thy great Granfires dust.*

Spr. Where shall I finde it? but come, Ile not trouble my head with the search.

2 Beg. What say, Sir, to our Crew? are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are *A Jovial Crew*; the onely people
Whose happinefs I admire.

3 Beg. Will you make us happy in serving you?
have you any Enemies? shall we fight under you?
will you be our Captain?

2. Nay, our King.

3. Command us something, Sir.

Spr. Where's the next Rendezvous?

1. Neither in Village nor in Town:
But three mile off at *Maple-down*.

Spr. At evening there I'll visit you.

SONG.

*Come, come; away: The Spring
(By every Bird that can but sing,
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth) to taste of his delight.
In Field, in Grove, on Hill, in Dale;
But above all the Nightingale:
Who in her sweetness strives t' out-doe
The loudness of the hoarse Cuckoe.*

*Cuckoe cries he, Jug Jug Jug sings she,
From bush to bush, from tree to tree,
Why in one place then tarry we?*

Come

*Comeaway ; why do we stay ?
 We have no debt or rent to pay.
 No bargains or accounts to make ;
 Nor Land or Lease to let or take :
 Or if we had, should that remove us,
 When all the world's our own before us,
 And where we pass, and make resort,
 It is our Kingdom and our Court.
 Cuckoe cries he &c.*

Exeunt Cantantes.

Spr. So, now away.

They dream of happiness that live in State,
 But they enjoy it that obey their Fate.

Actus Secundus.

Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, Rachel.

Vin. I Am overcome with admiration, at the
 felicity they take !

Hil. Beggars ! They are the only people, can
 boast the benefit of a free state, in the full enjoy-
 ment of Liberty, Mirth and Ease ; having all things
 in common and nothing wanting of *Natures*
 whole provision within the reach of their desires.
 Who would have lost this sight of their Revels ?

Vin. How think you Ladies ? Are they not the
 onely happy in a Nation ?

Mer. Happier then we I'm sure, that are pent
 up and tied by the nose to the continual steam of
 hot Hospitality, here in our Father's house, when
 they have the Aire at pleasure in all variety.

Ra. And though I know we have merrier Spirits
 then they, yet to live thus confin'd, stifles us.

Hil.

Hil. Why Ladies, you have liberty enough ; or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his allowance. What's that to absolute freedom ; such as the very Beggars have ; to feast and revel here to day, and yonder to morrow ; next day where they please ; and so on still, the whole Country or Kingdome over ? ther's Liberty ! the birds of the aire can take no more.

Ra. Andthen at home here, or wheresoever he comes, our Father is so pensive, (what muddy spirit foe're possesses him, would I could conjure't out) that he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont to see my *Ghossips cock to day ; mould Cocklebread ; daunce clutterdepouch ; and Hannykin booby ; binde barrells ;* or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a sigh, or teares in his eyes, tho' we simper never so sanctifiedly. What tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects I know not ; God forgive him, I do ; but I am weary of his house.

Ra. Does he think us Whores tro, because sometimes we talke as lightly as great Ladies. I can swear safely for the virginity of one of us, so far as Word and Deed goes ; marry Thought's free.

Mer. Which is that one of us I pray ? your selfe or me ?

Ra. Good sister *Meriel*, Charity begins at home. Bul I'l swear I think as charitably of thee : And not onely because thou art a year younger neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you. But for my Father, I would I knew his grief and how to cure him, or that we were where we could not see it. It spoiles our mirth, and that has been better then his Meat to us.

Vin. Will you heare our motion Ladies ?

Mer. Pfew, you would marry us presently out of his way, because he has given you a foolish kinde of promise : But we will see him in a better humor first, and as apt to laugh as we to lie down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Ra We will have him cur'd first, I tell you : And you shall wait that season, and our leasure.

Mer. I will rather hazard my being one of the Devil's Ape-leaders, then to marry while he is melancholly.

Ra. Or I to stay in his house ; to give entertainment to this Knight, or t'other Coxcomb that comes to cheer him up with eating of his chear ; when we must fetch 'em sweetmeats, and they must tell us, Ladies, your lips are sweeter, and then fall into Courtship, one in a speech taken out of old *Britains Works*, another with Verses out of the *Academy of Compliments*, or some or other of the new Poetical Pamphletters ambitious onely to spoile Paper, and publish their names in print. And then to be kist, and sometimes flaver'd—fagh.

Mer. 'Tis not to be indur'd. We must out of the House. We cannot live but by laughing, and that aloud, and no body sad within hearing.

Vin. We are for any adventure with you Ladies. Shall we project a journey for you, your Father has trusted you, and will think you safe in our company ; and we would fain be abroad upon some progress with you. Shall we make a sling to *London*, and see how the Spring appears there in the *Spring-Garden* ; and in *Hide park*, to see the Races, Horse and Foot ; to hear the *Jockies* crack ; and see the *Adamites* run naked afore the Ladies ?

Ra

Ra. We have seen all already there, as well as they, last year.

Hil. But there ha' been new *Playes* since.

Ra. No : no : we are not for *London*.

Hil. What think you of a Journey to the *Bath* then ?

Ra. Worfe then t'other way. I love not to carry my Health where others drop their Difeases. There's no sport i' that.

Vin. Will you up to the hill top of sports, then, and Merriments, *Dovors Olimpicks* or the *Cotswold Games*.

Mer. No, that will be too publique for our Recreation. We would have it more within our selves.

Hil. Think of some course your selves then. We are for you upon any way, as far as Horfe and Money can carry us.

Vin. I, and if those means faile us, as far as our legs can bear, or our hands can help us.

Ra. And we will put you to't. Come aside
Meriel— *Aside.*

Vin. Some jeere, perhaps to put upon us.

Hil. What think you of a Pilgrimage to St. *Winifrides Well*?

Vin. Or a Journey to the wise woman at *Nantwich*, to ask if we be fit husbands for 'em ?

Hil. They are not scrupulous in that, we having had their growing loves up from our Childhoods ; and the old *Squire's* good will before all men.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha—

Vin. What's the conceit I mervail.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha ha—

Hill. Some merry one it seems.

Ra. And then, firrah *Meriel*— Hearn
agen—ha ha ha—

Vin. How they are taken with it !

Mer. Ha ha ha— Hearn agen *Rachel.*

Hill.

Hill. Some wonderful Nothing sure. They will laugh as much to see a swallow flie with a white feather imp'd in her tail.

Vin. They were born laughing I think.

Ra. Me. Ha ha ha——

Vin. If it be not some trick upon us, which they¹ discover in some monstrous shape, they cozen me. Now Ladies, is your Project ripe ? possess us with the knowledge of it.

Ra. It is more precious, then to be imparted upon a slight demand.

Hil. Pray let us hear it. You know we are your trusty fervants.

Vin. And have kept all your counsels ever since we have been Infant Playfellows.

Ra. Yes, you have plaid at all kinds of small game with us ; but this is to the purpose. Ha ha ha——

Hil. It seems so by your laughing.

Ra. And asks a stronger tongue-tie then tearing of Books ; burning of Samplers ; making Dirt-pies ; or pifs and paddle in't.

Vin. You know how, and what we have vow'd : to wait upon you any way, any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will stand to't ?

Hill. I, and go to't with you, wherever it be.

Mer. Pray tell't 'em, sister *Rachel*.

Ra. Why Gentlemen——ha ha—— Thus it is—— Tell it you *Meriel*.

Vin. O, is that all ?

Mer. You are the elder. Pray tell it you.

Ra. You are the younger. I command you tell it.

Come, out with it
They long to have it.

Hil. When ?

Vin.

Vin. When ?

Mer. Introth you must tell it, sister, I cannot.
Pray begin.

Ra. Then Gentlemen stand your ground.

Vin. Some terrible business sure !

Ra. You seem'd e'n now to admire the felicity
of *Beggars*.

Mer. And have ingag'd your selves to join with
us in any course.

Ra. Will you now with us, and for our sakes
turn *Beggars* ?

Mer. It is our Resolution, and our Injunction
on you.

Ra. But for a Time, and a short Progres.

Mer. And for a spring-trick of youth, now, in
the season.

Vin. *Beggars* ! What Rogues are these ?

Hil. A simple trial of our Loves and service !

Ra. Are you resolv'd upon't ? If not God bw'y'.
We are resolv'd to take our course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep counsel.

Vin. Stay, stay. *Beggars* ! Are we not so
already ?

Do we not beg your loves, and your enjoyings ?

Do we not beg to be receiv'd your servants ?

To kifs your hands, or (if you will vouchsafe)

Your lips ; or your imbraces ?

Hil. We now beg,

That we may fetch the Rings and Priest to marry
us.

Wherein are we no *Beggars* ?

Ra. That will not serve. Your time's not come
for that yet.

You shall beg *Victuals* first.

Vin. O, I conceive your begging progress is to
ramble out this sommer among your Father's
Tenants ; and 'tis in request among Gentlemens
Daughters

Hil. Some wonderful Nothing for laugh as much to see a swallow for leather imp'd in her tail.

Fin. They were born laughing!

Ra. Mr. Ha ha ha - —

Fin. If it be not some trick they discover in some monstrous one. Now Ladies, is your Project with the knowledge of it.

Ra. It is more precious, then upon a slight demand.

Hil. Pray let us hear it. *Y*our truly servants.

Fin. And have kept all your we have been Infant Playfellows

Ra. Yes, you have plaid at game with us; but this is to the ha

Hil. It seems so by your laugh

Ra. And asks a stronger tongue of Books; burning of Sample pies; or pifs and paddle in't.

Fin. You know how, and will to wait upon you any way, whither.

Mer. And you will stand to'

Hil. I, and go to't with you

Mer. Pray tell't 'em, sister *R*

Ra. Why Gentlemen—h
is Tell it you *Merid.*

Fin. O, is that all?

Mer. You are the elder. *F*

Ra. You are the younger
tell it.

Come, out with it
They long to have it.

Hil. When?

Our Father's sadness banishes us out on't.
And, for the delight thou tak'st in *Beggars* and
their brawls, thou canst not but think they live a
better life abroad, then we do in this House.

Spr. I have founded your Faith : And I am
glad I finde you all right. And for your Father's
sadness, I'll tell you the cause on't. I overheard
it but this day in his private Discourse with his
merry Mate Master *Hearty*. He has been told by
some *Wizard* that you both were born to be
Beggars.

All. How. How !

Spr. For which he is so tormented in minde,
that he cannot sleep in peace, nor look upon you
but with hearts grief.

Vin. This is most strange.

Ra. Let him be griev'd then, till we are *Beggars*,
We have just reason to become so now :
And, what we thought on but in jest before,
We'll do in earnest now.

Spr. O, I applaud this resolution in you ;
Would have perswaded it ; will be your Servant
in't.

For, look ye Ladies :

The Sentence of your Fortune does not say, that
you shall beg for need ; hungry or cold necessity.
If therefore you expose your selves on pleasure
into it, you shall absolve your destiny nevertheless,
and cure your Father's grief. I am over-joy'd to
think on't ; and will assist you faithfully.

All. A *Springlove* ! a *Springlove* !

Spr. I am prepar'd already for th' adventure.
And will with all conveniencies furnish,
And set you forth ; give you your Dimensions,
Rules and Directions : I will be your Guide,
Your Guard, your Convoy, your Authority.
You do not know my Power ; my Command

I' th' *Beggars* Commonwealth.

Vin. But how ? But how, good *Springlove* ?

Spr. I'll confes all. In my Minority
My Master took me up a naked *Beggar* ;
Bred me at School ; then took me to his Service
(You know in what good fashion) and you may
Collect to memory for seven late Sommers,
Either by leave, pretending Friends to see
At far remote parts of the Land, or else,
By stealth, I would absent my self from service,
To follow my own Pleasure, which was Begging
Led to't by *Nature*. My indulgent Master
(Yet ignorant of my course) on my submission
When Cold and Hunger forc'd me back at Wint
Receiv'd me still again. Till, two years since,
He being drawn by journey towards the North,
Where I then quarter'd with a ragged *Crew* ;
On the high way, not dreaming of him there,
I did accost him, with a *Good your Worship*
The Guift one smale penny to a Creeple ;
(For here I was with him) *and the good Lord Ha*
To bless you, and restore it you in Heaven.

All. Ha ha ha.

Spr. My head was dirty clouted, and this leg
Swadled with Rags, the other naked, and
My body clad, like his upon the Gibbet.
Yet, He, with searching eyes, through all my Rags
And counterfeit Postures, made discovery
Of his Man *Springlove* ; chid me into tears ;
And a confession of my forespent life.
At last, upon condition, that vagary
Should be the last, he gave me leave to run
That *Sommer* out. In *Autumne* home came I
In my home Cloaths again and former Duty.
My Master not alone conserv'd my Counsel ;
But laies more weighty Trust and Charge up
me ;

Such was his love to keep me a home-Man,
That he conferr'd his Stewards place upon me,
Which clog'd me, the last year, from those De-
lights,

I would not lose again to be his Lord.

All. A Springlove, a Springlove.

Spr. Pursue the course you are on then, as
cheerfully

As the inviting Season smiles upon you.

Think how you are necessitated to it,

To quit your Father's sadness, and his fears

Touching your *Fortune*. Till you have been

Beggars

The Sword hangs over him. You cannot think

Upon an Act of greater Piety

Unto your Father, then t' expose your selves

Brave Volunteers, unprefs'd by common need

Into this meritorious Warfare ; whence

(After a few daies or short season spent)

You bring him a perpetual Peace and Joy

By expiating the Prophecy that torments him.

T'were worth your Time in painful, woful steps,

With your lives hazard in a Pilgrimage,

So to redeem a Father. But you'll finde

A Progreſs of ſuch Pleaſure (as I'll govern't)

That the moſt happy Courts could never boaſt

In all their Tramlings on the Countries coſt ;

Whoſe envy we ſhall draw, when they ſhall reade

We out-beg them, and for as little Need.

All. A Springlove ! a Springlove !

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as cheerfully

As—— (heark !) we are ſummon'd forth. *Birds*

All. We follow thee.— *Exeunt. ſinging.*

Enter Randal. A Purſe in his hand.

Ran. Well, go thy waies. If ever any juſt or
charitable Steward was commended, ſure thou
ſhalt

shalt be at the last Quarter-day. Here's five and twenty pounds for this Quarters *Beggar-charge*. And (if he return not by the end of this Quarter) here's order to a Friend to supply for the next. If I now should venture for the commendation of an unjust Steward, and turn this Money to mine own use! ha! deare Devil tempt me not. I'll do thee service in a greater Matter. But to rob the *Poor*! (a poor trick) every Churchwarden can do't. Now something whispers me, that my Master, for his Stewards love, will supply the *Poor*, as I may handle the matter. Then I rob the Steward, if I restore him not the Money at his return. Away Temptation, leave me. I am frail flesh: yet I will fight with thee. But say the Steward never return O but he will return. Perhaps he may not return Turn from me *Satan*: strive not to clog my conscience. I would not have this weight upon't for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty singing, and Oldrents.

Hey down hay down a down &c.

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive you see to be so.

Yet something pricks me within, me thinks.

Hea. No further thought, I hope, of *Fortune* tell-tales.

Old. I think not of 'em. Nor will I presage, That when a disposition of sadness O'rclouds my spirits, I shall therefore hear Ill news, or shortly meet with some disaster.

Hea. Nay, when a man meets with bad tidings why

May not he then compel his minde to mirth;
As well as puling stomachs are made strong
By eating against Appetite?

Old. Forc'd Mirth tho' is not good.

Hea.

Hea. It relishes not you'll fay. No more does
Meat

That is most savory to a long sick stomach,
Until by Strife and Custom 'tis made good.

Old. You argue well. But do you see yon'd
Fellow?

Hea. I never noted him so sad before.
He neither sings nor whistles.

Old. Something troubles him.
Can he force Mirth out of himself now, think you

Hea. What speak you of a Clod of Earth; a
Hind?

But one degree above a Beast, compar'd
To th' aëry spirit of a Gentleman?

Old. He looks, as he came laden with ill news,
To meet me on my way.

Hea. 'Tis very pretty.
Suppose the As be tir'd with sadness: will you
disburden him

To load your self? Think of your Covenant to be
merry

In spite of *Fortune* and her Riddle-makers.

Old. Why how now *Randal*! sad? where's
Springlove?

Hea. He's ever in his Care. But that I know
The old *Squire's* virtue, I should think *Springlove*
Were sure his Bastard.

Ran. Here's his Money, Sir.
I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer.
The Devil and I have strain'd courtesie these two
hours about it. I would not be corrupted with the
trust of more than is mine own. Mr. Steward
gave it me, Sir, to order it for the *Beggars*. He
has made me Steward of the Barn and them, while
he is gone (he saies) a Journey, to survey and
measure Lands abroad about the Countries. Some
purchase I think for your Worship.

Old.

Old. I know his measuring of Land. He is gone his old way.

And let him go. Am not I merry *Hearty*?

Hea. Yes; but not hearty merry. There's a *whim* now.

Old. The Poor's charge shall be mine. Keep you the Money for him.

Ran. Mine is the greater charge then.

Knew you but my temptations and my care,
You would discharge me of it.

Old. Ha ha ha.

Ran. I have not had it so many minutes, as I have been in several Minds about it; and most of them dishonest.

Old. Go then, and give it to one of my Daughters to keep for *Springlove*.

Ran. O, I thank your Worship— *Exit*

Old. Alas poor Knave! How hard a task it is to alter Custom!

Hea. And how easie for Monie to corrupt it. What a pure *Treasurer* would he make!

Old. All were not born for weighty Offices. Which makes me think of *Springlove*. He might have tane his leave tho'.

Hea. I hope he's run away with some large Trust,
I never lik'd such demure down-look'd Fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Hea. If you be not 'tis well. But this is from the Covenant.

Old. Well Sir. I will be merry. I am resolv'd To force my Spirit onely unto Mirth. Should I heare now, my Daughters were misled Or run away, I would not send a sigh To fetch 'em back.

Hea. To'ther old Song for that.

SONG.

THere was an old fellow at Waltham Crofs,
 Who merrily fung when he liv'd by the Lofs.
 He never was heard to figh with Hey-ho :
 But sent it out with a Haigh trolly lo.
 He chear'd up his Heart, when his Goods went
 to wrack,
 With a heghm boy, heghm, and a Cup of old
 Sack.

Old. Is that the way on't ? well, it fhall be mine
 then.

Enter Randal.

Ran. My Miftreffes are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How ? fince when ?

Ran. On foot, Sir, two hours fince, with the
 two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter
 they left with the Butler. And there's a muttring
 in the Houfe.

Old. I will not reade, nor open it ; but conceive
 Within my felf the worft, that can befall them ;
 That they are loft and no more mine. What
 follows ?

That I am happy : all my cares are flown.
 The Counfel I anticipated from
 My Friend, fhall ferve to fet my Reft upon
 (Without all further helps) to jovial Mirth :
 Which I will force out of my spleen fo freely,
 That Grief fhall lofe her name, where I have being ;
 And fadnefs, from my furtheft foot of Land,
 While I have life, be banifh'd.

Hea. What's the *whim* now ?

Old. My Tenants fhall fit Rent-free for this
 twelvemonth ;
 And all my fervants have their wages doubled ;

And

And so shall be my charge in House-keeping.
I hope my friends will finde and put me to't.

Hea. For them I'll be your Undertaker, Sir.
But this is over-done. I do not like it.

Old. And for thy news, the Money that thou
hast,

Is now thine own. I'll make it good to *Spring-
love.*

Be sad with it and leave me. For I tell thee,
I'll purge my house of stupid melancholly.

Ran. I'll be as merry as the Charge that's
under me

*A confused noyse within of laughing and singing,
and one crying out.*

The *Beggars*, Sir. Do'e hear 'em in the Barn?

Old. I'll double their allowance too; that they
may

Double their Numbers, and increase their Noyse:
These Bear not sound enough: and one (me
thought)

Cried out among 'em.

Ran. By a most natural Cause. For there's a
Doxie

Has been in labour, Sir. And 'tis their Custome,
With songs and shouts to drown the woman's cries.

A Ceremony which they use, not for

Devotion, but to keep off Notice of

The Work, they have in hand. Now she is in

The straw it, seems; and they are quiet

Hea. The straw! that's very proper there.
That's *Randal's whim.*

Old. We will have such a lying in, and such
A Christning; such up-sitting and Ghossiping!
I mean to send forty miles Circuit at the least,
To draw in all the *Beggars* can be found;
And such Devices we will have for jollity,

As Fame shall boast to all *Posterity*.

Am I not merry *Hearty*? hearty merry?

Hea. Would you were else. I fear this over-doing.

Old. I'll do't for expiation of a crime

That's charg'd upon my Conscience till't be done.

Hea. What's that? what saies he?

Old. We will have such a Festival moneth on't,

Randall——

Ran. Sir, you may spare the labour and the cost:

They'l never thank you for't. They'l not indure

A Ceremony, that is not their own,

Belonging either to the Childe, or Mother.

A moneth Sir? They'l not be detain'd so long

For your Estate. Their Work is done already:

The Bratling's born, the *Doxey's* in the *Strummel*,

Laid by an *Autum Mort* of their own Crew,

That serv'd for Mid-wife; and the Child-bed woman

Eating of hasty Pudding for her supper,

And the Child part of it for pap

I warrant you by this time; then to sleep;

So to rise early to regain the strength

By travail, which she lost by travail.

Hea. There's *Randal* again.

Old. Can this be?

Ran. She'l have the *Bantling* at her back to-morrow

That was to-day in her belly, and march a foot-back with it.

Hea. Art there agen, old *Randal*?

Ran. And for their Ghossipping (now you are so nigh)

If you'l look in, I doubt not, but you'l find 'em

At their high Feast already.

Hea. Pray let's see 'em, Sir.

*Randal opens the Scene. The Beggars disco
at their Feast. After they have scrambl
while at their Victuals: This Song.*

Here, safe in our Skipper, let's cly off
Peck,
And bowse in defiance o' th' Harman-Beck.
Here's Pannum and Lap, and good Popla
Yarrum,
To fill up the Crib, and to comfort the Quarron.
Now bowse a round health to the Go-well and
well
Of Cisley Bumtrincket that lies in the Strumm
Now bowse a round health to the Go well and
well
Of Cisley Bumtrincket that lies in the Strumm
Here's Ruffpeck and Casson, and all of the best
And Scraps of the Dainties of Gentry Cofe's P
Here's Gunter and Bleater, with Tib of the Bu
And Margery Prater, all drest without futtry.
For all this bene Cribbing and Peck let us t
Bowse a health to the Gentry Cofe of the Ke
Now bowse a round health to the Go-well
Com-well
Of Cisley Bumtrincket that lies in the Strum

Old. Good Heaven, how merry they are.

Hea. Be not you sad at that.

Old. Sad Hearty, no unless it be with envy
At their full happiness. What is an estate
Of Wealth and Power, ballanc'd with
Freedom,
But a meer load of outward complement?
When they enjoy the Fruits of rich Content?
Our Dross but weighs us down into Despair,
While their sublimed spirits daunce i' th' Ayre.

Hea. I ha' not so much Wealth to weigh me down,

Nor so little (I thank *Chance*) as to daunce naked.

Old. True my Friend *Hearty*, thou having lesse then I,

(Of which I boast not) art the merrier man :

But they exceed thee in that way so far,

That should I know, my Children now were *Beggars*

(Which yet I will not read) I must conclude,

They were not lost, nor I to be agriev'd.

Hea. If this be madnes, 'tis a merry Fit.

Enter Patrico. *Many of the Beggars look out.*

Patrico. Toure out with your *Glasiers*, I sweare by the *Ruffin*,

That we are assaulted by a *quire Cuffin*.

Ran. Hold ! what d'e mean, my Friends ? This is our Master,

The Master of your Feast and feasting-House.

Pat. Is this the *Gentry Cofe* ?

All the Beggars. Lord blefs his Worship. His good Worship. Blefs his Worship.

Exit Beggars manet Patr.

Pat. Now, bounteous Sir, before you go,
Hear me, the *Beggar Patrico* ;

Or Priest, if you do rather chuse,

That we no word of Canting use.

Long may you live, and may your Store

Never decay, nor baulk the Poor :

And as you more in years do grow,

May Treasure to your Coffers flow ;

And may your care no more thereon

Be set, then ours are, that have none ;

But as your Riches do increase,

So may your hearts Content and Peace.

And

And, after many, many years,
 When the Poor have quit their *Fears*
 Of losing you; and that with *Heaven*
 And all the world you have made even,
 Then may your blest posterity,
 Age after Age successively,
 Until the world shall be untwin'd
 Inherit your Estate and Minde.
 So shall the Poor to the last day,
 For you, in your succession, pray.

Hea. 'Tis a good Vote, Sir *Patrico*: but you
 too grave. Let us hear and see something of y
 merry *Grigs*, that can sing, play Gambals, and
 Feats.

Pat. Sir, I can lay my Function by,
 And talk as wilde and wantonly
 As *Tom* or *Tib*, or *Jack*, or *Fill*,
 When they at *Bowfing Ken* do swill.
 Will you therefore daign to hear
 My *Autum Mort*, with throat as clear,
 As was *Dame Anisses* of the Name;
 How sweet in Song her Notes she'll frame,
 That when she chides, as lowd is yawning,
 As *Chanticleere* wak'd by the dawning. [wi

Hea. Yes, pray let's hear her. What is she y

Pat. Yes Sir. We of our Ministry,
 As well as those o th' *Presbyterie*,
 Take wives and desie Dignitie. *Exi*

Hea. A learned Cleark in veritie!

*Enter Patrico with his old wife, with a woo
 Bowle of Drink. She is drunk.*

Pat. By *Salmon*, I think my Mort is in drin
 I finde by her stink; and the pretty pretty pink
 Of her Neyes, that half wink,
 That the tipling Feast, with the *Doxie* in the Ne
 Hath turn'd her brain, to a merry merry vain.

Ma

Mort. Go Fiddle *Patrico*, and let me sing.
First set me down here on both my *Prats*. Gently,
gently, for cracking of my wind, now I must use
it. Hem, hem.

She sings.

T*His is Bien Bowse, this is Bien Bowse,
Too little is my Skew.
I bowse no Lage, but a whole Gage
Of this I'll bowse to you.*

*This Bowse is better then Rum-bowse,
It sets the Gan a gigling ;
The Autum-Mort finds better sport
In bowsing then in nigling.
This is Bien bowse &c.*

She tosses off her Bowle, falls back, and is carried out.

Pat. So so : your part is done.—

Exit with her.

Hea. How finde you, Sir, your self?

Old. Wondrous merry, my good *Hearty*.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. I wish we had, in all our store,
Something that could please you more.
The old or *Autum-Mort's* a sleep ;
But before the young ones creep
Into the straw, Sir, if you are,
(As Gallants sometimes love course fare,
So it be fresh and wholsome Ware)
Dospo'd to *Doxie*, or a *Dell*,
That never yet with man did Mell ;
Of whom no *Upright man* is taster,
I'll present her to you, Master.

Old. Away. You would be punish'd. Oh.

Hea. How is it with you, Sir?

Old. A sudden qualm over-chills my stomach.
But 'twill away.

Enter

Enter Dauncers.

Pat. See, in their rags, then, dauncing for your sports,
Our *Clapper Dugeons* and their *walking Morts*.

Daunce.

Pat. You have done well. Now let each
Tripper

Make a retreat into the *Skipper*;
And *couch a Hogs-head*, till the *dark man's* past ;
Then all with Bag and Baggage *bing awaft*.

Exeunt Beggars.

Ran. I told you, Sir, they would be gone to-morrow.

I understand their canting.

Old. Take that amongst you.—— *Gives Money.*

Pat. May rich Plenty so you blefs,
Tho' you still give, you ne're have less. *Exit.*

Hea. And as your walks may lead this way :
Pray strike in here another day.

So you may go, Sir *Patrico*——

How think you, Sir ? or what ? or why do you think at all, unless on Sack and Supper-time ? do you fall back ? do you not know the danger of relapses ?

Old. Good *Hearty*, thou mistak'st me. I was thinking upon this *Patrico*. And that he has more soule then a born Beggar in him.

Hea. Rogue enough though, to offer us his what d'e calts ? his *Doxies*. Heart and a cup of Sack, do we look like old Beggar-niglers ?

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Hea. Will you then talk of Sack, that can drown fighting ? will you in, to supper, and take me there your Guest ? Or must I creep into the Barn among your welcome ones ?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely ; and most friendly.

*Exit.**Hea.*

Hea. Would all were well with him.

Exit.

Ran. It is with me.

For now these pounds are (as I feel them swag)

Light at my heart, tho' heavy in the bag. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.

Vin. **I**S this the life that we admir'd in others ;
with envy at their happiness?

Hill. Pray let us make vertuous use of it : and
repent us of that deadly sin (before a greater
punishment then Famine and Lice fall upon us)
by steering our course homeward. Before I'll
endure such another night——

Vin. What? what wouldst thou do? I would
thy Mistris heard thee.

Hil. I hope shee does not. For I know there is
no altering our course before they make the first
motion.

Vin. Is't possible we should be weary already?
and before their softer constitutions of flesh and
blood?

Hill. They are the stronger in will it seems.

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How now *Comrades!* repining already at
your Fulness of Liberty? Do you complain of
ease?

Vin. Ease call'st thou it? Didst thou sleep
to night?

Spr. Not so well these 18 moneths I swear;
since my last walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempest is out of thy
Letany.

Could not the thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha ha ha.

Vin. Nor the noise of the *Crew* in the Quarter by us ?

Hill. Nor the Hogs in the hovel, that cri'd till they drown'd the noise of the winde ? If I could but once ha' dreamt in all my former nights, that such an affliction could have been found among *Beggars*, sure I should never have travell'd to the proof on't.

Vin. We look'd upon them in their Jollity, and cast no further.

Hill. Nor did that onely draw us forth (by your favour *Vince*) but our obedience to our Loves, which we must suffer, till they cry home agen. Are they not weary yet, as much as we doft think *Springlove* ?

Spr. They have more moral understanding then so. They know (and so may you) this is your Birthright into a new world. And we all know (or have been told) that all come crying into the World, when the whole World of Pleasures is before us. The World it self had ne'r been glorious, had it not first been a confused *Chaos*.

Vin. Well : never did *Knight Errants* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, then we *Beggar-errants* or errant *Beggars*, do in ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward. Think upon that. And shew no manner of distaste to turn their hearts from you. Y'are undone then.

Hill. Are they ready to appear out of their privy Lodgings, in the Pigs Palace of pleasure ? Are they coming forth ?

Spr. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their Pads of straw, helping to dress each others heads (The ones eye is the tothers Looking-glass) with the prettiest coyle they keep to fit their fancies in
the

the most graceful way of wearing their new Dressings, that you would admire.

Vin. I hope we are as gracefully set out. Are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practise? Let me hear how you can *Maund* when you meet with Passengers.

Hill. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Suppose some Persons of Worth or Wealth passing by now. Note me. Good your good Worship, your Charity to the Poor, that will duly and truly pray for you day and night.—

Vin. Away you idle Rogue, you would be set to work and whipt——

Spr. That is lame and sick; hungry and comfortless——

Vin. If you were well serv'd——

Spr. And even to bless you and reward you for it——

Hill. Prethee hold thy peace (here be doleful Notes indeed) and leave us to our own *Genius*. If we must beg, let's let it go, as it comes, by Inspiration. I love not your set form of Begging.

Spr. Let me instruct ye tho'.

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Ra. Have a care, good *Meriel*, what hearts or limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best faces on't, and laugh our last gasp out before we discover any dislike, or weariness to them. Let us bear it out, till they complain first, and beg to carry us home a pick pack.

Mer. I am sorely furbated with hoofing already tho', and so crupper-crampt with our hard lodging, and so bumfidled with the straw, that——

Ra. Think not on't. I am numm'd i' the bum
and

and shoulders too a little. And have found the difference between a hard floor with a little straw, and a down Bed with a Quilt upon 't. But no words, nor a fowre look I prethee.

Hill. O here they come now; Madam *Few-cloaths*, and my Lady *Bonnyrag*.

Vin. Peace, they see us.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha.

Vin. We are glad the Object pleases ye.

Ra. So do's the Subject.

Now you appear the glories of the Spring,
Darlings of *Phæbus* and the Somers heirs.

Hill. How fairer, then faire *Floras* self appear
(To deck the Spring) *Diana's* Darlings dear!

O let us not *Acteon*-like be strook

(With greedy eyes while we presume to look
On your half nakedness, since courteous rags
Cover the rest) into the shape of Stags.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha—— Wee are glad you
are so merry.

Vin. Merry and lusty too. This night will we
lye toghier as well as the proudest Couple in the
Barn.

Hill. And so will we. I can hold out no longer.

Ra. Do's the straw stir up your flesh to't, Gen-
tlemen?

Mer. Or do's your Provender prick you?

Spr. What! do we come for this? laugh and lye
down

When your bellies are full. Remember, Ladies,

You have not beg'd yet, to quit your *Destiny*:

But have liv'd hitherto on my endeavours.

Who got your Suppers, pray, last night, but I?

Of dainty Trencher-Fees, from a Gentleman's
house:

Such as the Serving-men themselves, sometimes,
Would have been glad of. And this morning now,
What

What comfortable Chippings and sweet Butter-milk

Had you to Breakfast!

Ra. O 'twas excellent! I feel it good still, here.

Mer. There was a brown Crust amongst it, that has made my neck so white me thinks. Is it not *Rachel*?

Ra. Yes. You ga' me none on't. You ever covet to have all the Beauty.

'Tis the ambition of all younger Sisters.

Vin. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if wee'l be theirs.

Spr. Peace. Here come Passengers. Forget not your Rules; and quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your calling.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Lead the Horses down the Hill. The heat of our speed is over, for we have lost our Journey.

2. Had they taken this way, we had overtaken 'em, or heard of 'em at least.

1. But some of our Scouts will light on 'em, the whole Countrey being overspread with 'em.

2. There was never such an escape else.

Vin. A search for us perhaps. Yet I know not them, nor they me, I am sure. I might the better beg of 'em. But how to begin, or set the worst leg forwards, would I were whipt if I know now.

1. That a young Gentlewoman of her breeding, and Heire to such an Estate, should flie from so great a match, and run away with her Uncles Cleark!

2. The old Justice will run mad upon't I fear.

Vin. If I were to be hang'd now, I could not beg for my life.

Spr.

Spr. Step forwards, and beg handsomly, set my Goad i' your breech else.

Vin. What shall I say?

Spr. Have I not told you? now begin.

Vin. After you, good *Springlove*.

Spr. Good, your good *Worships*——

1. Away you idle Vagabond——

Spr. Your *Worships* Charity to a poor C. welly starv'd.

Vin. That will duly and truly prea for yee.

2. You counterfet Villains, hence.

Spr. Good Masters sweet *Worship*, for the t mercy of——

Vin. Duly and truly prea for you.

1. You would be well whipt and set to wo you were duly and truly serv'd.

Vin. Did not I say so before?

Spr. Good *Worshipful* Masters *Worship*, to b your Charity, and—— to maintaine your health Limbs.

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

2. Be gone, I say, you impudent lusty y Rascals.

1. I'll set you going else. *Switch*

Sp. Ah the goodness of compassion to soften hearts to the poor.

Vin. Oh the Devil, must not we beat 'em r steth——

Spr. Nor shew an angry look for all the sk our backs. Ah the sweetness of that mercy gives to all, to move your compassion to hungry, when it shall seem good unto you, night and day to blest all that you have. ah——

2. Come back firrah. His Patience Humility has wrought upon me.

Vin. Duly and——

2. Not you firrah. The t'other. You look like a sturdy Rogue.

Spr. Lord blefs your Masters Worship.

2. There's a half-penny for you. Let him have no share with you.

Vin. I shall never thrive o' this Trade.

1. They are of a Fraternity, and will share, I warrant you.

Spr. Never in our lives trooly. He never begg'd with me before.

1. But if Hedges or Hen-roofts could speak, you might be found sharers in Pillage, I believe.

Spr. Never saw him before, blefs you good Master, in all my life. (Beg for your self. Your Credit's gone else.) *Good Hea'ne to blisse and prosper yea.* *Exit.*

2. Why dost thou follow us? Is it your office to be privy to our talk?

Vin. Sir, I beseech you hear me. (*Slife what shall I say?*) *I am a stranger in these parts, and destitute of Means and Apparel.*

1. So me thinks. And what o'that?

Vin. Will you therefore be pleas'd, as you are worthy Gentlemen, and blest with plenty—

2. This is Courtly!

Vin. Out of your abundant store, towards my relief in extreme necessity, to furnish me with a small parcel of Money—five or six peeces, or ten, if you can presently spare it.

1. 2. Stand off.

Draw.

Vin. I have spoil'd all; and know not how to beg otherwise.

1. Here's a new way of begging!

Vin. Quite run out of my Instructions.

2. Some High-way Thief o'my conscience, that forgets he is weaponless.

Vin. Onely to make you merry, Gentlemen, at

my unskilfulness in my new Trade. I have been another man i' my daies. So I kifs your hands.

Exit.

1. With your heels do you ?

2. It had been good to have apprehended the Rakefame. There is some mysterie in his Rags. But let him go.

Enter Oliver, putting up his sword.

Ol. You found your legs in time, I had made you halt for something else.

1. Master *Oliver*, well return'd ; what's the matter, Sir ?

Ol. Why, Sir, a counterfeit lame Rogue beg'd of me ; but in such Language, the high Sheriffs Son o' the Shire could not have spoke better ; nor to have borrowed a greater summe. (He ask'd me if I could spare him ten or twenty pound.) I switch'd him, his Cudgel was up. I drew, and into the Wood he scap'd me, as nimbly—— But first he told me, I should heare from him by a Gentleman, to require satisfaction of me.

2. We had such another beg'd of us. The Court goes a begging, I think.

1. Dropt through the Clouds, I think ; more *Lucifers* travailing to Hell, that beg by the way. Met you no news of your Kinswoman, Mistris *Amie* ?

Ol. No. What's the matter with her ? Goes her Marriage forwards with young Master *Talboy* ? I hasten'd my Journey from *London* to be at the Wedding.

2. T'was to ha' bin yesterday morning ; all things in readines prepar'd for it. But the Bride, stolne by your Father's Cleark, is slipt away. We were in quest of 'em, and so are twenty more, several waies.

Ol.

Ol. Such young Wenches will have their owne waies in their own loves, what Matches soever their Guardians make for 'em. And I hope my Father will not follow the Law so close to hang his Cleark for stealing his Ward with her own consent. It may breed such a grudg, may cause some Clearks to hang their Masters, that have 'em o' the hip of injustice. Besides, *Martin* (though he be his servant) is a Gentleman. But, indeed, the miserablest Rascal! He will grudge her Meat when he has her.

1. Your Father is exceedingly troubled at their escape. I wish that you may qualifie him with your Reasons.

Ol. But what saies *Talboy* to the matter, the Bridegroom, that should ha' been?

2. Marry he saies little to the purpose; but cries outright.

Ol. I like him well for that: He holds his humour. A miserable wretch too, tho' rich. I ha' known him cry when he has lost but three shillings at Mumchance. But, Gentlemen, keep on your way to comfort my Father. I know some of his Man's private haunts about the Countrey here, which I will search immediately.

1. We will accompany you, if you please.

Ol. No, by no means: That will be too publike.

2. Do your pleasure.

Exit 1. 2.

Ol. My pleasure, and all the search that I intend, is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handsomest *Beggar-braches* that ever grac'd a Ditch or a Hedge side. I past by 'em in haist, but somthing so possesses me, that I must—What the Devil must I? A *Beggar*? Why, *Beggars* are flesh and blood; and Rags are no Diseases. Their Lice are no French Fleas. And there is much wholsommer flesh under Country
Dirt

Dirt, than City Painting; And less danger and Rags, than in Ceruse and Sattin. I do take a touch at *London*, both for the present and fear of an after-reckoning. But *Oliver*, thou speak like a Gentleman? fear Price ha'? Marry do I Sir: Nor can *Beggars*—inexcusable in a young Country Gentleman of means, for another respect, a principal deed; to avoid the punishment or charge of *Bastardy*: There's no commuting with the keeping of Children for them. The poor rather than part with their own, or want at all, will steal other folks, to travel with move compassion. He feeds a Beggar-wench that fills her belly with young bones. All reasons considered, good Master *Oliver*—yonder they are at peep. And now fitter as waiting for my purpose.

Enter Vinc.

Heart here's another delay. I must shew. Dost heare honest poor fellow? I present back presently: and at the hill foot (he pence for thy paines) thou shalt finde a Fellow with a Horse in his hand. Bid him wait. His Master will come presently, say.

Vin. Sir, I have a business of another nature to you. Which (as I presume you are a Gentleman of right Noble Spirit and Resolution) you will receive without offence; and in that temper of mind properly appertains to the most *Heroick* nature.

Ol. Thy Language makes me wonder at thy Person. What's the matter with thee? quotha?

Vin. You may be pleas'd to call to mind a former affront, which, in your heat of passion, you did offer me, Gentleman.

Ol. What, such a one as thou art, was he

Vin. True noble Sir. Who could no less in Honour, then direct me, his chosen Friend, unto you, with the length of his Sword, or to take the length of yours. The place, if you please, the Ground whereon you parted ; the houre, seven the next morning. Or, if you like not these, in part, or all, to make your own appointments.

Ol. The bravest Method in *Beggars*, that ever was discovered ! I would be upon the bones of this Rogue now, but for crossing my other designe, which fires me. I must therefore be rid of him on any terms. Let his owne Appointments stand. Tell him I'll meet him.

Vin. You shall most nobly ingage his life to serve you, Sir.

Ol. You'll be his Second, will you ?

Vin. To do you further Service, Sir, I have undertaken it.

Ol. I'll send a Beadle shall undertake you both.

Vin. Your Mirth becomes the bravery of your minde and dauntless Spirit. So takes his leave your Servant, Sir.

Ol. I think, as my Friend said, the Court goes a begging indeed. But I must not lose my Beggarwenches.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

Oh here they come. They are delicately skin'd and limb'd. There, there, I saw above the ham as the wind blew. Now they spie me.

Ra. Sir, I beseech you look upon us with the favour of a Gentleman. We are in a present distress, and utterly unacquainted in these parts ; and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our misfortune, to implore the Courtesie, or rather Charity, of those to whom we are strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this !

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not onely valuing us by our outward Habits, which

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cannot

cannot but appear loathsome or de-
 you, but as we are sincere Christians
 estimation, be compassionately mov-
 handful or two of your Silver, or a
 Golden Pieces unto us, to furnish us
 and some decent Habilliments—

Ol. They beg as high as the Man-
 withal! sure the Beggars are all ma-
 bewitched into a Language they un-
 The spirits of some decay'd Gentry tall

Ra. May we expect a gracious A-
 you Sir?

Mer. And that as you can wish
 Prayers to be propitious for you.

Ra. That you never be deny'd a
 Mistress.

Mer. Nay, that the fairest may be
 place their favours on you.

Ra. That your Virtue and Valour
 you to the most honourable Actions; a
 Love of all exquisite Ladies may arm

Mer. And that, when you please to
 may Honour, Beauty, and Wealth,
 endow her most with.

Ra. And that with her you have
 prosperous life.

Mer. A faire and fortunate

Ol. This exceeds all
 strikes me into wonder
 have you been B
 be so?

Ra. By in

Mer. W

Ol. H

above

R

ev

Mer. And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to aske more then common Alms, what ere men please to give us.

Ol. Sure some well disposed Gentleman, as my self, got these Wenches. They are too well growne to be mine owne, and I cannot be incestuous with 'em.

Ra. *Pray Sir your noble bounty.*

Ol. What a tempting lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an inticing eye the 'tother. I know not which to begin with. What's this a flea upon thy bosome?

Mer. Is it not a straw-colour'd one, Sir?

Ol. O what a provoking *Skin* is there! that very touch inflames me.

Ra. *Sir, are you mov'd in charity towards us yet?*

Ol. Mov'd? I am mov'd. No flesh and blood more mov'd.

Mer. *Then pray Sir your Benevolence.*

Ol. Benevolence? which shall I be benevolent to; or which first? I am pussell'd in the choice. Would some sworne Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Ra. *Sir, Noble Sir.*

Ol. First let me tell you, *Damsels*, I am bound by a strong vow to kisse all of the women sex I meet this morning.

Mer. *Beggars* and all Sir?

Ol. All, all. Let not your coyneffe crosse a Gentleman's vow, I beseech you—— *Kisse.*

Ra. You will tell now.

Ol. Tell quoth a! I could tell a thousand on those Lips——and as many upon those. What life restoring breaths they have! Milke from the Cow steams not so sweetly. I must lay one of 'em aboard; both if my tackling hold.

Ra. *Mer.* Sir, Sir.

Ol.

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the doubt. They that beg so high as by the handfulls, may expect for price above the rate of good mens wives.

Ra. Now, will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

Ol. With all my heart, Sweetheart. And I am glad thou knowest my minde. Here is twelve-pence a peece for you.

Ra. Me. We thank you, Sir.

Ol. That's but in earnest. I'll Jest away the rest with yee. Look here—— All this. Come, you know my meaning. Dost thou look about thee, Sweet little One? I like thy care. There's nobody coming. But we'll get behind these Bushes. I know you keep each others Counsels—— Must you be drawn to't? Then I'll pull. Come away——

Ra. Me. Ah ah——

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard.

Vin. Let's beat his brains out.

Ol. Come leave your squealing.

Ra. O you hurt my hand.

Hill. Or cut the Lechers throat.

Spr. Would you be hang'd? Stand back. Let me alone.

Mer. You shall not pull us so.

Spr. O do not hurt 'em, Master.

Ol. Hurt 'em? I meant 'hem but too well. Shall I be so prevented?

Spr. They be but young and simple. And if they have offended, let not your Worships own hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punishment. Correct 'em not your self. It is the Beadles Office.

Ol. Do you talk Shake-rag: Heart yond's more of 'em. I shall be Beggar-mawl'd if I stay. Thou saist right, honest fellow, there's a Tester for thee.

Exit. running.

Vin.

Vin. He is prevented, and aſham'd of his purpoſe.

Spr. Nor were we to take notice of his purpoſe more than to prevent it.

Hill. True, politique *Springlove*, 'twas better his own fear quit us of him, than our force.

Ra. Look you here, Gentlemen, twelvepence a peece.

Mer. Beſides fair offers and large promiſes. What ha you got to day, Gentlemen?

Vin. More then (as we are Gentlemen) we would have taken.

Hil. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Ra. Mer. Ha ha ha. Switches and kicks. Ha ha ha——

Spr. Talk not here of your gettings. We muſt quit this Quarter. The eager Gentleman's repulſe may arm and return him with revenge upon us. We muſt therefore leap Hedge and Ditch now; through the Briers and Myres, till we ſcape out of this Libertie, to our next *Rendevous*; where we ſhall meet the *Crew*, and then, *hay toſſe* and laugh all night.

Mer. As we did laſt night.

Ra. Hold out, *Meriel*.

Mer. Lead on, brave *Generall*. *to Spr.*

Vin. What ſhall we do? They are in heart ſtill. Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you ſee.

Spr. Beſides, if you beg no better then you begin, in this lofty Faſhion, you cannot ſcape the Jayle, or the whip, long.

Vin. To tell you true, 'tis not the leaſt of my purpoſe, to work means for our diſcovery, to be releas'd out of our Trade.

Enter

Enter Martin and Amie in poor Habits.

Spr. Stay, here come more Passengers. Single your selves agen, and fall to your Calling discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more. If you'l beg in full cry I am for you.

Mer. I that will be fine; let's charm all together.

Spr. Stay first and list a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we have scap'd hitherto: And I believe that all the Search is now retir'd, and we may safely passe forwards.

Am. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying Proverb, that saies, Where *Love* is, there's no Lack. I am faint, and cannot travail further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, you would get me some.

Mar. We'll venter at the next Village to call for some. The best is, we want no Money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear. I'll rather pine to death.

Mar. Be not so fearfull. Who can know us in these Clownish Habits?

Am. Our Cloaths, indeed, are poor enough to beg with. Would I could beg, so it were of Strangers that could not know me, rather than buy of those that would betray us.

Mar. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young couple of Run-away Lovers disguiz'd, that the Country is so laid for. Observe and follow now. *Now the Lord to come with ye, good loving Master and Maystresse, your blessed Charity to the poor, lame and sick, weak and comfortlesse, that will night and day—*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.*

Spr. Pray hold your peace and let me alone.

God young Master and Mistris, a little Comfort amongst

amongst us all, and to blesse you where e're you go,
and

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly—

Spr. Pray do not use me thus. Now sweet young Master and Mistris, to look upon your Poor, that have no relief or succour, no bread to put in our heads.

Vin. Wouldst thou put bread in thy Braines?

No Lands or Livings.

Spr. No House nor home; nor covering from the cold; no health, no help but your sweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands or Shirts but lowsie on our backs.

Hil. No smocks or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

Ra. No Shooes to our Legs, or Hose to our Feet.

Vin. No Skin to our Flesh, nor Flesh to our Bones shortly.

Hill. If we follow the Devil that taught us to beg.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Spr. I'll run away from you if you beg a stroak more. Good worshipfull Master and Mistris—

Mar. Good Friend forbear. Here is no Master or Mistris. We are poor Folks. Thou seest no Worship upon our backs, I am sure. And for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for pittie. You may have enough. And what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholsome Food from a good Gentlemans Gate— Alas good Mistris— Much good do your heart. How favourly she feeds!

Mar. What do you mean; to poyson your self?

Am.

All together.

Am. Do you shew Love in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall too. I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Host, something towards your Reckoning.

Am. This *Beggar* is an *Angell* sure!

Spr. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle Master. 'Tis against Order, and will never thrive. But pray, Sir, your reward in Charity.

Mar. Here then in Charity. This fellow would never make a Cleark.

Spr. What! All this, Master?

Am. What is it? Let me see't.

Spr. 'Tis a whole silver three-pence, Mistresse.

Am. For shame, ingratefull Miser. Here Friend, a golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountifull Goodnesse! Gold? If I thought a dear yeer were coming, I would take a Farm now.

Am. I have rob'd thy Partners of their shares too. There's a Crown more for them.

4. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Mar. What have you done? lesse would have serv'd. And your Bounty will betray us.

Am. Fie on your wretched policy.

Spr. No, no good Master. I knew you all this while, and my sweet Mistris too. And now I'll tell you. The Search is every way; the Country all laid for you. 'Tis well you staid here. Your Habits, were they but a little neerer our Fashion, would secure you with us. But are you married, Master and Mistris? Are you joyned in Matrimony? In heart I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great bounty, bring you to a Curate, that lacks no License, nor has any Living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly *Beggar*!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise,

cise, that unlesse you, Mistris, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman; or that you have, at least, cleft or slept together (as he calls it) he will not marry you. But if you have lyen together, then 'tis a case of necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that lye against my self for all the World.

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly.

Aside.

I'll do my best for you however.

Mar. I'll do for thee, that— thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce for the price of your Mistris. Will you walk, Master?— We use no Complements.

Am. By inforc'd Matches Wards are not set free
So oft, as sold into Captivitie:
Which made me, fearlesse, fly from one I hate,
Into the hazard of a harder Fate.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Talboy. Oliver. With riding Switches.

Tal. SHe's gone. *Amie* is gone. Ay me she's gone,
And has me left of joy bereft, to make my mone.
O me, *Amie*.

Ol. What the Devil ayles the Fellow tro?
why! why Master *Talboy*; my Cozen *Talboy* that
should'ft ha' been, art not asham'd to cry at this
growth? and for a thing that's better lost then
found; a Wench?

Tal.

Tal. Cry! who cries? do I cry; or look with a crying Countenance? I scorn it; and scorn to think on her, but in just anger.

Ol. So, this is brave now, if 'twould hold.

Tall. Nay it shall hold. And so let her go, for a scurvy what d'e call't; I know not what bad enough to call her.— But something of mine goes with her I am sure. She has cost me in Gloves, Ribands, Scarfs, Rings, and such like things, more than I am able to speak of at this time— Oh.

Ol. Because thou canst not speak for crying. Fy Master *Talboy*, agen?

Tal. I scorn it agen, and any man that saies I cry, or will cry agen. And let her go agen; and what she has of mine let her keep, and hang her self, and the Rogue that's with her. I have enough; and am Heire of a well-known Estate, and that she knows.— And therefore that she should sleight me, and run away with a wages-fellow, that is but a petty Cleark and a Serving-man. There's the vexation of it.—Oh there's the grief, and the vexation of it— Oh—

Ol. Now he will cry his eyes out! You Sir. This life have I had with you all our long journey; which now is at an end here. This is Master *Oldrents* house, where perhaps we shall finde old *Hearty*, the Uncle of that Rogue *Martin*, that is run away with your Sweetheart.

Tal. I 'tis too true, too true, too true. You need not put me in minde on't— Oh — O —

Ol. Hold your peace and minde me. Leave your bawling, for fear I give you correction. This is the House I say, where it is most likely we shall hear of your Mistris and her companion. Make up your face quickly. Here comes one of the Servants, I suppose.

Enter Randall.
Shame

Shame not your self for ever, and me for company.
Come, be confident.

Tall. As confident as your self or any man—
But my poor heart feels what lies here. Here. I
here it is, O——

Ol. Good morrow, Friend. This is Squire *Old-
rents* House, I take it.

Ran. Pray take it not, Sir, before it be to be let.
It has been my Masters, and his Ancestors in that
Name, above these three hundred years, as our
House Chronicle doth notifie; and not yet to be
let. But as a Friend, or stranger, in Guest-wise,
you are welcome to it; as all other Gentlemen are,
far and neer, to my good Master, as you will finde
anon when you see him.

Ol. Thou speak'st wittily and honestly. But I
prethee, good Friend, let our Nags be set up: they
are tied up at the post. You belong to the Stable,
do you not?

Ran. Not so much, as the Stable belongs to me,
Sir. I passe through many Offices of the House,
Sir. I am the running *Bayley* of it.

Ol. We have rid hard, hoping to find the *Squire*
at home at this early time in the morning.

Ran. You are deceiv'd in that, Sir. He has
been out these four hours. He is no *Snayle*, Sir.
You do not know him, I perceive, since he has
been new moulded. But I'll tell you, because you
are Gentlemen.

Ol. Our Horses, good Friend.

Ran. My Master is an ancient Gentleman, and a
great House-keeper; and praid for by all the poor
in the Countrey. He keeps a Guest-house for all
Beggars, far and neer, costs him a hundred a yeer,
at least; and is as well belov'd among the Rich.
But, of late, he fell into a great Melancholly, upon
what, I know not: for he had then more cause to
be

be merry than he has now. Take that by the way.

Ol. But, good Friend, our Horfes.

Ran. For he had two Daughters, that knew well to order a House, and give entertainment to Gentlemen. They were his *House-Doves*. But now they are flowne ; and no man knows how, why, or whither.

Tall. My *Dove* is flown too, Oh——

Ran. Was she your Daughter, Sir ? She was a young one then, by the Beard you wear.

Tall. What she was, she was, d'ee see. I scorn to think on her.——But I do——Oh.

Ol. Pray hold your peace, or feign some mirth, if you can.

Sing. Tal. Let her go, let her go. *I care not if I have her, I have her or no.* Ha, ha, ha——
Oh my my heart will break——Oh——

Ol. Pray think of our horfes, Sir.

Ran. This is right my Master. When he had his Daughters he was sad ; and now they are gone, he is the merriest man alive. Up at five a'Clock in the morning, and out till Dinner-time. Out agen at afternoon, and so till Supper-time. Skife out this away, and skife out that away. (He's no *Snayle* I assure you.) And *Tantivy* all the country over, where Hunting, Hawking, or any Sport is to be made, or good Fellowship to be had ; and so merry upon all occasions, that you would even blesse yourself, if it were possible.

Ol. Our Horfes, I prethee.

Ran. And we, his Servants, live as merrily under him ; and do all thrive. I my self was but a silly Lad when I came first, a poor turn-spit Boy. Gentlemen kept no whirling Jacks then, to cozen poor People of Meat. And I have now, without boast, 40*l.* in my Purse, and am the youngest of
half

half a score in the House, none younger then my self but one; and he is the Steward over all: his name is Master *Springlove* (bless him where ere he is) he has a world of means: And we, the Underlings, get well the better by him; besides the Rewards many Gentlemen give us, that fare well, and lodge here sometimes.

Ol. O! we shall not forget you, Friend, if you remember our Horses, before they take harm.

Ran. No hurt, I warrant you: there's a Lad walking them.

Ol. Is not your Master coming, think you?

Ran. He will not be long a coming. He's no *Snayle*, as I told you.

Ol. You told me so, indeed.

Ran. But of all the Gentlemen, that tosse up the Ball, yea and the *Sack* too, commend me to old Master *Hearty*; a decay'd Gentleman; lives most upon his own Mirth, and my Masters Means, and much good do him with it: He is the finest Companion of all: He do'es so hold my Master up with Stories, and Songs, and Catches, and t'other Cup of Sack, and such Tricks and Jiggs, you would admire——He is with him now.

Ol. That *Hearty* is *Martins* Uncle. I am glad he is here. Bear up *Talboy*. Now, friend, pray let me ask you a question——Prethee stay.

Ran. Nay, marry I dare not. Your Yawdes may take cold, and never be good after it. *Exit.*

Ol. I thought I should never have been rid of him. But no sooner desir'd to stay, but he is gone. A pretty humour!

Enter Randall.

Ran. Gentlemen, my Master will be here e'ne now, doubt not: for he is no *Snayle*, as I told you. *Exit.*

Ol.

Ol. No *Snayle's* a great word with him. Prethee *Talboy* bear up. *Enter Usher.* Here comes another gray Fellow.

Ush. Do you stand in the Porch, Gentlemen? the House is open to you. Pray enter the Hall. I am the Usher of it.

Ol. In good time, Sir. We shall be bold here, then, to attend your Masters coming.

Ush. And he's upon coming; and when he comes he comes apace. He's no *Snayle*, I assure you.

Ol. I was told so before, Sir. No *Snayle*! Sure 'tis the word of the House, and as ancient as the Family.

Ush. This Gentleman looks sadly, me thinks.

Tal. Who I? not I. Pray pardon my looks for that? But my heart feels what's what. Ay me—

Ush. Pray walk to the Buttry, Gentlemen. My Office leads you thither.

Ol. Thanks, good Master Usher.

Ush. I have been Usher these twenty years, Sir. And have got well by my place, for using Strangers respectfully.

Ol. He has given the Hint too.

Ush. Something has come in by the by, besides standing Wages, which is ever duly paid (thank a good Master, and an honest Steward) Heaven bleesse 'hem. We all thrive under 'em.

Enter Butler with Glassess and a Napkin.

O here comes the Butler.

But. You are welcome, Gentlemen. Please yee draw nearer my Office, and take a morning Drink in a Cup of Sack, if it please you.

Ol. In what please you, Sir. We cannot deny the curtesie of the House, in the Masters absence.

But. He'll come apace when he comes. He's no *Snayle*, Sir.

Going.
Ol.

Ol. Still 'tis the House-word. And all the Servants wear Livery-Beards.

But. Or perhaps you had rather drink White wine and Sugar. Please your selves, Gentlemen; here you may taste all Liquors. No Gentlemans House in all this County, or the next, so well stor'd (— make us thankfull for it.) And my Master, for his Hospitality to Gentlemen, his Charity to the Poor, and his bounty to his Servants, has not his Peer in the Kingdom (— make us thankful for it.) And 'tis as fortunate a House for Servants, as ever was built upon *Faery-Ground*. I my self, that have serv'd here, Man, and Boy, these four and forty yeers, have gotten together (besides something more then I will speak of, distributed among my poor Kinred) by my Wages, my Vails at *Christmas*, and otherwise, together with my Rewards of kinde Gentlemen, that have found courteous entertainment here——

Ol. There he is too,

But. Have, I say, gotten together (tho' in a dangerous time I speak it) a brace of hundred pounds——Make me tkankfull for it. And for losses I have had none. I have been Butler these two and thirty years, and never lost the value of a silver spoon, nor ever broke a Glasse——Make me thankfull for it. White Wine and Sugar, say you Sir?

Ol. Please yourself, Sir.

But. This Gentleman speaks not. Or had you rather take a Drink of brown Ale with a Toast, or March Beer with Sugar and Nutmeg? or had you rather drink without Sugar?

Ol. Good Sir, a Cup of your Household-Beer.

Exit But.

I fear he will draw down to that at last.

Enter

Enter Butler with a Silver Can of Sack.

But. Here, Gentlemen, is a Cup of my Masters small Beer: But it is good old *Canary*, I assure you. And here's to your welcome.

Enter Cooke.

Cook. And welcome the Cooke sayes, Gentlemen. Brother Butler, lay a Napkin, I'll fetch a cut of the Surloyn to strengthen your patience till my Master comes, who will not now be long, for he's no *Snayle*, Gentlemen.

Ol. I have often heard so. And here's to you, Master Cook——Prithee speak, Master *Talboy*, or force one Laugh more, if thou canst.

Cook. Sir, the Cook drinks to you. *To Talb.*

Tal. Ha, ha, ha——

Ol. Well said.

Tal. He is in the same Livory-Beard too.

Cook. But he is the oldest Cook, and of the ancientest House, and the best for House-keeping, in this County, or the next. And tho' the Master of it write but *Squire*, I know no Lord like him.

Enter Chaplain. And now he's come. Here comes the *Word* before him. The *Parson* has ever the best stomach. I'll Dish away presently. *Exit.*

But. Is our Master come, Sir *Domine*?

Chap. *Est ad Manum. Non est ille testudo.*

Ol. He was the Word too in *Latine*. Now bear up *Talboy*.

Cha. Give me a Preparative of Sack. It is a gentle Preparative before Meat. And so a gentle touch of it to you Gentlemen.

Ol. It is a gentle Offer, Sir; and as gently to be taken.

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. About with it, my Lads. And this is as it should be——Not till my turn, Sir, I. Though,

I confesse, I have had but three Morning-draughts to-day.

Ol. Yet it appears you were abroad betimes, Sir.

Old. I am no *Snayle*, Sir.

Ol. So your men told us, Sir.

Old. But where be my *Catchers*? Come, a *Round*. And so let us drink.

The Catch sung. And they drink about. The Singers are all Graybeards.

A *Round, a Round, a Round, Boyes, a Round*
Let Mirth fly aloft, and Sorrow be drown'd.
Old Sack, and old Songs, and a Merry old Crew,
Can charm away Cares when the Ground looks
blew.

Old. Well said, old *Hearty*. And, Gentlemen, welcome.

Tal. Ah——

He sighs.

Old. Oh mine ears! What was that, a sigh? And in my House? Look: has it not split my Walls? If not, make vent for it: Let it out: I shall be stifled else.

Exit Chap.

Ol. He hopes your pardon, Sir: his Cause consider'd.

Old. Cause? Can there be cause for sighing.

Ol. He has lost his *Mistress*, Sir.

Old. Ha ha ha. Is that a Cause? Do you hear me complain the losse of my two Daughters?

Ol. They are not lost, I hope Sir.

Old. No more can be his *Mistress*. No Woman can be lost. They may be mis-laid a little: but found again, I warrant you.

Tal. Ah——

Sigh.

Old. Ods my life! He sighs again: And means to blow me out of my House. To Horse again. Here's no dwelling for me. Or stay: I'll cure him

if I can. Give him more Sack, to drown his Suspirations.

While Oldrents and Talboy drink, Oliver takes Hearty aside.

Ol. Sir, I am chiefly to inform you of the Difafter.

Hea. May it concern me ?

Old. Your Nephew *Martin* has stolne my Fathers Ward, that Gentlemans *Bride* that should have been.

Hea. Indeed, Sir. [*Letter.*

Ol. 'Tis most true—— *He gives Hearty a*

Hea. Another Glasse of *Sack*. This Gentleman brings good news.

Ol. Sir, if you can prevent his danger——

Hea. Hang all Preventions. Let 'em have their Destiny.

Tal. Sir, I should have had her, 'tis true——
But she is gone, d'ee fee ? And let her go.

To Oldrents.

Old. Well said. He mends now.

Tal. I am glad I am rid of her (d'ee fee) before I had more to do with her——

Hea. He mends apace.

Hearty reads the Letter.

Tal. For should I have married her before she had run away, d'ee fee : And that she had run away (d'ee fee) after she had bin married to me (d'ee fee) Then I had been a married Man without a Wife (d'ee fee.) Where now she being run away before I am married (d'ee fee) I am no more married to her, d'ee fee, then she to me, d'ee fee. And so long as I am none of hers (d'ee fee) nor she none of mine (d'ee fee) I ought to care as little for her, now she is run away (d'ee fee) as if she had stay'd with me, d'ee fee.

Old.

Old. Why this is excellent ! Come hither *Hearty*.

Tal. I perceive it now ; and the reason of it ; And how, by Consequence (d'ee fee) I ought not to look any further after her. *Cryes.* But that she should respect a poor base fellow, a Cleark at the most, and a Servingman at best, before me, that am a rich man, at the worst ; and a Gentleman, at least, makes me — I know not what to say——

Old. Worse than ever 'twas ! Now he cries outright.

Tal. I know not what to say——What to say——Oh——

Hea. Then I do, Sir. The poore base Fellow, that you speak of, is my Nephew : As good a Gentleman as yourself. I understand the businessse by your Friend here.

Tal. I cry you mercy, Sir.

Old. You shall cry no Mercy, nor any thing else here, Sir ; nor for any thing here, Sir. This is no place to cry in : Nor for any businessse. You, Sir, that come on businessse——

To Ol.

Ol. It shall be none, Sir.

Old. My House is for no businessse, but the Belly-businessse. You finde not me so uncivill, Sir, as to ask you from whence you came ; who you are ; or what's your businessse. I ask you no question. And can you be so discourteous, as to tell me, or my Friend, any thing like businessse. If you come to be merry with Me, you are welcome. If you have any businessse, forget it : You forget where you are else. And so to Dinner.

Hea. Sir, I pray let me onely prevail with you but to reade this.

Old. Spoyle my Stomack now, and I'll not eat this fortnight.

He reads aside.

Hea. While he reads, let me tell you, Sir. That my

my Nephew *Martin* has stolne that Gentleman's Mistris, it seems, is true. But I protest, as I am a Gentleman, I know nothing of the matter; where he or she is. But, as I am the foresaid Gentleman, I am glad on't with all my heart. Ha, boy *Mat.* Thou shalt restore our *House*.

Ol. Let him not hear, to grieve him, Sir.

Hea. Grieve him? What should he do with him? teach their Children to cry?

Tal. But I do hear you though; and I scorn to cry, as much as you, d'ee see, or your Nephew either, d'ee see.

Hea. Now thou art a brave fellow. So, so, hold up thy head, and thou shalt have a Wife, and a fine Thing.

Tal. Hang a Wife; and Pax o' your fine Thing (d'ee see) I scorn your Fopperies, d'ee see.

Old. And I do hear thee, my Boy; and rejoice in thy conversion. If thou canst but hold now.

Tal. Yes, I can hold, Sir. And I hold well with your Sack. I could live and die with it, as I do true *Talboy*.

Old. Now thou art a tall Fellow; and shalt win no Sack.

Tal. And, Sir, I do honour you (d'ee see); I should wish my self one of your Household Servants (d'ee see) if I had but a gray Beard, d'ee see. *Hay*, as old Master *Clack* says.

Old. Well, I have read the business here.

Ol. Call it not business, I beseech you, Sir. desie all business.

Tal. I marry do we, Sir. D'ee see, Sir? And *Hay*, as old Master *Clack* says.

Old. Grammercy Sack, Well, I have read the Matter here written by Master *Clack*. And do you bear up in thy humour, I will wait upon thee home.

Knock with
Hea

Heark! they knock to the Dreffer. I have heard much of this old od-ceited Justice *Clack*: And now I long to see him. 'Tis but crossing the Countrey two daies and a nights Journey. We'll but dine and away presently. Bear up, I say, Master *Talboy*.

Tal. I will bear up, I warrant you, d'ee fee, Sir
——But here's a grudging still— *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

A great noyse within of rude Musick, Laughing, Singing, &c.

Enter Amie, Rachel, Meriel.

Am. **H**ere's a Wedding with a witnesse, and a Holy-day with a hoigh. Let us out of the noise, as we love our ears.

Ra. Yes: and here we may pursue our own Discourse, and hear one another.

Mer. Concerning *Springlove* and your self, *Mistris Amie*.

Am. Well, Ladies, my confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested your selves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confesse my self well affected both to the Minde and Person of that *Springlove*. And, if he be (as fairly you pretend) a *Gentleman*, I shall easily dispense with *Fortune*.

Ra. Me. He is, upon our *Honours*.

Am. How well that high Ingagement suits your Habits.

Ra. Our Minds and Blood are still the same.

Am. I have past no affiance to the other,
That stole me from my Guardian, and the Match
He

He would have forc'd me to : From which I would
Have fled with any, or without a Guide.
Besides, his minde, more clownish than his Habit,
Deprav'd by Covetousnesse and Cowardise,
Forc'd me into a way of misery,
To take relief from *Beggars*.

Mer. From poore Us.

Am. And then, to offer to marry me under a
Hedge, as the old Couple were to-day, without Book
or Ring, by the Chaplain of the *Beggars* Regiment,
your *Patrico*, onely to save Charges.

Ra. I have not seen the Wretch these three
hours, whither is he gone ?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horse and fit Raiment
for us ; and so to post me hence : But I think it
was to leave me on your hands.

Mer. He has taken some great distaste sure : For
he is damnable jealous.

Ra. I, didst thou mark what a wilde look he
cast, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kist her on
the Straw this morning, while the Musick plaid to
the old Wedding-folks ?

Mer. Yes, and then *Springlove*, to make him
madder, told him, that he would be his *Proxie*, and
marry her for him, and lie with her the first night,
with a naked Cudgell betwixt 'em, and make him
a King of *Beggars*.

Am. I saw how it anger'd him. And I imagin'd
then, and before, that there was more in *Springlove*,
then downright *Beggar*. But tho' he be never so
good a Gentleman, he shall observe fit time and
distance till we are married.

Ra. Matrimony forbid else. (She's taken.) But
while we talk of a Match towards, we are mist
within in the *Bride-Barn* among the *Revell rout*.

Am. We have had all the sport they could make
us, in the past passages.

Mer.

Mer. How cautious the old contracted Couple were for Portion and jointure!

Ra. What Feoffees, she being an Heire of fourescore, (and seven yeers stone-blinde) had, in trust for her Estate.

Am. And how carefully he secur'd all to himself, in case he out-liv'd her, being but seven yeers older then she. And what pains the Lawyer of the Rout here, took about it.

Ra. And then, how solemnly they were joyn'd, and admonish'd, by our *Parson Under-hedge*, to live together in the fear of the Lash, and give good example to the younger Reprobates, to beg within Compasse, to escape the jaws of the Justice, the Clutch of the Constable, the Hooks of the Headborough, and the biting blows of the Beadle. And, in so doing, they should defie the Devill, and all his Works, and after their painfull Pilgrimage in this life, they should die in the Ditch of Delight.

Mer. O but Poet *Scribble's Epithalamium.*

T*o the blinde Virgin of fourscore,
And the lame Batchelor, of more,
How Cupid gave her Eyes to see,
And Vulcan lent him Legs :
How Venus caus'd their Sport to be
Prepar'd with butter'd Egs.*

*Yet when she shall be seven years wed,
She shall be bold to say,
She has as much her Maiden-head,
As on her Wedding day.*

Ra. So may some Wives that were married at sixteen, to Lads of one and twenty.

Am. But at the Wedding-Feast, when the Bride bridled it, and her Groome fadled it. There was the sport, in her Mumping, and his Champing;
the

the *Crew* scrambling; our selves trembling; then the confusion of Noyfes, in talking, laughing, scolding, singing, howling; with their Actions, of snatching, scratching, towing and lowling themselves, and one another——

Enter Springl. Vinc. and Hilliard.

But who comes here?

Spr. O, Ladies, you have lost as much Mirth, as would have fill'd up a week of Holy-daies.

Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a gentle way.

Vin. I am come about agen for the *Beggars* life now.

Ra. You are. I am glad on't.

Hill. There is no life but it.

Vin. With them there is no Grievance or Perplexity;

No fear of war, or State Disturbances.

No Alteration in a Common-wealth,

Or Innovation, shakes a thought of theirs.

Mer. Of ours you should say.

Hil. Of ours, he means.

We have no fear of lessening our Estates;

Nor any grudge with us (without Taxation)

To lend or give, upon command, the whole

Strength of our Wealth for publick Benefit:

While some, that are held rich in their Abundance, (Which is their Misery, indeed) will see

Rather a generall ruine upon all,

Then give a Scruple to prevent the Fall.

Vin. 'Tis onely we that live.

Ra. I'm glad you are so taken with your Calling.

Mer.

Mer. We are no lesse, I assure you. We finde the sweetnesse of it now.

Ra. The Mirth, the Pleasure, the Delights. No Ladies live such Lives.

Mer. Some few, upon necessity, perhaps. But that's not worth g'rammercy.

Vin. They will never be weary.

Hil. Whether we seem to like, or dislike, all's one to them.

Vin. We must do something to be taken by, and discovered, we shall never be our selves, and get home again else,

Spr. and Amie come to the rest.

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have mist rare Sport ; but now the Bride has mist you with her half-half eye ; and the Bridegroom, with the help of his Crutches, is drawing her forth for a Daunce, here, in the opener aire. The House is now too hot for 'em. O, here come the chief Revellers. The *Souldier*, the *Courtier*, the *Lawyer*, and the *Poet*, who is Master of their Revels, before the old Couple in State. Attend, and hear him speak, as their Inductor.

Poet.

H*Ere, on this Green, like King and Queen,
(For a short truce) we do produce
Our old new-married Pair.*

*Of Dish and Wallet, and of Straw-pallet,
With Rags to show, from top to toe,
She is the ancient Heire.*

*He is the Lord of Bottle-gourd,
Of Sachell great, for Bread and Meat,
And, for small Pence, a Purse.*

*To all that give, Long may you live
He loudly cries : But who denies
Is sure to have his Curse.*

Vin.

Vin. Well said, Field-Poet. *Phœbus*, we see,
inspires

As well the *Beggar*, as the *Poet Laureat*.

Spr. And shines as warm under a Hedge
bottom, as on the tops of *Palaces*.

Po. I have not done yet. Now this is to incite
you to daunce.

P*Repare your selves, like Faëry Elves,
Now in a Daunce to show,
That you approve, the God of Love
Has many Shafts to's Bow :*

*With Golden head, and some of Lead,
But that which made these feel,
By subtil craft, was sure a Shaft
That headed was with Steel.*

*For they were old ; no Earth more cold ;
Their Hearts were Flints intire ;
Whence the Steels stroak did sparks provoke,
That set their Bloods on fire.*

*Now strike up Piper ; and each Lover here
Be blith, and take his Mistris by the Goll.*

Hil. That's no Rime, *Poet*.

Po. There's as good *Poetry* in blank Verse, as
Meetre. *Musick.*

Spr. Come, hay! the Daunce, the Daunce. Nay
we'll ha' the *old Couple* in, as blind and lame as
they are.

Bri. What will you so ? *Daunce.*

Spr. Well hobbled *Bridegroome* !

Vin. Well grop'd *Bride* !

Hil. Hay lusty. *Hay Holy-day.*

Spr. Set 'hem down ; fet 'em down : They ha'
done well.

Gro. A ha ! I am lustier than I was 30. years
ago.

Bri.

Bri. And I, than I was threescore past. A hem, a hemh.

Vin. What a night here's towards !

Hil. Sure they will kill one another.

Po. Each with a fear the tother will live longest.

Spr. Poet, thou hast spoken learnedly, and acted bravely. Thou art both *Poet* and *Actor*.

Po. So has been many famous men. And if here were no worse, we might have a *Masque*, or a *Comedie* presented to night, in honour of the *old Couple*.

Vin. Let us each man try his ability
Upon some Subject now *extempore*.

Spr. Agreed. Give us a Theme ; and try our Action.

Po. I have already thought upon't. I want but Actors.

Hil. What Persons want you ? what would you present ?

Po. I would present a Common-wealth ; *Utopia*,
With all her Branches and Consistencies.

Ra. I'll be *Utopia* ; who must be my Branches ?

Po. The *Country*, the *City*, the *Court*, and the *Camp*. Epitomiz'd and personated by a *Gentleman*, a *Merchant*, a *Courtier*, and a *Souldier*.

Soul. I'll be your *Souldier*. Am not I one ? ha !

Cou. And am not I a fashionable *Courtier* ?

Po. But who the *Citizen* or *Merchant* ?

Spr. I.

Vin. And I your *Country Gentleman*.

Hil. Or I.

Po. Yet to our Morall I must adde two Persons,
Divinity and *Law*.

La. Why la you now. And am not I a *Lawyer* ?

Po. But where's *Divinity* ?

Vin.

Vin. Mary that I know not. One of us might do that, if either knew how to handle it.

Spr. Where's the old *Patrico*, our Priest, my Ghostly Father? He'll do it rarely.

i Beg. He was telling Fortunes e'ne now to Country Wenches. I'll fetch him—— *Exit.*

Spr. That *Patrico* I wonder at: He has told me strange things in clouds.

Am. And me somewhat that I may tell you hereafter.

Spr. That you shall be my Bride?

Am. I will not tell you now.

Vin. Well: but what must our Speeches tend to? what must we do one with another?

Po. I would have the *Country*, the *City*, and the *Court*, be at great variance for *Superiority*. Then would I have *Divinity* and *Law* stretch their wide throats to appease and reconcile them: Then would I have the *Souldier* cudgell them all together, and overtop them all. Stay, yet I want another person.

Hill. What must he be?

Po. A *Beggar*.

Vin. Here's enough of us, I think. What must the *Beggar* do?

Po. He must, at last, overcome the *Souldier*; and bring them all to *Beggars-Hall*. And this, well acted, will be for the honour of our Calling.

All. A *Scribble!* A *Scribble!*

Hill. Come, where's this *Patrico*, that we may begin?

Enter Patrico.

Pa. Alack and welladay, this is no time to play. Our Quarter is beset. We are all in the Net. Leave off your merry Glee.

Vin. You begin scurvily.

Spr.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter?

Within. *Bing awast, bing awast.* The *Quire* Cove and the *Harmanbeck*.

Some Beggars run over the Stage.

Spr. We are befet indeed. What shall we do?

Vin. I hope we shall be taken.

Hil. If the good hour be come, welcome by the grace of good Fortune.

Enter Sentwell, Constable, Watch. The Crew slip away.

Sent. Befet the Quarter round. Be sure that none escape.

Spr. Lord to come with you, blessed Master, to a many distressed——

Vin. Hil. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Ra. Mer. Good your good *Worship*, duly and truly, &c.

Sen. A many counterfeit Rogues! So frolick and so lamentable all in a breath? You were acting a Play but now: We'll act with you. Incurrible Vagabonds.

Spr. Good Master, 'tis a *Holy-day* with us. An *Heire* was married here to-day.

Sen. Married! Not so I hope. Where is she? 'Tis for an *Heire* we seek.

Spr. Here She is Master——Hide your Selves in the Straw——the Straw. Quickly into the Straw——

Sen. What tell'st thou me of this? An old blind *Beggar-woman*. We must finde a young *Gentlewoman-Heire* among you. Where's all the rest of the *Crew*?

Con. Slipt into the Barn and the Bushes by: but none can scape.

Sen.

Sen. Look you to that, and to these here.

Exit with Water

Spr. Into the Straw, I say.

Vin. No, good *Springlove*. The Ladies and are agreed now to draw Stakes, and play lowlie Game no further.

Hil. We will be taken, and disclose our self. You see we shall be forc'd to it else. The coward Cleark has don't to save himself.

Spr. Do you fear no shame, Ladies?

Ra. Dost think it a shame to leave Begging?

Mer. Or that our Father will turn us out again?

Spr. Nay, since you are so resolute, Know, I my self begin to finde this is no course for Gentlemen. This *Lady* shall take me off it.

Am. Make but your Protestations good, take me yours. And for the Gentleman that prizes us, tho' he has all my Uncles trust, he do any thing for me to our advantage.

Vin. If, *Springlove*, thou could'st post now thy Tying-house, and fetch all our Cloaths, might get off most neatly.

Spr. A Horse and six hours Travell would that.

Am. You shall be furnisht, doubt not.

Enter Sentwell. Watch.

Sent. She's scap'd, or is invisible. You, Sir, take to be the chief *Rogue* of this *Regiment*. I him be whipt till he brings forth the *Heire*.

Con. That is but till he stinks, Sir. Come, strip, strip.

Am. Unhand him, Sir. What *Heire* do you see Master *Sentwell*?

Sent. Precious, how did my haft oversee her Mistress *Amie*! Could I, or your Uncle, Just
Cl

Clack, a wiser man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in such company ?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my company, I have a story to delight you : which on our March towards your House, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you as my Guest. But to the Law surrender all the rest. I'll make your peace.

Am. We must fare all alike.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Clack. Martin.

Cl. I have forgiven you. Provided that my Neece be safely taken ; and so to be brought home. Safely, I say, that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd ; that is to say, with no more faults, criminall, or accusative, than those she carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe——

Cl. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ? you believe her Vertue is Armour of proof, without your Councillor or your Guard ; and therefore you left her in the hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me. You have it. Provided, I say (as I said before) that she be safe, that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled ; that is to say——as I said before.

Mar. Mine intent, Sir, and my onely way——

Cl. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ? as I said before. Your intent, and your onely way, you would ha' said, was to run away with her ; and that by her onely Instigation, to avoid the tie of Marriage with Master *Talboy* ; that is to say, to shun the Match,
that

Sen. Randall, you forget.

Ran. Mum again then. Why would you not go then? *Exit Sent. and Rand.*

Mar. The man's as mad as his Master. The strangest strangers that ever came to our House.

Enter Talboy.

Tal. Well, *Martin*, for confessing thy fault, and the means thou mad'st whereby she is taken, I am friends with thee. But I shall never look upon her, or thee—but with grief of minde, however I bear it outwardly. Oh—

Mar. You bear it very manfully, me thinks.

Tal. I, you think so, and I know so—— But what I feel, I feel. Would one of us two had never both seen one another——Oh——

Mar. You speak very good sense, Sir. But do's my Master continue his merry humour with the old Gentlemen within.

Tal. Yes. Justice *Clack's* Clack go's as merrily as any.

Mar. Well said, Sir. Now, you speak merrily too. But I could say some what that would still him. And for your comfort, I'll tell you. Mistress *Amie* is fallen in love with one of the *Beggars*.

Tal. Then have I nothing else to do, but to laugh at thee as long as I live. Ha ha ha—— To let a *Beggar* cozen thee of her. Ha ha ha. A *Beggar*! I shall die merrily yet. Ha ha ha.

Enter Clack. Oldrents. Hearty. Oliver.

Cla. A *hay* Boys, a *hay*. This is right; that is to say, as I would have it; that is to say——

Tal. A *Beggar*. Ha ha ha——

Mar. Ha ha ha——

Cla. A *hay* Boyes, a *hay*. They are as merry without, as we were within. A *hay*, Master *Oldrents*,

rents, and Master *Hearty*! The vertue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody, with a *hay trololly lolly lolly*. Is't not so, Master *Hearty*?

Old. Why thus it should be: How was I deceiv'd! Now I see you are a good Fellow.

Ol. He was never so before. If it be a Lightning before Death, the best is, I am his Heire.

Tal. Mar. Ha ha ha——

Cla Again, Boyes, again; that is to say, a *hay Boyes*, ah *hay*——

Hea. What is the Motive of your Mirth, Nephew *Martin*? Let us laugh with you.

Old. Was that spoke like my Friend, *Hearty*? Lack we Motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing to be laugh'd at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at It too.

Cla. You take the losse of your Mistris merrily, Master *Talboy*.

Tal. More merrily than you will take the finding of her. Ha ha ha——A *Beggar*! Ha ha ha——

Cla. Can I be sad to finde her, think you?

Mar. He thinks you will be displeas'd with her, and chide her.

Cla. You are deceiv'd, Master *Talboy*; you are wide, Master *Talboy*; above half your length, Master *Talboy*. Law and Justice shall sleep, and Mirth and good Fellowship ride a *Circuit* here to night. A *hay*, Master *Oldrents*, a *hay*, Master *Hearty*, and a *hay*, Son *Oliver*, and a *hay*, Nephew *Talboy*, that should ha' been, and a *hay*, my Cleark *Martin*, and a *hay* for the *Players*. When come they? Son *Oliver*, see for Master *Sentwell*, that is no readier with his new Company.

Tal. Players! Let us go see too. I never saw any *Players*.

Exit Talb. Mar.

Ol. This is the first fit that ever he had of this Disease.

Disease. And if it be his last, I say, as I said before, I am his Heire. *Exit.*

Old. But is there a *Play* to be expected, and acted by *Beggars*?

Cla. That is to say, by *Vagabonds*; that is to say, by *strowling Players*. They are upon their Purgation. If they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the Law; that is (a *hay*). If not, to morrow, Gentlemen, shall be acted, *Abuses stript and whipt*, among 'em; with a *hay*, Master *Hearty*, you are not merry. (*Enter Sentwell.*) And a *hay*, Master *Sentwell*, where are your *Drammatis Personæ*; your *Prologus*, and your *Aëtus Primus*, ha? Ha' they given you the slip, for fear of the Whip? A *hay*.

Sen. A word aside, an't please you——
Sentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a Paper.

Old. I have not known a man in such a Humour.

Hea. And of his own finding! He stole it, indeed, out of his own Bottles, rather than be rob'd of his Liquor. Misers use to tippel themselves so.

Old. He do's so out-do us, that we look like staid men again, *Hearty*; fine sober things.

Hea. But how long will it last? He'll hang himself to morrow, for the Cost we have put him to.

Old. I love a Miser's Feast dearly. To see how thin and scattering the Dishes stood, as if they fear'd quarrelling.

Hea. And how the Bottles, to scape breaking one another, were brought up by one at once!

Old. How one of the Serving-men, untrain'd to wait, spilt the White-broth!

Hea. And another, stumbling at the Threshold, tumbled in his Dish of Rouncevals before him.

Old. And most suitable to the Niggardlineffe of his Feast, we shall now have an Entertainment, or *Play*, presented by *Beggars*.

Clz.

Cla. Send 'em in, Master *Sentwell*. *Exit Sent.*
Sit, Gentlemen, the *Players* are ready to enter.
And here's a Bill of their *Playes*. You may take
your choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same
Cloaths? Read 'em, good *Hearty*.

Hea. First, here's *The two lost Daughters*.

Old. Put me not in minde of the two lost
Daughters, I prethee. What's the next?

Hea. *The vagrant Steward*.

Old. Nor of a vagrant Steward. Sure some
abuse is meant me.

Hea. *The old Squire and the Fortune-teller*.

Old. That comes neerer me. Away with it.

Hea. *The Beggars Prophecy*.

Old. All these Titles may serve to one *Play*, of a
Story that I know too well. I'll see none of them.

Hea. Then here's *The merry Beggars*.

Old. I, that; and let 'em begin.

Enter Talboy and Oliver.

Tal. The *Players* are coming in: And Mistris
Amie and your man *Martin*, are to be Actors
among 'em.

Cla. A *hay* then for that too. Some merry
device sure. *A Flourish of Shalms*. Hark! the
Beggars Hoboys. Now they begin.

Old. See, a most solemn *Prologue*.

Enter Poet for Prologue.

TO Knight, to Squire, and to the Gentiles here,
We wish our Play may with content appear.
We promise you no dainty Wit of Court,
Nor City Pageantry, nor Country Sport:
But a plain Piece of Action, short and sweet;
In Story true. You'll know it when you see't.

Old.

Old. True Stories and true Jests do seldom thrive on *Stages*.

Cla. They are best to please you with this tho', or a *hay* with a Whip for them to morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, let 'em Play their worst.

A Florish. Enter *Patrico.* With *Lawyer habited like Oldrents.*

See our *Patrico* among 'em.

Hea. That offered you a *Doxie* in the Barn.

Pat. Your Children's Fortunes I have told,
That they shall Beg e're they be old.
And will you have a Reason why?
'Tis Justice in their Destiny.—

Cla. Justice, ha! Are you meddling with Justices already?

Pat. Your Grandfather, by crafty wile
Of bargaining, did much beguile
A thriftlesse Heire of half the Lands
That are descended to your hands.
And, then, by Law, not Equity,
Forc'd Him and his Posterity
To Woe and shamefull Beggary.

Law. That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.

Pat. But our fore-fathers Debts and Crimes,
Although forborn till future times,
Are not so paid. But what needs more,
I wish you happy in your Store. *Exit.*

Old. Dost note this, *Hearty*?

Hea. You said you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

Lawyer

*Lawyer walks sadly, beats his breast, &c.
To him enter Souldier like Hearty,
and seems to comfort him.*

Old. It begins my Story, and by the same *Fortune-teller* that told me my Daughters Fortunes ; almost in the same words. I know him now. And he speaks in the *Play* to one that personates me, as neer, as they can set him forth.

Cla. How like you it, Sir ? You seem displeas'd. Shall they be whipt yet ? A *hay*, if you say the word.

Old. O, by no means, Sir ; I am pleas'd.

Soul. *Sad for the words of a base Fortune-teller ?
Believe him ! Hang him. I'll trust none of 'em.
They have all Whims, and double double meanings
In all they say.*

Old. Whom do's he talk or look like, now ?

Hea. It is no matter whom. You are pleas'd, you say.

Soul. *Ha' you no Sack i' th' House ? am not I
here ?
And never without a merry old Song ?*

Sing.

*Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old Crew,
Will fright away Cares when the ground looks blew.
And can you think on Gipsie Fortune-tellers ?*

Law. *I'll think as little of 'em as I can.*

Soul. *Will you abroad then ? But here comes
your Steward.*

Enter Springlove to Lawyer.

Old. Blessè me ! Is not that *Springlove* ?

Hea. Is that you, that talks to him, or that Cockscombe I, do you think ? Pray let 'em play their *Play* : the Justice will not hinder 'em, you see ; he's asleep.

Spr.

Desire to hear what's worth your best attention,
More privately) you may draw nearer me.

Oldrents goes to him.

Hea. Hear no more *Fortunes*.

Old. You shall give me leave.

Pat. I am Grandson to that unhappy
Wrought-on,

Whom your Grandfather, craftily, wrought out
Of his Estate. By which, all his Posterity
Were, since, expos'd to *Beggary*. I do not charge
You, with the least offence in this. But, now,
Come neerer me: for I must whisper to you.

Patrico takes Oldrents aside.

I had a Sister, who among the Race
Of *Beggars*, was the fairest. Fair she was
In *Gentle Blood*, and *Gesture* to her *Beauty*;
Which could not be so clouded with base Cloathing
But she attracted *Love* from worthy *Persons*;
Which (for her meannesse) they exprest in *Pity*,
For the most part. But some assaulted her
With amorous, though loose *desires*; which *she*
Had vertue to withstand. Onely one *Gentleman*
(Whether it were by her *Affection*, or
His *Fate*, to send his Blood a begging with her,
I question not) by her, in heat of Youth,
Did get a *Son*, who now must call you *Father*.

Old. Me?

Pa. You. Attend me, Sir. Your *Bounty*, then,
Dispos'd your Purse to her; in which, besides
Much Money (I conceive by your neglect)
Was thrown this holy *Relique*. Do you know it?

Old. The *Agnus Dei* that my mother gave me
Upon her Death-bed! O the losse of it
Was my fore grief: And now, with joy, it is
Restor'd by *Miracle*! Do's your Sister live?

Pa. No, Sir. She died within a few daies after
Her Son was born; and left him to my care;

On whom, I, to this day, have had an eye,
In all his wandrings.

Old. Then the young Man lives !

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachell,
Meriel.

Pa. Here with the rest of your fair *Children*,
Sir.

Old. My joy begins to be too great within me !
My Blessing, and a Welcome to you all.
Be one anothers, and you all are mine.

Vin. Hil. We are agreed on that.

Ra. Long since. We onely stood till you shook
off your fadnesse.

Mer. For which we were fain to go a begging,
Sir.

Old. Now I can read the *Justice* of my *Fate*,
and yours——

Cla. Ha ! *Justice* ? Are they handling of
Justice ?

Old. But more applaud great *Providence* in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of *Justices* ? I watch'd for
that.

Hea. I so me thought No, Sir. The *Play* is
done.

Enter Sentwell, Amie, Oliver, Martin.

Sen. See Sir, your *Neece* presented to you.

Springlove takes Amie.

Cla. What, with a Speech by one of the
Players ?

Speak, Sir: and be not daunted. I am favour-
able.

Spr. Then, by your favour, Sir, this Maiden is
my Wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your part. That is to
say, you must begin again.

Spr.

Spr. She's mine by solemn Contract, Sir.

Cla. You will not tell me that. Are not you my Niece?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't, we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Mar. I must disprove the Contract.

Tal. That is my part to speak.

Sen. None can disprove it. I am witnessse to it.

Cla. Nay, if we all speak—as I said before.

Old. Hear me for all then. Here are no *Beggars* (you are but one, *Patrico*) no *Rogues*, nor *Players*: But a select Company, to fill this House with Mirth. These are my *Daughters*; these their *Husbands*; and this that shall marry your Niece, a Gentleman, my Son. I will instantly Estate him in a thousand pound a yeer to entertain his Wife; and to their Heirs for ever. Do you hear me now?

Cla. Now I do hear you. And I must hear you. That is to say, it is a Match. That is to say—as I said before.

Tal. And must I hear it too—O—

Old. Yes, though you whine your eyes out.

Hea. Nephew *Martin*, still the Childe with a Suck-bottle of *Sack*. Peace, Lambe; and I'll finde a wife for thee.

Old. Now, *Patrico*, if you can quit your Function, To live a moderate Gentleman, I'll give you A competent Annuity for your life.

Pat. I'll be, withall, your faithfull Beadf-man; and Spend my whole life in Prayers for you and yours.

Cla. And now, Cleark *Martin*, give all the *Beggars* my free *Passe*, without all manner of Correction? that is to say, with a *hay get 'em gone*.

Ol. Are not you the Gentleman, that challeng'd me in right of your Friend here?

Vin. Your Inspection's good, Sir.

Ra.

Ra. And you the Gentleman (I take it) that would have made *Beggar-sport* with us, two at once.

Mer. For twelve pence a piece, Sir.

Oli. I hope we all are Friends.

Spr. Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll beg no more,
But your continuall Love, and daily blessing.

Old. Except it be at *Court*, Boy ; where if ever I come, it shall be to beg the next Fool-Royal's place that falls.

Spr. A begging *Epilogue* yet would not be,
Me thinks, improper to this *Comedie*.



Epilogue.

T*Ho' we are, now, no Beggars of the Crew,
We count it not a shame to beg of you.
The Justice, here, has given his Passe free
To all the rest, unpunish'd ; onely we
Are under Censure, till we do obtain
Your Suffrages, that we may beg again ;
And often, in the Course, We took to day,
Which was intended, for your Mirth, a Play ;
Not without Action, and a little Wit,
Therefore we beg your Passe for us and It.*

F I N I S .

THE
QUEENES
EXCHANGE,
A
COMEDY,

Acted with generall applause at the
BLACK-FRIERS
BY
His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by
Mr. RICHARD BROME.
Regia res amor est.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Hand in
Pauls Church-yard. 1657.





The Stationer to the Readers.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THis short account I thought fit to give you of this Poem, that it came to my hands among other things of this nature, written, and left by Mr. Rich. Brome, a person whose excellency in Comical wit has been sufficiently proved, and needs not my partial and weak commendation. There are published already of his Playes, the Northern Lads, the Antipodes, the Sparagus-garden, the Merry Beggars, the Lancashire Witches, besides the 5 Playes lately published in a Volume. The good acceptance of all which encourages me to publish this, being no way inferior to the rest; but when 'twas written, or where acted, I know not. Your kinde entertainment of this will enable me to make known to the World divers more of the same Authors works of this kind, which have not yet seen light; for my ayme is, & prodesse & delectare, by delighting thee to profit my self.

H. B.

Farewel.



The Queens Exchange.

The Persons in the Play.

O *Sriick*, King of *Northumbria*.
Theodrick, his Favourite and
Embassador.
Ethelfrick, his Substitute.
Theodwald,
Eanfride, } Lords of his
Alfride, } Council.
Edelbert,
A Physition.
Jeffrey, the Kings fool.
4 Clowns.

Scene England.

B *Ertha*, Queen of West
Saxons.
Segebert, } two banished Lords.
Alberto, }
Anthynus, } *Segeberts* Sons.
Offa,
Mildred, *Segeberts* daughter,
Osfricks Queen.
Arnold, an old servant of *Offa*.
Kelrick,
Elkwine, } three sycophant
Elfride, } Lords.
Hermit and his Servant.
Keeper of Prison.
Edilh, *Mildreds* Nurse.
A Carpenter,
A Mason, } three Thieves.
A Smith,

Prologue to the Queens Exchange.

THe writer of this Play who ever uses
To usher with his modesty the Muses
Unto the Stage, He that scarce ever durst
Of Poets rank himself above the worst,
Though most that he has writ has past the rest,
And found good approbation of the best ;
He as he never knew to bow, he saies,
As little fears the fortune of his Playes :
He yields their right to us, and we submit
All that they are in learning or in wit
To your fair censure. All is then but thus,
As you approve they are good or bad to us ;
And all by way of favour we can crave
Is that you not destroy where you may save.



THE
QUEENES EXCHANGE.

Act. I. Scen. I.

*Enter Celerick, Elkwin, Segebert, Bertha, and
Attendants. Hoboyes.*

Bert. Since it has pleasd the highest Power to
place me
His substitute in Regal Sovereignty,
Over this Kingdom, by the generall vote
Of you my loyall Lords, and loving Subjects,
Though groundd on my right of due Succession;
Being immediate heir, and only child
Of your late much deplored King my Father.
I am in a most reverend duty bound
Unto that Power above me, and a wel-
Befitting care towards you my faithfull people,
To rule and govern so (at least so neere
As by all possibility I may)
That I may shun Heavens anger, and your grief.
Which that I may, at our last consultation
The better to passe through my weighty charge,
I gave you to consider of the Proposition
Is made to me by the Northumbrian King

Of

Seg. I see your aym ;
 And know, when I have said all that I dare,
 What censure I must undergoe. And thus
 Ile meet it boldly : you are sycophants all,
 And doe provide but for your selves, though all
 The Kingdom perish for't. May the justice
 That follows flattery overtake you for't.

Seg. Take hence the mad man.

Celr. We are sorry for you.

Elk. And wish the troublesome spirit were out
 of you,
 That so distracts your reason.

Elf. We have known you
 Speak and answer to the purpose.

Seg. Your question to no purpose, Sir, was this:
 Whom my great wisdom would allot the Queen?
 You are not worth my answer. But my Sovereigne,

I do implore your gracious attention
 To these few words.

Celr. Lesse sense.

Elf. No matter.

Elk. Silence.

Speak your few words, the Queen can give you
 hearing.

Seg. I wish your Highnesse would command
 your women,
 That know their qualities to take up your Beagles.
 Their Petulances sort not with this place
 Nor the more serious matter of my speech.

Bert. Speak, I can hear you though. Forbear
 him Lords.

Seg. The King your Father, and my ne'r to be
 Forgotten Master, (please you to remember)
 Although his memory be lost with these,
 Who nere had grace to know him rightly, gave
 me

Before

And trod into disorder? All your wealth,
Your state, your laws, your subjects, and the hope
Of flourishing future fortunes, which your Father
By his continual care, and tedious study
Gave as a Legacy unto this Kingdom.
Must all be altered, or quite subverted,
And all by a wilful gift unto a stranger?

Bert. Peace: stop his mouth. Unreaverend old
man,

How darst thou thus oppose thy Soveraignes will,
So well approv'd by all thy fellow Peers;
Of which the meanest equals thee in judgement?

Seg. Do you approve their judgements, Madam,
which

Are grounded on your will? I may not do't.
Only I pray, that you may understand,
(But not unto your loss) the difference
Betwixt smooth flattery, and honest judgements.

Bert. Do you hear this, my Lords?

Celr. My Lord *Segebert*,
Though you except against this King,
He may hereafter thank you in your kind.

Seg. Mean time I thank you for your prophesie.

Col. You cannot but allow succession is
The life of Kingdoms; & if so, you cannot
But wish the Queen (which Heaven grant speedily)
An happy husband.

Bert. I thank you, good my Lord.

Elk. And if an husband, why not him she
affects?

Can it besit a subject to controule
The affection of his Princeesse? Heaven forbid.

Seg. This is ear taking Musick.

Elk. Or suppose,
You might controule it; whom in your great
wisdom
Would you allot the Queen?

Seg.

Bert. Forbear. Now he's not worth your speaking to.

Celr. Now she'll ha' me I hope. What a foul beast Was I to undervalue subjects blood?

Bert. I have forborn you long, for the old love My Father in his life conferr'd upon you And still I yield to it so much as saves Your head, bold talking fellow. But Sir hear Your doom. Since the Kings love hath puff'd your dotage

With swoln conceit (for what can it be lesse) That you are now my King (for sure you think so) I'll try my Title with you. Hence you Exile : Go in perpetual banishment from this Kingdome. Speak not a word for him.

All. Infooth we meant it not.

Celr. But may it please your Majesty, you mention'd

His head erewhile. Now if I might advise——

Bert. Away, you'll be too cruel.

Celr. Another hope lost.

Elkw. His lands and goods, Madam, would be thought on.

Bert. No, he has children.

Elfr. I'll take his daughter with all faults, and half his lands.

Bert. Why are ye not gone?

Seg. I have not much to say.

Bert. Out with it then, and then out with your self.

Seg. In the large History of your Fathers life You find but one example for this doom Of Banishment. And that was of *Alberto* five years since,

For wronging me unto his Highnesse, when He stood in competition with me for The Honor in the State the King then gave me.

Bert.

Bert. And what of this ?

Seg. But thus. I stood by then, and then all
knowing Heaven
Saw that though he for wronging me was Banish'd,
I was right sorry, and much pleaded for him.

Bert. It follows now that you would have these
Lords,
Whom you have so abus'd, to plead for you.

Seg. Quite contrary, for they are my Abusers ;
Yet I do grieve for them, but more for you.
To think on all your sorrows, when too late
You'll wish for me to steer the State.

Bert. Pray if you meet that good old Lord
Alberto,
Now in your exile, send him home to us ;
I'll promise him your Honour in the State.

All. Ha, ha, ha

Bert. Go from my sight, and if after three dayes
Thou art seen in my Dominion, I will give
A thousand crowns to him that brings thy head.
See Proclamation sent to that effect.

Celr. I will, and as many Informers after
The Proclamation, as there be crowns in't.
Come we have spoken for you all that we can.

Elf. The Queen's implacable.

Bert. Be gone I say, Why dost thou stay ?

Seg. But to applaud your Mercy and Bounty,
In that you post me from a world of care
And give me the wide world for my share.

Exit Seg. and Celr.

Elk. Your Majesty has perform'd a point of
justice
Mingled with clemency beyond all president.

Bert. Enough to give a warning to all such
As dare oppose their Princes purposes :
Conduct in now th' Embassador of *Northumbria.*
Whilst I review his Master's brighter Figure

Exit Elk. Elf.

As

As ardently, (but with more pure affection)
As ere did *Cynthia* her *Endimion*.

Ent. Emb.

My Lord, you have attended long, but now
I shall return that answer to your King,
That if his love be as you have pretended
May well excuse your stay. Tell him this story,
A King sent forth a General to besiege
A never conquered City. The siege was long,
And no report came back unto the King,
How well or ill his Expedition thriv'd;
Until his doubtful thoughts had given lost,
His hope oth' City, and his Army both.
When he being full of this despair, arriv'd
Oth' suddain his brave General with Victory;
Which made his thanks, as was his conquest
double.

You may interpret me my Lord.

Emb. If so,
I am to tell the King he has won your love.

Bert. A blush may be excus'd in the confession:
'Tis my first answer to the question: Yes.

Emb. So from the doubtful darknesse of the
night,

The blushing morn Ushers the cheerful Sun,
To give new light and life unto the World:
I shall revive my King with these glad tydings.

Bert. You have said well,
Let us enform you better.

(Talk aside with him.)

Elkw. I can but think what old *Segebert* said
Concerning Laws, Customes, and Priveledges.
And how this match will change the Government.
I fear, how e'er the Laws may go, our Customes
will

Be lost; for he methinks out-flatters us already.

Elfr.

Elfr. He's the King's Favourite ; and has wooed
so well

For him, that we may fear he'll wrigle in
Twixt him and us, the prime man in her favour.

Bert. Let it be so. The tenth of the next
month

I'll be prepar'd to entertain his Highness.
First to confirm a contract ; then as soon
As he shall please to consummate our marriage.
In the mean time this Figure, which you say
Resembles him, as Painters skill affords ;
Indeed it is a sweet one. (*Kisses it*) Shall be daily
My dear companion most unseparably ;
And when I sleep it shall partake my Pillow.
Does he love mine as well d'ye think my Lord ?

Emb. Just with the same devotion ; If I durst
I would say more.

Bert. Nay, speak my Lord, pray speak.

Emb. He do's allow't a Table, Waiters and
Officers

That eat the meat.

Bert. Indeed.

Elkw. O horrible.

Elfr. Nay, We shall ne're come near him.

Emb. And at night

He lodges it perpetually on his bosome.

Elkw. We are dunces to him.

Emb. Here, just here ;

And't please your Majesty o' the hearts side.

(*Shrugs.*

Bert. Indeed I am pleas'd. I'll stay you but
to night,

Tomorrow you shall hasten towards the King.

And for your speed wear this.

Emb. Most gracious Queen. (*kisses her hand.*)

Exeunt Omnes.

Scen.

Scen. II.

Enter Segebert, Anthynus, Offa, Mildred.

Seg. 'Tis the Queens pleasure children ; I must bear it.

Off. To Banishment, good heaven forbid. And Heaven

I hope will not yet suffer it.

Seg. Whilst we expect the best from Heavens high will,

It suffers Princes to reward us ill.

Yet can I think it shakes an angry hand

Over my head, for some misdeed of mine,

Which I have unrepented let go by.

It must be something sure was pleasure to me.

What in the World has most delighted me ?

To love my King and Country, Neighbours, Friends,

And sometimes Enemies. (I'll passe o're that)

I have done well (though I do not to boast it)

To succour and relieve all kind of wretches ;

Poor souls that have half deafned me with Prayers,

Loud Prayers. They'll misse me now ; and I

Shall have a misse of them too (Let that passe)

What have I done at home, since my Wife died ?

No Turtle ever kept a widowhood,

More strict, then I have done. Then for my Children.

Offa. Come you hither.

Of. My Lord Father.

Anth. He might have call'd me first, I am the Eldest.

Seg. I am sure thou'lt answer in behalf of one.

Have I not lov'd thee alwayes ?

Off. O dear Sir,

I am all unworthy to acknowledge half,

Half

Half of your pious bounties on a Son,
A wretch so ill deserving as my self ;
Your hand has evermore been open to me,
Your blessings still more readily have shour'd
Upon my head, then I had grace to ask them.
(For to my knowledge I ne're ask'd blessing yet
With a good will in all my life ; some would
Do Pennance in the Church with lesse perplexity.)

Seg. I, thou wast ever an obedient child,
Next, you my Daughter.

Anth. Then I must be last.

Seg. How have you found my love ?

Mild. Sir, far above my duty.

Seg. Do not weep, but speak good child.
I have not long to stay with yee ; my three dayes
Will scarce afford this hour to bide with you.

(*Weeps.*)

Mild. Had I no tears nor sobs to interrupt
My flattering Tongue, but had speech as free
As the best Orator that speaks for fee
Could, or durst I attempt t'express your goodnefs,
More then to say, 'tis more then I can say.

Seg. 'Tis a good maid ; O Queen thou art too
cruel !

Mild. But honour'd Father, grant me yet one
Bone.

Seg. What's that my Girle ?

Mild. You shall know presently.

Dries her eyes.

Pray give me leave to kneel unto the Queen
To try what I can do for your repeal.
'Twere shame we should sit down and lose you
thus.

The Queen affects me well. You know she loves
me.

And promis'd once she would deny me nothing.

Seg. For this thou shalt not trouble her ; besides

Seg. Though you are eldest, and my lawful heir,
And must be Lord at my decease of all
My large Possessions. Yet it is my will
That till my death my *Offa* have the sway
And government of all, allowing you
That yearly stipen formerly I gave you.
Let me not hear of any grudge betwixt you.
And be you both respectful of your Sister,
And you of them good Girle. It is decreed
That I shall never see you more.

Mild. Ay me. (*Cries.*)

Seg. Go get thee in I prithee *Mildred*,
Go in I say, thy brothers shall a little
Shew me my way. Go in, I shall not speak else,
And I have more to say to them. Good now go.

Mild. O, O, O.

Seg. You will not disobey me? Heaven blesse
my Girle (go and come again).

Mild. But must I never see you more?

Seg. Yes child in Heaven; and then for ever-
more.

Mild. To wait your coming thither I'll afore.

Exit.

Seg. Thither shall be my first journey.
But after you shall still hear from me where e're I
wander.

Anth. Not I Sir, by your favour.

Seg. Why I pray.

Anth. I must be nearer you. I kneel for't Sir.
And humbly pray I may not be denied
To wait on you in Exile. Take me with you.

Off. Do you not find him?

Seg. This is but your stoutness
(Though you seem humble unto me) against
Your brother, because I leave the rule to him.

Anth. Far be it from my thoughts dear Sir, con-
sider

He

He has had that rule already divers years
Ere since my mother die, and been your darling
Heaven knows without my grudge, while you were
pleas'd.

Off. Heaven knows his thoughts the while alack
a day.

Anth. I never envied him, though I have found
You have severely over look'd my Actions,
When you have smil'd on his, though but the same.
I have been still content while I have found my
duty firm.

Seg. You shall along.

Anth. You have new begotten me.

Off. Sir.

Seg. Peace, I know thy fear, my dearest Boy.

Off. Does not your blood begin to chil within
you?

Great heirs are overhasty Sir,
And think their Fathers live too long. Pray Sir
Take heed of him. Though he should act the
Parricide abroad, our laws acquit him.

Seg. I'll give my self to Heaven, quit thou thy
fear.

I am not worth a life. I'll take him hence
That thou mayst be secure from bloody spite.
I fear him not, mischief has spent her selfe
And left her sting within me for a charme
That quit me from the fear of further harm.
Go get thee home, my blessing and farewell.

Off. Pray Sir excuse me, I cannot speak for
laughing. (*aside.*)

Seg. And farwel Countrey, shed not a tear for
me;

I go to be dissolv'd in tears for thee.

Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter *Ofrick*, the King, *Theodrick*, *Theodwald*,
Eaufrid, *Alfrid*, *Edelbert*, 2 *Lords*.

O *Sr.* Let your dispatches instantly be sent
Through all the Kingdom to incite the
people

(As many as are mine, or would be thought so)
To expresse with me their joy, for the enjoying
Of the so long desired happinesse,
In this our beautious and magnificent Queen.

1 *Lor.* See that through all the Cities, Towns,
and Villages,

With solemn Feasts, and publique sign of joy
They celebrate a day for these glad Tydings.

2 *Lor.* Post every way, that the third day from
this

The general joy may sound and shine through all
The Kingdom.

Attend. That's with Bells and Bonfires.

1. & 2. *Lor.* Goe.

Ex. Attendants.

Kin. And now my Lords, I must require your
care

To set down a fit order for our journey
Unto this Queen, to perfect my worlds blisse.
I would not fail in the least Article
Of state or decency in this Affair.
Provide so that we may in all appear
Worthy th' Atchievement of our fair ambition.
And let our followers be chosen such
Whose inward worth no lesse than outward shew
May make us glorious in this expedition.
Do speedily and effectually good my Lords,
The time hafts on.

1 & 2 *Lor.* Our duty shall prevent it.

King. Methinks the silent Picture seems to say,
'Tis fit I should anticipate a day, *Ex. Lords.*
Rather then lose one minute from that light
Whose very shadow is so Angel bright.

Emb. But when your Highness shall behold,
nay more
Shall touch, nay more and nearer shall embrace,
Nay more and nearer yet, enfold and handle,
Nay more and nearest of all, enjoy
The lively (that's too little) heavenly substance
Of this poor imaginary, which is as short,
As far inferiour to the life,
As a weak star-light to the mid day Sun.

King. O do not ravish me with expectation.
This is a way to make each hour untill
I shall enjoy my blisse, a tedious night ;
Each night a death : Yet can I not desire
To shift the Argument off our discourse.
Did she appear so fair, so lovely ?

Emb. Sir,
Suppose you see a glorious Firmament,
Bedeck'd with heavenly Stars ; so shines her Court
With Ladies might be thought of matchlesse beauty,
Striking meer humane sight with admiration.
Imagine now you see break through a Vail
Amidst those Stars, though heavenly lesser beauties
The bright *Cynthia* in her full of Lustre.
So this no lesse to be compared Queen,
Shines above beauty to an humane eye
That is not mix'd with powerful Majesty.
You may behold her your Divinity,
My King may comprehend what can besit
Me only to confesse, I do admire.

King. O thou art mine. In such a Queen
And such a servant nev'r was King so blest'd.
But are there in her Court (although inferiour

To

To her more Excellent) such special Beauties,
And in my *Theodricks* apprehension ?
You have made choice of one then ?

Emb. I have seen
One so agreeable to my affection
Above all the rest, I cannot but confesse
I strove to be her Servant.

King. Doubtlesse then
She was a fair one. *Theodrick*, never fear,
She is thine own, my self will be thy Spokesman
If she be worthy of thee.

Emb. For fair Vertue
With all the graces which adorn the mind,
In best opinion she's unparallel'd
By any Subject, Lady, (I must ever
Allow Supremacy unto the Queen)
And for her Person, it appears in all
Most answerable to her face. Of which here is
Th' exactest Copy that I could get drawn,
And without flattery by the Queens own Lymner.

King. Pray let me see't. Indeed it is a sweet one.
Did he that drew this of the Queen, draw that ?

Emb. With the same hand.

King. But not with the same colours.
Trust me they're much unlike,
He wrongs the Queen
And merits her displeasure even to death,
T'advance a Servants beauty 'bove her own.

Emb. What sayes your Majesty ?

King. Keep off a little,
You stand just in my light. And so he does,
Twixt me and the prime beauty of the world.
But I'll be even with him, and cause my Picturer
To set this Crown upon this head, and then——
Fie, what a fancie's this ? He will perceive me.
But now I note this Forehead, and this Brow,
This Eye, this Lip.— (*lets fall the other.*)

Emb.

Emb. You have let fall the Queen Sir.

(takes it up)

King. I cry her mercy. What a shame it is
That I should fall in his discovery?

Are Courts so fraught with fraud and flattery?

And can a King that governs such professors

No whit dissemble to obscure his passions?

I must, and thus begin to practice it.

Theodrick, didst thou note my contemplation

Over these Pictures?

Emb. I could but perceive

Your Highness viewing them well. And I have
learn'd

To make no search into my Sovereigns thoughts.

King. Thou art ever modest. Thus it was

Theodrick.

(Protest it rap't me bove the pitch of Mortals)

First to consider what an absolute beauty

This Queen has in herself; but then to gather

The circumstances, many such as this

(As thou affirmst) inferiour lights to her,

That shine about her, rendring her more glorious,

Lights her above affection, to an height

That claims her adoration. Then marvel not

That now when this but in Effigy

Was but plac'd by her. By which her Majesty

So much the more appear'd, I could not hold

This Figure of that all to be commanding beauty

When my high thoughts were fled up to her pre-
sence.

Now take thy piece of craftsmanship again,

Which trust me is a pritty one; whilst I

Devote my service to this Deity.

Emb. Sir, you have given me the Queens
Picture.

King. Ha!

What a mistake was here? But thou art honest,

And

*Scen. II.**A shout within, the Musick, sound the Bells.**Enter 4 Clowns with tools.*

1. **A**ND what's the reason of all this merry
glee?

2. The King, the King man must be married.

3. And must he have a Wife?

2. A Wife? a Queen man, and all the Wives
in her Dominion

Must be his Commonwealth, and under us.

4. O brave.

2. And we must son and daughter it upon their
Nation.

4. That will be brave indeed.

1. O but where is *Jeffrey*, jolly *Jeffrey* now? the
prick and praise,

The very prick and praise, and prime Spark of our
Parish, to set our Bonfires and our

Mirth a blazing.

3. The Bells a ringing, and the Bowls a trowling,
the Fidlers fumbling and

Tumbling. O *Jeffrey*, where art thou *Jeffrey*?

2. He's at hand I warrant you, he went but to
Church

E'en now.

4. What, to pray at such a time as this?

2. No but to help to rear the Tennor, and will
come

Presently.

3. That's to be born withal. It is indeed a
divelish

Lopheavy Bell. I would the Church-warden that
Should have mended it when he robb'd the poor,

re
in's place.

2. There

2. There said you well. The Curate could say almost as much
When 'twas. But it makes no matter what he saies, I see
Little amended.

3. Whoop, here comes *Jeffrey* sweating in these affairs.

Ent. Jeffrey.

Jeff. The great Bells of our Town, they tingle they tangle,
They jingle they jangle, the Tenner of them goes merrily.

4. O *Jeffrey*, welcome *Jeffrey*.

Jeff. And shall we have a Queen?

All. So they say *Jeffrey*. O the bravest Woman!

Jeff. Take heed o' that, woman did you say?

Take heed, I

Give you warning. No man must know she is a woman

But the King himself. But a brave Queen she is they say,

And loves a man with all her heart.

Where art O Queen? we'll make thee

Such an holy day, as shall

Justle all the working dayes out of our

Almanack. It

Shall be said that we will work no more till thy Seventh Son, O Queen, who must be born a Prophet, shall

Foretel, the Age to come shall not have a true labourer

Or honest workman in it.

1. So we may make a long holyday indeed.

Jeff. Let work no more be thought on, we will revel it out

Of remembrance, we will not cease our joy to sleep, for

Fear

Fear we dream of work again. Down with your
 prophane
 Tools, and Implements of Husbandry, the very
 sight of 'em
 Dishonours our new holy day.

1. But *Jeffrey*, our Masters grudge to give us wood
 Enough to make a beaking Bonefire.

Jeff. How?

2. They say 'tis waste.

Jeff. Not wood to make a Bonefire?
 Your Sheeplocks, Flayles, Spades,
 Shovels, Rakes and Pitchforks, shall all be made a
 Bonefire.

2. And so we may be sure to make holy day till
 We get new ones.

Jeff. The maids shall bring their Rocks,
 their Wheels and Reels,
 their Tubs, their Pales and Buttocks.

4. Buckets thou wouldst say.

Jeff. Where was my mind?
 Their Buckets shall they bring, Wash-bowls and
 Butter-churns,
 Their Buckingtubs, Baskets and Battledoors;
 And all be made a Bonefire for the Queen.

3. My mother will not let her household stuff
 go so.

Jeff. We'll burn her for a witch then with all her
 trash,
 And her thatcht mansion too about her Ears,
 But we will shew our zeal unto the Queen
 In fire sufficient.

All 4. Ah good Boy.

Jeff. Sfoot, if our Masters do rebel against us
 Now Majesty's on our side, and not give fewel,
 When we mean to give fire, as duty binds
 We'll have their Carts by th' arses, Hardles,
 Wheelbarrows,

The

The Ploughs and Harrows, and the Whips ;
Because the Beasts shall play too ; only we'll spare
Their Racks and Mangers. All that's made of
wood

Belonging to our work besides, shall perish,
Shall perish, I have said it. Not the Politique
Molecatchers staff shall scape the flame.

Not low us wood ? we'll drink up all the drink to
the Queens health

And burn the Hogheads, Barrels, Kilderkins,
Firkins and Rundlets, all to the wooden dish
Shall smoak for't in our bonfire for the Queen.

All. Good boy again.

I. But where shall we make this
Houge and monstrous Bonfire ?

Jeff. Here, here, just here, in this very place, I
come to mark

The ground, here it shall blaze up to the Heavens,
and

We will roast our Town Bull at it, with a thousand
Puddings in his belly.

All 4. Ah good *Jeffrey* still.

Jeff. Nothing too dear to signifie our loves to the
King and Queen, let us bestir us therefore,
And enact this as a law amongst us, That
He that does not gall his hands to day with
Ringing, shall be hang'd up in the bell-rope ;
And he that is not soundly liquor'd by night shall
Be made fewel for our Bonfire ; such dry Rascals
Will burn better then Hereticks.

And last of all, he that does not keep his wench
Waking in the way that we wot of till tomorrow
milking time, shall either be

Gelt, or else led through the Town by that which
Shall be namelesse in a cleft stick. And so God
save

The Queen.

I. And

1. And the King to.

Jeff. The King we make no doubt of, we have pray'd

For him these seven years.

All 4. A *Jeffrey*, a *Jeffrey*.

Enter a Constable and Alfride.

Const. Whither away my friends?

Jeff. To make the bravest bonfire that ever blaz'd since

Troy, or that which the Tyrant Emperor warm'd His hands at.

Const. You must forbear.

Jeff. We must forbear, what Hebrew's that?

We understand not what must forbear means.

Const. You must forbear to make your Bonfire.

Jeff. Must? that word had nev'r been nam'd had all been *Jeffrey*;

We must forbear to set our loves on fire.

Unto the King. Dost thou not feel thy self

O man what e're thou art, becoming a Traytor?

Knowst thou the words thou speakest against the King?

Const. I know what I do speak, and what I am.

1. It is the Constable.

Const. I know my Office too, by vertue whereof I charge you in the Kings name, lay by

Your sports and pastimes, I'll lay you by the heels else.

Will you Sir know a reason? The King is sick.

Jeff. Then let us drink his health.

Const. He is sick exceedingly.

Jeff. Then let us drink exceedingly.

Const. He's sick even unto death.

Jeff. Then let us ring our Bells for that, and make a Funeral Bonfire.

Const.

Const. I say no drinking at all, no Bells, nor no Bonefires,
It is his Majesties command.

Jeff. I say his Majesties first word shall stand for Bells and Bonefires.

Though we set the Town a fire, and ring the Bells backwards.

Const. Ye will not be all hang'd will ye? see Here's a Gentleman and a Courtier, that so signifies his Majesties pleasure.

Jeff. A Gentleman and a Courtier, where be they? I see but one.

Alfr. Sir, I am both.

Jeff. What monsters are bred in *Affrica*? I take you but

For one at most; well, for the Gentleman that you Are, thus I salute you; Now for the Courtier that Is within you, I must wait upon it here; this posterior posture did

I learn of a Spanniel whose name was Courtier.

Now let me tell you Master Gentleman and Courtier, that we are

Sorry that sicknesse should make our King and Master

So fickle-headed as to crosse our sports thus, that we Meant to have made him such an holyday as might Have prov'd more worth to him than a Wife and Twenty sicknesses besides: Yet can we not be so sorry for his sicknesse as that it

Was his mishap to play mock holyday with us.

Alfr. The King shall know your loves, and for your part Master

Speaker.

Jeff. Your Friend and *Jeffrey*.

Alfr. Then *Jeffrey* be it, I'll promise you preferment, if

You will up to Court with me.

When I did offer them to draw their hilows,
All that we had even to our hearts appeared.

Anth. It seems their aim was at our blood, or
means.

And doubtless they were some that knew or
persons.

Through our disguises, and persua'd us hither
With an inveterate malice to destroy us
In this wild Desert.

Seg. Was it not enough
Thou impious Queen, and more unnatural Country,
To banish me unjustly? but thou must
Pursue my life by treacherous cruelty?
Art thou not hurt at all my Son?

Anth. Not touch'd,
To the least danger of one drop of blood.

Seg. They are three sturdy Knaves and strongly
weapon'd.

Anth. Had they been forty Sir, while I was
arm'd

By your white Innocence and holy Prayers,
Heavens justice lent me hands to beat them off
Yet give me leave dear Sir, to ask you now
Why you have bent your Pilgrimage this way?
Leading into a country of more danger
Unto your life and safety, then your own.

Northumberland, whose King cannot but rage
In greater heat against you then the Queen,
That so unjustly banish'd you; you may fall
(Though you escape the danger of this Forrest)
Into the reach of his revengeful fury.

Seg. It was and is my purpose to appear
In person to that King at my lifes price,
Which I am no more fond of then my Country
Is of my truth. And when I have made known
Th' unsuitness of the match, by the dishonour
run into if he proceed in it;

If then he take my life, I am at home,
Eternally at home.

Anth. But made you none
Acquainted that you meant to travel this way?

Seg. None
But my dear son *Offa*.

Anth. Then sure the Queen
Sent her Blood-hounds after you; I perceive
They could not be mere Thieves.

Seg. Good Angels guard us;
They have made head again in greater numbers.

Enter Offa disguis'd and Outlaws.

Anth. Take greater courage then.

Offa. Faint hearted slaves
Must I give hire and do the task myself?

1. Outl. 'Tis not amisse to help for expedition.

All. Upon 'em all at once.

They fight. Anthynus knock down 1. Outlaw.
Offa wounds Segebert in the head, he sincks.
Anthynus disarms Offa. Offa runs off, whilst
Anthynus speaks.

Anth. This sword thou never handlest more
Take you it and fresh courage Sir.

(Anth. Beats off the other and speaks on.)

May you not cease your flight till you reach Hell,
That bred ye villans; to pursue ye further
Were to neglect a nearer duty.

Dear honour'd Sir, look up;

Father, how do you?

Seg. Even almost well I hope.

Anth. He means with death,
Alas he's deeply wounded and bleeds much.
But what do I in this? I have not tears
Enough to wash these wounds, although some linnen
To bind them up. But mearely to bewail him
With looks and lamentations is as fruitlesse

As

As here to leave him languishing to death,
 And run in pursuit of his enemies
 To work revenge, Neither of these bring ease.
 Mount up my thoughts to Heaven then for a
 blessing

Upon my ready industry, and let each faculty
 Of mine as prompt to works and prayers be.
 How is it now Sir? do I not bind it too hard?
 Pray Sir speak to me.

Seg. Offa, oh son Offa!

Anth. Offa is not here, Sir, 'tis I, your son-
Anthynus.

Why look you on that sword so?

Seg. O son Offa!

Anth. Pray Sir look on me, I fear his memory
 fails him.

And as his mind was ever on *Offa*
 Before unfortunate me; so now he gives
 The merit that belongs (if any be)
 Due to the duty of a son in this
 From me to him: But envy be thou from me.
 Why look you on that sword, and not on me?
 'Twas I that wonne it for you.

Seg. O Anthynus!

Anth. That's well said Sir, speak though but
 faintly to me,

I had rather hear your groans then find your
 speechlesse,

Better will come I hope.

Seg. Help me to rise.

Anth. That's comfortably spoken; so, well done
 Like a strong man again.

Seg. O I am weak.

Anth. Rest upon me, my strength, my all is
 yours.

Aeneas that true Trojan son, whose fame
 For piety ever crowns his name

Had

Had not a will (although my means be poor)
Exceeding mine to answer nature more,
Well said, that step became you, we shall on
I see apace, give me your sword, it troubles you.

Seg. No, not this sword.

Anth. That's the best sign of all.

Keep it and hold it fast Sir, we will back
A little to the Spring we came by, where
I'll somewhat more accommodate your wounds.
Heaven, which mens honest pains doth ever blesse,
Will when we least can hope afford redresse.

Exeunt.

1. *Outl.* Oh, oh, some help, oh.

Enter an Hermit and Servant with a Basket.

Herm. Hark, didst thou not hear a cry?

Serv. Of nothing but

My guts that cry within me Sir for meat.

I hear no other cry, nor have not done.

Outl. Oh.

Serv. Almost these 5 years.

Herm. Peace thou belly-god, 'twas there again.

Serv. It is a belly-divel rather, that has tormented me

E're since I serv'd you under ground hereby.

No man

Above ground could have fasted like me.

Herm. Hast thou not dayly food thou Caterpillar?

Serv. Yes, such as Caterpillers eat;

Blossomes and Buds, many green growing things,
Such as you make your medicines of, and Roots,
would I could get

Some of the Caterpillers. A dish of Caterpillers
fried,

Let me see in what? in Usurers greafe, if one

Knew

Knew where to get it, might serve to feast an
Emperour.

But we live out oth' world by Prayer and Fasting.

Herm. Thou farest as I fare, feedest as oft as I.

Serv. But Sir, there's difference in our exercises.

If I

Could spend my time, whole dayes in prayer, as

You do, this kind of fare or fasting

Rather, would not be so bitter to me.

Outl. Oh.

Herm. Didst thou not hear it now?

Serv. Yes, something like the croaking of a Frog
me thought. If it

Were one, I would wade up to the waste for't

For my supper. Here, here Sir, here 'tis, here's
more

Work for you. Once a week we are commonly
troubled

Either to cure or bury one or other, thank the

Outlaws, they make us work for nothing here, as if
we dwelt

Here for the purpose, nor do I know other indeed.

Herm. Look up man, canst thou speak?

Outl. O no.

Serv. There's great hope of recovery, you hear he
Sayes he cannot speak.

Herm. Canst thou hold up thy hands, and lift up
thine eyes?

Serv. He does, he does; hang't he'l do well
enough.

Herm. Help up his body, then down into my Cave.

Serv. And to morrow up with him again, and
then down

Into a grave. Better let him lie now Sir,

You'l ne're do good on him I doubt; He looks

So damnably as if the Divil were at my elbow

For him.

Herm.

Herm. Peace knave, in charity I'll do my best.
Heaven hitherto my labours well has blest'd.

Serv. Nay, had I his weight in Venison so neer
kill'd, and might be allow'd to
Eat it ; I would ask no more flesh while I liv'd.

*(Here enter Offa and the Outlaws assuring him
they are dead.)*

Enter Anthynus carrying Segebert in his Arms.

Anth. Can no release be had ? is this the place,
That curst piece of ground which Nature meant
Should be call'd Hell on Earth ? where outrage
reigns,

Murder and cruelty beyond it ; deep despair
To a poor remnant of distress'd life
Of al reviving comforts, food, or medicine ?

Seg. Oh, set me down.

Anth. And must we needs be set
By the malicious ignorance of Fortune
On this infernal way ?

Seg. Patience, good Son.

Anth. Where ill abounds, and every good is
wanting,
Was't not enough that so much blood was spilt
From this white reverend head, from which hath
flow'd

Counsels that have preserv'd the blood of Nations ?
And fitter now to wear a Diadem

It self, then thus be stain'd with his own wrong.
Had it not been enough to have left him so,
Thou Tyrant Fortune, but to take away
All means of Succour ? no relief ? no comfort ?

Seg. Good Son, be not impatient.

Anth. And see, see,
Accurst Fate ! he bleeds afresh again,
As if his blood I now but wash'd away
Cry'd for the rest to follow it.

Seg.

Seg. Indeed,

Son, this impatience hurts thy self and me.
Better let me bleed still (bleeding's an easie death)
Then thou displease the awful power of Heaven,
By chiding at the feign'd ones, good take heed.

Anth. Me you have justly chidden, and I beg
Pardon of Heaven and you, and now methinks
I am inspir'd unto a further duty
Of seeking remedy. I'll leave no way untried
To find it, if I may. And though my absence
Will fore perplex me; I will with your grief
Leave you a while to forrage for relief.
But first pray let me change a sword with you Sir;
Not that I think yours better, but because
I fear some charm is in't, or secret ill
Gainst you, you sigh so when you view it still.

Seg. Good Son, forbear 't, and me unto my
thoughts,
Till thou returnst. Heavens & my blessing with
thee.

Anth. So strengthned I shall sure find remedy
To raise you out of this calamity.

Exit Anthynus.

Seg. This sword *Anthynus*? no, shouldst thou
but know

This sword as I do, it would raise thy Fury
Unto an execution of that horror
Would shake me in my grave: this sword
Which now I cannot but with tears remember,
Was once mine own. I gave it to thy Brother,
(I will not call him so) but to my Son,
(Why should I him call him so) but to *Offa*,
And so I fear I name my murtherer.
For when I gave it him, I charg'd him never
To part with it; he firmly vow'd the same,
And that whilst I or he should live, no man
ould ever give it motion but himself.

Wer't

Wer't thou so greedy of my life, my *Offa*,
To snatch it from me thus? when as the wounds
Thy Parricidal hands has given me;
Are not so bitter as the wronged thoughts,
Though they are deep and overflow their brinks;
I have two wounds within me that are deeper,
Which have discover'd in my heart and bowels
A trebbled Spring of dearer blood then this.
One pricks me with compassion for thee;
My good, my charitable, pious Son.
All blessing due to sanctimonious virtue
Be ever thy companion, till thou art crown'd
Mongst Sons of men the pattern of true Piety.
What foul mistrusts? puddles of jealousy
Were lodg'd in this dark bosome against thee?
And of affection what a pure stream did run
By a false Current to my second Son?
Who by thy truth appears not now thine own.
Which makes my other wound, in that so long
I cherish'd him by doing of thee wrong.
Now from my heart issue two streams of blood,
One thick and clotty, th' other clean Vermilion.
In the grosse blood I vent the wrong conceit
I swallow'd against thee my good *Anthynus*.
And in the cleer I see *Offa's* falshood may
In both my blood runs forth apace. O
My thick blood *Anthynus* be forgiven by thee.
And the clear cleanse my *Offa's* treachery
Oh—— (Sinks.)

Enter Hermit and Servant.

Herm. Didst thou not hear a groan? a dying groan?

Serv. Not I Sir, I heard nothing.

Herm. Hark, look about; I am sure I heard a groan.

Serv.

Serv. Here Sir, here's something that perhaps has groand.

But it's out of hearing now.

Herm. And so is pittie amongst men.

Ay me! an old man,
Murthered! A seeming simple innocent old man,
And yet he holds a sword.

Serv. So, more work still.
Whilst we are gathering Simples to cure one,
Here's another *John* Simple laid in our way to bury.

Herm. He is yet warn.

Serv. I, but he has no breath, not so much I'll
undertake as a
Scolding wife that has been 9 dayes in the grave.

Herm. Alas, he's gone indeed; What ruthles
villains
Could have done this on such an aged man,
In this so harmlesse habit?

Serv. Good master, let it warn you; though
we have hitherto
Pafs'd by these man-Tygers, these wolvisb Outlaws
safely, early and late, as not
Worth their malice. Yet pray Sir now since they
Begin to kill men of this coat, and these years,
let us

Forfake this Salvage habitation, and live
In the world of meat again.

Herm. How ill are these white hairs bestain'd
with red?
Methinks I should have known this face. Nothing
to wipe

The blood off? come, help away with him.

Serv. He's help away, and made away enough
already methinks.

Herm. Why dost not lift?

Serv. Sure they have blown their fins into him
that kill'd him,

He's

He's so heavy, he's deadly heavy. Pray Sir let me
Fetch my grave instruments & your book and
bestow him here.

You will not bury him in your Cave I'm sure.

Herm. I say I'll have him down; perhaps the
wounded

Man that's there may know him.

Serv. I would I had but this Fellows weight in
buttock Beef. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthynus.

Anth. I come my Father, chide not now my
stay;

In which I was more tardy I confesse,
Than e're I was in duty. I have brought you—
Where are you Sir? Ha! this was sure the place,
And this the very Oak at which I left him;
I mark'd it carefully, and took due heed
Even to the number of my steps in my
Departure, how to make my back return,
Nor was my tarriance such, that in that space
He could recover strength to shift his ground.
I wish it were so well with him. My Lord,
My father, what a mist of doubts stand I
Amaz'd in? and my unspeakable amazement
Is such, that I begin to call my sight
And memory in question, whither this place?
Or whither he? or I? or any thing
Be, or be not; good senses do not leave me,
My search will be in vain if you forsake me.
Father, my Lord! where are you? how? or where?

Ecch. Here.

Anth. That was well said, speak on.

(*Ex.*) Now where?

Ecch. Now here. (*Anth. within.*)

Anth. Now here? where is that here?

Ecch. Here. (*Ent. Anth.*)

Anth.

Anth. I hear and follow, but I know not where.
Ecch. Here.

Anth. At the same place again?
 If there be place, or I know any thing,
 How is my willingness in search deluded?
 It is the Wood that rings with my complaint,
 And mocking Eccho makes her merry with it.
 Curs'd be thy babling, and mayst thou become
 A sport for wanton boys in thy fond answers,
 Or stay, perhaps it was some gentle Spirit
 Hovering i'th' Air, that saw his flight to Heaven,
 And would direct me thither after him.
 Good reason, leave me not, but give me leave
 A little to consider nearer home;
 Say his diviner part be taken up
 To those celestial joys, where blessed ones
 Find their inheritance of immortality.
 I cannot think his earthly properties
 So soon could find the passage to that height.
 His body would be here, poor martyr'd body,
 That though it yet did live, could not part hence
 Without the help of others legs and hands.
 And here haunt none, but such whose Cruelty
 Would toss him into further misery.
 Wild Beasts, if here were any half so ravenous
 As those inhumane mankind monsters were,
 (That drew his blood and these unusual tears)
 Could not devour him all, some particle,
 Some remnant would be left to bless a Son with.
 But here is none but that too sure a sign
 For me to know the place by, where I left him.
 Part of the blood I saw run from him. O
 Dear hallowed blood inspire me with this kisse
 To find the fountain whence this stream did flow.
 I will not eat nor sleep until I know.
 No? canst thou tell me nothing? Then I'll take
 A Sample of the precious store was spilt,

To

To keep me still in memory of the guilt :
And of my vow, never to feed or rest,
Until I find him here, or with the blest. *Exit.*

Act III.

Enter Theodwald, and meet Ethelswick.

Theod. I have not known, nor read, nor heard
since I

Was of discretion to know any thing
Worthy a man's capacity of the like.

Eth. You are well met my Lord.

And you as welcome to the Court my Lord,
although a sad one.

Came you now from the King my Lord ?

Theod. Even now.

Eth. How left you him good my Lord ?

Theod. As the Physitians

I fear must shortly do ; not knowing what
To say to him.

Eth. Heaven bleffe the King, is he
So dangerously sick ?

Theod. He's sick enough

To be pray'd for my Lord :

Although I cannot properly call it

A sickness : I am sure 'tis a disease

Both to himself and all that come about him.

I fear he's brain-crack'd, lunatick and Frantick,
mad,

And all the Doctors almost as mad as he,

Because they cannot find the cause : something

They guesse afflicts his mind, but of what nature

It is, or how the strong conceit may grow

They

If you Lord *Ethelswick* were come to Court?
Whom the King sent for. *Exit Physitian.*

Theod. Sent the King for you,
After your long retirement in the Country?

Eth. He did indeed my Lord.

Theod. There's something in't then
That favours not of madnesse altogether.
That having put by your Antagonist,
The trouble of the Court, his favourite,
He sends for you immediately upon't.

Enter King, Jeffrey, Alfride, and Edelbert.

Here comes our Pilgrim King

King. Stand all apart.

To be compleatly arm'd from head to foot,
Cannot advance the spirit of a King
Above the power of love, nor to be clad
In poorest habit of humility
Can mortify the least of the desires
That love enflames man with. No outward dresse
Can change or make affection more or lesse.
I have tried all the wayes I can to conquer
Or to humiliate my raging passion,
Which still grows more predominant ore my
reason.

I find it in my self, and know my error,
Though no means to correct it. I do know
'Tis foully done to flight the Queen that loves me.
And it was an act no lesse unprincely
To cast into suspence my friendly servant
For what transgression was't in him to love
One fairer then my choice? before he knew
My wavering inconstancy. I know
Withal my punishment is just, how e're
My sufferings make me wish it less severe.
For my unjust removing of *Theodrick*,

I lose all helpful counsel, all relief,
That my oreburdend breaking heart cries out for.
Into his brest I could unload my grief,
Were it compos'd of ought but his abuse
I must not, dare not trust him with this story,
Left for redresse I meet revenge. Who's there ?

All. My Lord the King.

King. O you are welcome *Ethelswick*, I am now
To trust you in a serious affair.

Eth. My duty binds me to your Highnesse
service. *Kisses the Kings hand*

King. We will walk forth together *Ethelswick*.
Let none presume to follow. Not a man
Give the least motion this way on your lives.

Jeff. Not I, neam King ? wilt thou not take me
with thee ?

King. Pull the fool off me.

Jeff. O but they shall not neam, 'tis more then
they can do.

2 Lor. No Sir, we'l try.

King. Again, I charge you all that none
presume
To follow us.

Ex. King and Ethelswick.

Jeff. All ? wilt thou leave all thy fools behind
thee neam ?

1. Lor. All fools, Sir, shall be whipt.

Jeff. And where will you find wise men to whip
'em all ?

We shall make whipping one another shortly.
Trust me a trim Court-complement. I am advanc'd
To high promotion, am I not ? to wear long coats
again,

And feed on whipping cheer ? but hark you
Cousin Lord, do you reward fools at Court ?

1. Lor. Yes fool, if they deserve it.

Jeff. And is desert rewarded here too ?

1. Lor. Yes.

Jeff.

Jeff. Then 'tis desert gets whipping, and Fooling gets reward.

I'll not forsake the Court for that yet, where I hope to

Get enough to raise half my Country.

2. *Lor.* By what project I pray thee?

Jeff. By begging a monopoly, Cousin Lord. You know fools will

Always be begging, they are naturally inclin'd to it, Else none would be Courtiers.

4. *Lor.* And what is your monopoly?

Jeff. I hope the King will give it me, if the Lord that

Walk'd with him bring him in again as wise as He went out.

3. *Lor.* What is it thou wouldst beg?

Jeff. 'Tis a monopoly of fools my Lords. That the King

Would carry no fools with him but of my election, and

By my allowance, and that when he comes Back into his own Country, he bring no new Ones from thence, but by the same Authority.

1. *Lor.* And what price or fee will you set upon a fools head

For his admittance?

Jeff. According to the degree, or estate, or quality of the fool,

Cousin Lord.

2. *Lor.* This is a covetous and a politique fool.

Jeff. Not so politique Cousin Lord, as a Statesman that paid his

Head for his learning, nor so covetous as a Churchwarden

May be, when I am dead and gone. But as I was A saying, I'll use use my fools according to their quality

Or

Or breed. If he be a poor fool, I'll make him pay
the more

For't. If he be rich, I may be beholding to him
another way.

If he be a fool natural and poorly born, he's
Sure to pay enough for't. But if he have more
breeding

Then Capacity, and be a nobly descended fool, I'll
use him

The better for your fakes Cousin Lords, and the
rather because

I hope you will further my suit to the King.
And so

I'll wait his coming in at the back Stairs. *Exit.*

3. *Lor.* This is a precious Fool.

1. *Lor.* The King (would his infirmity give
leave)

Would be delighted in him.

2. *Lor.* I am glad

The King has chosen one yet to impart
(I hope) his grief unto.

3. *Lor.* But is it true,
The King sent for Lord *Ethelswick* to Court?

4. *Lor.* Now in his melancholy, and so presently
On the removing of his lov'd *Theodrick*.

1. *Lor.* It is most true, in which we may observe
A turn of State. Good *Ethelswick* was dear,

Dearly belov'd indeed by our late King,
And worthily deserv'd his royal Favour.

But with his son, our sovereign Lord that is,
Youthful *Theodrick* was prime man in grace,
And quickly shouldred *Ethelswick* from Court.

Theodrick's absence now resigns new place

For *Ethelswick* to reassume the grace.

Thus the Court-wheel goes round like Fortunes
ball,

One Statesman rising on another's fall.

Let's

Let's wait the coming of the King my Lord.

3. *Lor.* We are for the Woods to make a flight
or two

At the Pheasant *Edelberts.*

4. *Lor.* *Alfride* agreed.

Enter Anthynus.

Anth. To fast and watch is duty, and no Penance,
When such affairs as mine are in pursuit.
How dare I think of meat or sleep, which are
Such hindrances to a devotion
Whose least neglect would pull down Thunder
on me ;

And to take sense of weariness were a sin
Unpardonable. But to have lost 3. dayes
And tedious nights in painful diligence,
In such a search as this, for such a father ;
And now to lose the hope of finding him
Is torment unexpressible. Where ? which way
Shall I make further inquisition ?

Yes, I will on to the *Northumbrian* Court,
And make my griefs appear unto the King.
My wandring steps have almost lead me now
Unto his Court ; where if I may find grace,
Nay but humanity, I shall prevail
To have these woods, the dens of barbarous
Outlaws,
In which I lost my Father, strictly search'd.

(*Recorders*)

Ha ! do I hear or dream ? is this a sound,
Or is it but my fancy ? 'tis the musick,
The musick of the Spheres that do applaud
My purpose of proceeding to the King.
I'll on ; but stay ; how ? what a strange benum-
medness

Affails and siezes my exterior parts ?
And what a Chaos of confused thoughts

Does

Does my imagination labour with ?
 Till all have wrought themselves into a lump
 Of heaviness, that falls upon mine eyes
 So ponderously that it bows down my head,
 Begins to curb the motion of my tongue,
 And lays such weight of dulness on my Senses,
 That my weak knees are doubling under me.
 There is some charm upon me. Come thou forth
 Thou sacred Relique ! suddainly dissolve it.
 I sleep with deathlesse ; for if thus I fall,
 My vow falls on me, and smites me into Ruine.
 But who can stand against the power of Fate ?
 Though we foreknow repentance comes too late.

*Enter six Saxon Kings ghosts crown'd, with
 Scepters in their hands, &c. They come one
 after another to Anthynus ; then fall into a
 dance ; loud musick ; after the dance, the first
 leads away the second, he the third, so all :
 the last takes up Anthynus, and leaves him
 standing upright.*

Anth. Am I among the dead ? or in what Region
 Either of Earth or Air ? Heaven ? Hell ? or
 whither ?

Or into what am I translated ? Am I
 Alive, or dead, awake, asleep, a man,
 Or airy ghost ? or did I see or dream ?
 If now I be awake, and am *Anthynus*,
 That griev'd *Anthynus* who has lost a Father,
 Then did I see in apparition
 The ghosts of our 6. last West Saxon Kings,
 As each succeeded other now passed by me.
 Of which the last *Kenwalcus* our late King,
 And father to the Tyrannesse that banish'd
 Mine, seemed to take me up to his succession ;
 It were more idle then a dream can be,
 For me awake to think it possible

I should become a King, and of that land
 From which my father was exild ; it must
 Be then a dream. As I have heard of men
 That sleeping stand, nay walk and talk as I do,
 At least as I suppose. Now if I sleep
 Not having seen my father, I have broke
 My vow ; I'll rather think me dead ; then why
 Was I not blest with my dead Fathers sight ?
 Why was not he with King *Kenwalc* now
 That living lov'd him so ? O my wild thoughts !
 You are become a whirlwind in my brain
 Lifting me up to hurle me down again. (*Falls.*)

*Enter to him Alfride, Edelbert, and two followers,
 as from Hawking.*

Alfr. Go, carry home your Hawks ; they are as
 good
 As er'e made flight.

Edel. I would the King had seen
 (His melancholy set apart) our princely sport.

Alfr. I hope my good Lord *Ethelswick* by this
 time

Has tane the burden of his discontent
 (The cause of his strong malady) from his minde,

Edel. I rather think the King has lost him too
 Among the bushes, as he did us last night.

Alfr. 'Tis a strange humour in a King ; and as
 Unheard of a disease that works it in him
 To hide himself in by-Walks, Caves, and Thickets.

Edel. We shall search hollow Trees, and Crows
 nests shortly

For him, if these fits hold him.

Alfr. Blessè us ? look here,
 Is not this he ? a witch could not guesse righter
 Then thou hast done. Old *Ethelswick* has lost him ;
 And here's the King asleep.

Edel. This is the habit,

The

The Pilgrims weed he went in ; has he not
Ended his Pilgrimage here ? is he not dead ?

Alfr. No, he is warm ; and breathes like health
itself.

Edel. 'Tis so, my Lord, I vow he sleeps as if
All the seven sleepers had tane up their lodging
In his phantastick brain-pan.

Alfr. He has not slept
We know these four nights.

Edel. Hear you, my Lord the King.
I think he sleeps for them 4, and 4. more.
I'l undertake a drum, or a whole kennel
Of scolds cannot wake him.

Alfr. 'Tis the better for us.

Edel. I do conceive you ; for we'l take him home,
And have him put in bed before he wakes
If it be possible. (*up with him*) And there
When he has slept it out, he will perhaps
Be cur'd, and give us answerable thanks :
If not, and that he be offended for
The breach of his command, in coming near him ;
He shall ne're know who did it.

Alfr. Be it so.

Edel. Away then, softly, softly, so, so, softly.

Exeunt with Anthynus asleep.

Enter King as though to bed, and Ethelswick.

King. Now my good *Ethelswick*, I have told
thee all,
By which I find much ease, and hope to sleep :
But not to take a thought unto my fancy
By my soft dreams, but of my beauteous *Mildred*.
Nor will I in sleep or waking think of any
Other adventure, till I do attain
The sight of her, and prithee *Ethelswick*
Help me, and suddainly, in my device

How

How to contrive a journey secretly
Not with above one or two trusty servants
To make this blisseful visit.

Eth. There are wayes
Enough considerable, by which your Highness
May passe, and be receiv'd there undiscovered.
Seeming a private Gentleman, or a Pilgrim ;
But here will rise the difficulty, how
The misse of you at home will be receiv'd
By your Nobility and doubtful People ;
Who cannot long, not knowing where you are,
But rage in high desire to see your Majesty.

King. For that I'll give command before I go,
That no affairs of State or otherwise,
No not my diet nor Attendants
Shall passe to me but by your hands ; pretending
For twenty dayes a studious privacy,
To which your self shall only have admittance,
And take for all that come my Answers, which
Frame you as you think fit ; and who shall dare
To think me from my Closet or my Bed,
When you avouch me there ?
As for example, we are now in private,
Answer you all comers,
I am busie, or asleep ; see how they'l take it.

(*One knocks.*)

Eth. That tryal is soon made ; there's one
already ;
Who's there ? what's your businesse ?

Theod. Within. My businesse is to wait upon
the King ;
My Lord, you know me, I am *Theodwald*.

Eth. My Lord, the King is private, and desires
to be so ;
And needs now no attendance but mine own.

Theod. How fares his Majesty ?

Eth. Reasonable well.

Theod.

Theod. That's well, he was unreasonable well to day.

Good night, my Lord ; Let the King know I pray
I gave attendance. You understand Court-service
If it be not ith' eye, 'tis half lost.

Eth. Your service my Lord though the King
take it not in

At the eye, shall have entrance at the next
Door, the ear ; I'll make it known to him.

Good night. *Exit Theodwald.*

King. You see how easily he's answerd now ;
So will the rest hereafter when they find
It is my pleasure to be thus retir'd.

Eth. Who are you ? *another knocks within.*

Phyf. One that must have entrance ; the
Phyfitian ;

One that brings the King a Preparative to sleep.

Eth. What is't compos'd of Prayers and meditations ?

Phyf. My books yield no such reading.

Eth. Nor your Coat any such practice.

Phyf. I come not to be mock'd, but as you
tender

His Highnesse rest, let me approach him presently.

Eth. Good Sir, the King's at rest already.

Phyf. Not asleep ?

Eth. Fast, fast, and welcome Mr. Doctor.

Phyf. My Lord, you'll let him know my care I
hope.

Eth. I'll wake him with it when he has slept
enough.

Phyf. Believe't my Lord, it was my care that
charm'd him.

Eth. He had not slept this fortnight else I
warrant.

Phyf. Pray let him know so much.

Ex. Phyfitian.

King.

Alf. We durst have sworn we had had him fast enough here.

King. How?

Edel. Fast asleep Sir, asleep Sir, look you here.

King. Let's see your may-game.

Alf. Look you my Lord, and judge.

Edel. Or if your Majesty will know your self,
(A lesson which a King should not disdain
To learn) look here, and read the difference,
If you can find it.

King. Is he so like me to your apprehension?

Eth. I am amaz'd to see't; your own eyes, Sir,
Cannot in likenesse answer each the other,
More then this Face doth yours; his hands, his
legs,

All his dimensions bear the same proportion
To outward seeming as your Royal Person.
Nature herself were she now to behold
Her work on both of you, could scarce distinguish
By an exterior view, a difference.
Where did you find this sleeper?

King. Peace, no more, ne're question that; *Cupid*
has heard my prayers.
Who saw you take him up?

Edel. None but our servants,
Whom we dismis'd in the same faith that we
Were of our selves, that 'twas your Majesty;
And as we pass'd the Court none saw our carriage,
Which we brought thus obscur'd that none might
take
Notice of your infirmity.

King. 'Twas well done;
Be secret still; nay, I must charge you strongly;
And if my power be not a spell sufficient
To worke your secrecie, I'll take your heads
To mine own custody.

Both. Sir.

King.

King. Nay, I must trust ye ; harke you *Ethelw-
wick.*

Eth. I understand your course.

King. Come, into our bed with him ; gently, so :
Nay Sir, you shall have Noble Kingly usage ;
Never had stranger entertainment like him.
I'll give him all I have during his stay.
Exchange myself with him, and be beholding
To him besides for th' use I'll make of him.
I'll tell you all within : Love, that has sent
This blessing in my way, when I was in
So great a streight (I cannot think enough on't)
To bring new life unto my fainting hopes,
If now I serve thee not with strength and skill,
Remove me as a Rebel to thy will. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act IV. Scen. I.

Enter Offa, 2. Outlaws.

Offa. **Y**OU are sure they both are dead ?
1. *Outl.* Both dead and buried ;
The Mould is not more dead from which
The gold was tane, which we attend for,
Then are their corps.

2. *Outl.* Nor is the Mine so deep,
As we laid them in grave ; not out
Of charity, but for our own security.
That none might find or know them.

Off. That was well ; but are they dead indeed ?

1. You saw the old one dead before your sword
Fail'd you, and you gave ground.

2. When a mans sword is tane away, it fails him,
And when he runs away, he gives ground in our
Language.

1. Then

1. Then we being two against one, we lost
dispatched him.

2. Alas, he was e'en spent before, you saw
The worst of him.

Off. But he's dead to y'are sure?

1. Dead? fblood, I have told you three score
times

They are both dead; so is our fellow too, poor
Rogue:

He bid us take his share betwixt us, and drink it
To the health of all the Furies in hell, to use
Him the more kindly. Will you discharge us Sir?
we have

Waited for our hire, while we have lost another
bargain

Of blood worth two on't.

Off. They are both dead you say?

2. Give us our money Sir, and find 'em you
alive, we'll kill

'Em again for nothing; and you or any friend of
yours into

The bargain if you please.

Off. Stay; let me think.

1. What's the matter? your conscience sure is
crop-sick.

Off. My conscience tells me 'twas a bloody
business, and that

To pay the price of their dear blood were to
Augment my sin.

2. Is't come to this?—draw.

Off. Nay here's your money Gentlemen, but you
must stoop for't:

I dare not look upon the giving of it.

1. If that be all, the sight of it shall never
trouble you—oh. *they sink.*

Off. Ha, ha, ha. You have made my conscience
whole

Again

Again with laughing. Why took ye not your money with ye to

Drink among the Furies? Ha, ha, ha. D'ye hear my friends?

Pray stay, take your money; are you so

Quickly out of hearing? What shallow Rogues were

These till now? now they are deep enough, men of profound understanding; this Gimcrack I devis'd for

Their entertainment; where you shall fast and welcome

Gentlemen, till you have tried the conclusion, whether Famine

Can break stone walls; I am sure they are thick enough

To drown your cries, though they be lowder then the

Voice of vengeance. So ends their Scene. Some conscience now

Would ask me, why hast thou

Dispatch'd thy Father and thy Brother thus?

But mine informs me, I did very well.

Your reason Sir, replies the scrupulous conscience?

Mine roundly answers that my brother was

Elder then I, and by right to inherit

My Fathers fair possessions, of which

I have so sweetly tasted. But your Father

By a most dear and supernatural love

Gave you the greater blessing; & in time

Might have conferr'd all on you by your policy.

To this again I answer, that my Father,

Whose dotage meerly & not my deserts

Made him so good to me, might in my absence

Have idly grown as fond on tother side.

For to speak truth, and not to wrong the dead,

My brother was religious, pious, honest,

And was endued with all these unknown gifts
Which holy men call vertues ; which in the end
If they be suffer'd to run on will find
Double reward, they say. His could not be
Found here, but in my losse, and by my Father.
Now if they may be had ith' tother world,
I am so far from being their hinderance,
That I have sent them both the nighest way.
Many good reasons more I could deliver,
But that I am prevented.

Enter Mildred, Edith.

Ed. Ods my pity,
Be comforted good Madam, can you think
By casting down your selfe to raise them up
From death again ? what ? you have yet a Brother
May stead you for a Father, Husband,
Friend, or what you will.

Mild. Gentle Nurse, forbear me.

Off. Go prate among the servants.

Ed. I have a mind to watch you though a little

Off. Y'have heard the news, and mourn for't
perceive,

Of the unfortunate ends of our dear Father,
And our beloved brother.

Mild. E'en drowned in grieve too Brother.

Off. Troth I was

Sunk over head and ears ; but am crept out
Of sorrows lake e'en dropping dry, as they say ;
And have done what I can to shake it off.

And would now counsel thee, my beauteous Sister
To cleer those looks again, that only can
Revive my drooping heart, we only are
Left now to be each others comforter.

I have made known my love to you.

Mild. O my brother,

That knowledge is a grief of no lesse horror,

The

Then was the bloody news that pierc'd my heart.
Mention that love no more, nor call it love,
Which is but foul desire.

Off. Peace, hear but this,
D'you think it is not love? would I desire
You in that neereft kind, if I not lov'd you?

Mild. What? love a Sister so? are you a man?

Off. Sure I do hope so, and that you shall find it.

Mild. Can you unto your shame seek my dishonour?

To damn us both, in that abhorred way
Which by avoyding, man is best distinguish'd
From the most brutish beasts.

Off. Peace again.

Mild. I cannot, may not peace, nor suffer word
Importing such a purpose pierce mine ears.
Twice have I beaten back your monstrous lust,
(Could I but call it lust, it were too much
Though in a Monarch to my Virgin honour;
But in you beastly Incest) and before
I'll live in danger of one offer more,
I'll die by mine own hand.

Off. You shall not rob
Me so of my revenge, if you deny me.
And 'tis another argument of my love,
If 't please you to collect it, that you have liv'd
Till now, still obstinate. But be you warn'd
And take withal to your consideration
Your provident Father, and your valiant Brother,
(Whom you so priz'd above me) are not now
To oversee or side you.

Mild. He indeed
Was a most vertuous Brother.

Off. Therefore take
This for your latest warning;
This night to meet me in my full desires,
In your as free embraces, or pale death.

Go clear your eyes, and think on't ; but be let
 You think to do withal as I command you.
 I'll pitch thee headlong into Hell else. Come,
 I know thou wilt affect me ; can there be
 A neerer or more requisite love indeed
 Than the sweet mixture of a Brother and Sister !
 Well said, there was a blushing smile, that gave
 Thy full consent ; O thou wilt ravish me.

Mild. Pray, let me think a little.

Off. Prithce do,

Mild. H'as taught me to dissemble ; Heaven
 that knows

My thoughts are chaste and pure, will pardon me
 I hope, if to preserve my life and him
 From greater sin, I use a little of
 The art too too much practis'd among women,
 Of smooth hypocrisie. I know his heart is bloody ;
 And he may be too fuddain, if I win not
 Time on him, by some subtiler shift to wave
 His fool attempts, untill I get free
 Out of this gripe to use my liberty.

Off. What saies my Sister now ?

Mild. My Lord and brother.

Off. I marry, this begins well.

Mild. That I love

Your noble person, may am taken with it,
 With more than sisterly affection, is
 A truth no way to be dissembled ; you
 Already like a well read scholler find it,
 In *Cupid's* love-letters my friend, my maiden blushes.

Off. This has some sound in't.

Mild. But when I consider,

What scandal, or what too neer Affinity
 In noble blood, and the Nobility of our house,
 (Unfit to fall within the centre of the Law,
 Or the constructions of mens ruder manners)
 May cast upon us.

Off.

Off. Stay my lovely *Mildred* ;
What ? or whose eye, or thought, shall glance at us ?
Whilst we in safest privacy enjoy
The blisse of mutual pleasure.

Mild. It is yet
Too intricate a doubt for me to find
A resolution in. But my sweet Lord,
(Oh that I could not call you Brother) then
I would be nearer to you then a Sister.
So eager and so equal is my love
With yours ; if you please but to give me time,
But one weeks liberty, to frame my self
Obedient to your will in all, I now
Will give you a faithful pledge to render
The satisfaction you demand.

Off. A week ; what pledge ?

Mild. A loving kisse.

Off. You could not name a better,
Short of the further happinesse I covet.
Give me't.

Mild. But you shall swear by't that you will not
Abridge my liberty, nor urge your suit
Further these seven dayes.

Off. By this kisse I swear.

Mild. My patience never bought a kifs so dear.
But keep your vow.

Off. Well, well, I'll do my best.

Mild. He's not yet perfect, you must strive my
love,
To curb your hot desires, as I do mine.
I could my self dwell ever on your lips,
Never outgo the circle of your arms.
Could I but hope to be your wife. But O,
What I have promis'd you, I must allow
At the time limited ; till then urge it not.
For take my vow with yours, if you dare break it,
I dare to kill my self ; and by that time,

If I not yield my self unto your will,
My life is yours either to save or kill.

Off. Go, th'art a noble wench, enjoy thy liberty.

Enter Edith.

Ed. I have enough, listning is good sometimes.
Good Heaven! who would have thought it? stay,
Let me not be too hasty.

Off. Yet I fear
I shall hardly hold out a week;
'Tis a great while believe't in such a case
As this, for one to forbear his own Sister,
That has so good a mind to't. And perhaps
This may be cunning in her to delude me.
Were not I better take her by surprise,
In a soft sleep to night? sure I shall keep her
From killing of her self, till I be satisfied.
And then if she be weary of her life,
I may be kind enough to help her out on't;
Because she sayes she loves me. Out you Beldame,
How in the name of Lucifer cam'st thou hither?

Ed. O my good Lord, I do beseech your
Honour,
Forbear your fury; I have such a business.

Off. To eavesdrop have you not? I am not safe
Unlesse I kill this Witch.

Ed. My Lord, my Lord,
You are the Lord that I do look to live by.
And if I die my Lord, you lose the knowledge
Of such a secret.

Off. Pox upon your secret.

Ed. 'Tis such a privity.

Off. Hell take your privity.

Ed. You will repent in Hell my Lord, if you or
Should leave the world before you know the thing
t I can open to you; which when I ha
unfolded,

Kill me if you please. I did but watch occasion
To find you private to reveal it to you.

Off. Will you be brief then ?

Ed. Thus it is, my Lord,

My Lord, your Father's dead.

Off. And what of that ?

Ed. So is your elder Brother.

Off. So they say forsooth.

Ed. But are you sure th'are dead?

Off. I fear this jade

Has overheard me.

Ed. For d'ye see my Lord,

I would not in their life time have disclos'd
This hidden matter for a whole worlds good.
And thus it is, your Father and your Brother
Being dead, Heaven rest their souls.

Off. Whats that to me ?

Ed. Nothing my Lord, but now comes that
concerns you ;

Your Father and your Brother being gone,
(Heaven rest their souls) there I begin.

Off. You began there before, if that be the
beginning,

Your for ever world without end
We shall never come at it.

Ed. Now that concerns you ;

You think you have a Sister.

Off. Do I but think so?

Ed. No truly my good Lord, you do but think so.

Off. Is *Mildred* dead? has she destroy'd herself?

Now since she left me here, to spight my love.

Ed. You hear me not say so, I saw her not
Since I left both of you together here.

Off. Unfold your riddle Sphinx, I'll dig it else
Out of your rotten belly. What's your meaning?

Ed. *Mildred* is not your Sister.

Off. How? not my Sister?

Ed.

Ed. Not your own natural Sister.

Off. Because she is unnatural; didst thou but know

What a poor easie request she deny'd me
Thou wouldst say she were unnatural indeed.

Ed. I mean, she was not born of the same mother,
Nor got by the same father that you were.

Off. Speak that again; make but that good, I'll
Saint thee.

Ed. My Lord, I can and will maintain it; I,
Not only for some wrong she did me lately,
Nor for the good my Lord that you may do me,
Though all the estates your own when she's discarded;

But to let truth appear, which has been long
A burden, and an heavy burden, though I say't;
And so will any woman say, 'tis to keep counsel
So many years together as I have done,
I had much a doe to keep it in, I wis,
In my good old Lords dayes. Lord how he lov'd her!
But few men know their children, that's the truth
on't;

And let that go.

Off. I, quickly to the point.

Ed. The point is this, I lov'd my old Lord well;
Therefore was loth to grieve him, and I lov'd
My good old Lady better; therefore I kept
Her counsel to this hour: You now are all
That's left of 'em; and whom should I love now
But your sweet self my Lord? I'll tell you all:
This *Mildred*, whom you so long call'd Sister,
Was not your Fathers, nor your Mothers child;
But in the absence of your Father, when
Sixteen years since he was sent by the King
Upon an embassie, your mother then with child,
By sad mischance brought forth a still-born babe;
At the same time a Lady nobly born

Whose

Whose husband was in Exile, brought forth this,
This Lady *Mildred*.

Off. Then she is nobly born?

Ed. Yes, and by womans flight, of which this is
Not first example, th' Infants were exchange'd;
Because your loving father might find joy
In a fair daughter at his home-return.

Off. Canst thou prove this?

Ed. If in three dayes I do not
Make it appear most plain to you, multiply
Your wrath upon me.

Off. Do so; and dost hear?

I'll never call old woman witch hereafter
What e're I think. We may be married now,
And *Mildreds* love may freely answer mine.
We now may safely mix, and to 't again,
Strange strong events are labouring in my brain.
Come you with me. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Ethelswick, and Edelbert.

Eth. What fury has possess'd 'em? all our art,
And the Kings policy will be prevented,
By the brain-giddiness of these wilful Lords.

Edel. We have no way my Lord, but to give way
Unto their violent rage, and quit the Court.

Eth. And since we can make good our place no
longer,
Post after our King Master, and leave them
With their new King at home here, that's as mad
As they.

Edel. And madder too; I cannot wonder
More what he is, then at the fate that sent him.

*Enter Theodwald, Eaufride, Guard, Physitian,
2 Attendants.*

Theod. My Lord, both in the King and States
behalf,

In

In which you may excuse us.

Eauf. Sh't, sh't, let him take it
How he or will or dare, we have agreed.
The body of the Council have decreed it
You must depart the Court.

Eth. Must?

Eauf. Must and shall,
You and your trim confederate; you have had
The rule here over your Ruler, till you have made
him

Wild, frantick, mad, and us too; God forgive me
For saying so, almost as mad as he;
I hope it is no treason.

Edel. No, cause you said almost;
But had you said you had been full as mad,
You had pass'd a Subjects boldnesse.

Eauf. Take 'em hence;
Thrust 'em out oth' Court.

Theod. Nay, without violence.

Eth. Well my Lord, when we see the King in's
wits,

We'll tell him of our usage, that he may thank you.

Eauf. In the mean time go travel on adventures,
Whilst we do our indeavour to amend
What you have marr'd by screwing the Kings brain
Into the nick of Order once again.

(Put forth a bed, Anthynus on it bound)

See, see, my Lord, how they have kept him dark,
Manacl'd and bound on's bed? was ever King
Us'd thus? for pities sake unbind him quickly.

Anth. What Fiends or Fairies are ye?

Phyf. Let his passion
A little vent it self, e're you unbind him.

Anth. What? new tormentors? or into what way
Of further mischief do ye mean to throw me?

Theod. We come to bring your Highnesse
comfort.

Anth.

Anth. Highness?

Have you that mockery for me too? I told
The rest that flav'd me with that attribute,
From whence I came, who, what I was, and all
The story of my fathers wrongs, and mine
(Too many ever to have been, but heaven
Mark'd 'em out for us) and I told 'em too
What I had undertane by Watching, Fasting,
Prayers too (unfit to boast of) with the Industry
I practic'd to have found my wounded Father.
For which (as though I durst have faith in merits)
They mock'd me with the title of a King,
And bound me here as they thought to believe it.
'Tis a new way of punishment; and were due
To one that thought his duty meritorious.
But I will break these Gives, and with my teeth
Tear off these manacles.

Phyf. O do not strive my Liege.

Anth. Thy Liege, Dog-leech? are you at that
garb too?

I wish I had one finger loose to fillip out
Thy brains and skill together for the Ratcatchers.

Phyf. He thinks my skull's made but of urinal
mettal.

Theod. Be patient Sir.

Anth. Sir, yet may be endured.

Eauf. Have but a little patience, we'll unloose
you.

Anth. A grave perswasion to a man that's tied
to't.

Humb, humb, humb.

Eauf. Beshrew their beards that us'd him thus
to vex him.

How do you like him Doctor?

Theod. Did you mark
His talk of wrongs, and of a wounded Father?
And how he will not hear of being a King?

Phyf.

Phyf. I, all, all, I know all ; ſuch fancies fall
Naturally into this diſeaſe, which now
Is almoſt a wild Phrenſie, that will ſeldome
Suffer the Patient think himſelf to be
The perſon that he is ; nor oftentimes the Creature,
But ſome four-footed Beaſt, or feather'd Fowl :
But could I faſten but a ſlumber on him,
Which muſt be the firſt entrance to my work.

Anth. Have you concluded yet your barbarous
council ?

If not, take my advice with ye : call the King,
The King with whoſe authority you ſcorn me ;
Let him but hear (for you will never tell him)
From my own lips how willingly I'll give
My voice unto his marriage ; and I'm ſure
He'll ſet me free ; at leaſt by death.

Eauf. Alas,
What King ? what freedome would you have ?
You are our King, and ſhall command your
freedom,
And all our lives, would you but ſleep a while.

Anth. Sleep ? make no doubt of that ; look, I
can ſleep,
With as much eaſe as one bound in a Cart,
Driving to execution. But do you hear ?
My vow was not to ſleep nor eat untill
I had perform'd a work, which I ſhall never,
Never accompliſh, now my vow is broken.
For they by witchcraft charm'd me into ſleep,
And tempted me with meat at unawares,
Before my ſleep-drown'd ſenſes were collected ;
And put me on theſe unknown garments here,
With an hayl Maſter ; ſo betray'd me into
This irkſome folly, or this fooliſh thralldome.

Theod. 'Twas a raſh vow, and ſo well broke ;
you now
Shall be releas'd : unbind him at my peril.

THESE

These rigorous courses have done hurt upon him ;
We have provided otherwise to please you ;
For we have call'd *Theodrick* home again
Your Favourite, whose absence was a grief to you ;
Naymore, because 'tis thought your languishing love
Bred your distemper, we have taken care
For hastning of your marriage ; your fair Queen
Is sent for, and at hand to ease your sorrow.

Anth. My Favourite, and my Queen ! leave
these abuses ;

My hands and feet are now at liberty

(Strikes and kicks.)

Theod. So is our duty, and if your Majesty
Will tread our due allegiance into dust,
We are prepar'd to suffer.

Anth. Would to heaven,
I could unfold this mystery.

Eauf. See my Lord,
Theodrick is come.

Ent. Theodrick.

Theodr. Most gracious Sir,
That I have suffred under your displeasure,
In being barr'd your presence, which no lesse
Then the all cheering Sun gave life to me,
Was not so much my grief, as not to know
What my transgression was ; and let me now
Implore your mercy so far as to name it ;
Which if I cannot cleer me of, I'll lose my life, and
willingly.

Anth. If I could think this serious, 'twere enough
Almost to turn my sorrows into laughter.

Theodr. O turn not from me royal Sir, t'augment
Your Highnesse displeasure ; but in case you will
not

Be pleas'd to name my trespassse, give me leave
To speak what I suppose has troubled you,

And

Hinder me not unlesse I prophesie,
 Kings, Fools and Favourites never shall agree.
 And many years after we are in our graves,
 Fools shall be Knights, and Favourites shall be-
 known

From black Sheep, I prophesie.

Oh ho, she comes, she comes ; now neam King,
 Bear up stiff before and meet her. Here's a day,
 And a night towards indeed. Oh ho, the house
 Begins to reel already, and all our brains turn
 Round ; oh ho.

Enter Ushers bare, Kelriick and Elkwin, Theodwald and Eaufride, a Cardinal, the Queen, two Ladies bearing up her Train, Followers, the Queen Bertha kneels, Anthynus as King takes her up ; kisses her ; they confer ; the four Lords salute and confer ; Theodwald and Eaufride give their supposed Kings hand to the Cardinal. Kelriick and Elkwin give their Queens hand to the Cardinal ; the Cardinal joyns their hands, Anthynus and Bertha kisse ; all the Lords embrace ; then Exeunt in state as before.

Jeff. Oh what a night will here be ? what a night will here be ?

What a beast am I ? that I have not at least half
 A score of my wholesome Countrey Lasses with
 child now,

That forty weeks hence the Queen might have her
 Choice of Nurfes ; there had been a thriving way
 to raise

My fortunes indeed. Oh what a night will here be !

Exit.

Act.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Mildred, Offa.

Mild. **H**Elp, help, oh help.

Off. Your cries will be in vain.
'Tis not in the power of any flesh but yours
To allay, or to prevent my heat of blood.

Mild. O you diviner powers that ordain'd
chastity

To be a vertue, lend your strength to guard it.

Off. Thy cries shall be as fruitless as thy life
If thou offend'st me with 'em ; hear but this
Impertinently peevish maid, and tremble
But to conceive a disobedient thought
Against my will. Canst thou without my favour
Be better then a begger ?

Mild. Yet a begger
Is better then a Whore.

Off. How canst thou judge
That knowst not what is either ? let a wench
That knows what's what, or has been both, main-
tain it ;

But this is from the purpose ; I am so far
From casting of thee off to be a begger,
As I intend to make thee my rich equal,
And not a Whore, but wife ; you know your
Nurse

Has undertaken to find it lawful for us
To marry ; and canst thou with modesty
Deny me present pleasure, that within these three
dayes

Shall confer honour on thee for thy life ?

Mild. Would you first spoil my honour to
repair it ?

Off. 'Tis mine when I contract for't.

Mild. Not before
Our Covenant is pass'd ; that is, the Priest
Has joyn'd our hearts and hands.

Off. By this account,
A man backs not his Horse before he's paid for't ;
Nor puts his nose into a house before
He buyes the Lease on't ; leave your precise folly,
Madam formality ; force me not to force thee,
Yield with that very breath thou now drawest in,
Or it returns thy last. *Enter Edith.*

Ed. My Lord, my Lord.

Off. This Witch or Divel haunts me.

Ed. O my Lord,
I told you late a wonder ; I bring now
A miracle, a miracle.

Off. What with a mischief ?

Ed. Your Brother is surviv'd from death again ;
My Lord *Anthynus* is come home and safe,
The Heavens be prais'd.

Mild. O grant that it be true.

Off. Out Hag.

Ed. Nay, run me in as far as you can if I lie ;
Up to the Hilt if I lie.

Off. What canst thou mean by this ?

Ed. Nay, what he means I knew not, for he
denies his name,
Sayes he is not *Anthynus*, but a *Northumbrian*
Gentleman ;

And desires conference with my Lady *Mildred*
From the fine Lord was here (what call you him ?)
The Kings great Favourite ; But if I am I,
If you are you, if any thing be any thing,
It is *Anthynus*. *Ex. Mildred. Ex. Edith.*

Off. Go you to your Chamber,
And be not seen I charge you. Let him enter,
But first send in my servants.

I did mistrust he liv'd ; O those false Villains,

That

*Enter Carpenter, Mason, Smith, in Devils habits ;
two dark Lanthorns, a Pickaxe and a Rope,
with an Engine fastned to a Post, and a bunch
of Picklocks.*

Mas. Prethee tread softly yet a little further,
And we are safe.

Smi. Hark, heard ye nothing ? whist.

Carp. I never knew Thieves so timerous as you
are.

Can we expect a booty without boldnesse ?
Besides, have we not shap'es if we were spyed,
Able to fright better Believers then
My politick Lord oth' house here.

Mas. Hark prethee.

Carp. All's sure I warrant thee.

Smi. I pray it prove so.

Carp. Pray on I prethee ; prayers become this
coat,

Like swearing in a Surplisse ; tush, they are all,
All the whole house asleep, and I heard nothing
As we pass'd through it, but usuall sleepy sounds,
Puffing and blowing, snorting, farting, and such like.
Yes, I cry mercy, as we pass'd by the Butlers
chamber,

I heard his bed crackle shrewdly, and I doubt,
The Dary-maid and he were jumbling of
A Poffet together. Come, now we are safely
arriv'd at the

Fountain of our hopes, the well of comfort. 'Smith,
lay

Down your Picklocks, they have done well their
office in our passage hither. Mason,
Advance your Pickaxe, whilst the Carpenter
squares out

Our new work ; now for the honour of Artificers ;
here, here,

Here

Here is the Trap-door, the mouth of the rich mine,
which

We'll make bold to open. And let men of our
Occupations

Learn the way that many grow rich by, and
No body knows how they come by their wealth.
That

Is, when they make such concavities as these, for
Rich men to hide their treasure in, that they
Make also a privy way for themselves to come and
Take a share on't.

Maf. This covetous Lord by this time has
laid in

An unknown deal of wealth, I warrant you.

Smi. But we'll not take away too much at once.

Carp. No, we'll but piddle; we'll not take above
A thousand pounds to night. (*opens*) So, I'll go
down;

And when I shake the rope, then crane me up
again; give me one of

The Lanthorns: So, so, so, let me down hand-
somely;

I'll warrant you money, the Diver and all before
day yet.

Smi. Nay, if we get off clear but with a thou-
sand pound

Amongst us, it will serve for drinking

Money till we come for more.

Maf. This money will come luckily for a better
purpose,

I have three bastards at nurse and a fourth in the
Paniers.

The rope stirs; pull lustily, this pull for a

Thousand pound. (*Outlaw comes up*)

Smi. I fear 'tis light gold, methinks he does not
weigh

So heavy as he went down. Comrade, what hast
thou Brought?

Brought? what ail'st thou? canst not speak? I
hope thou

Wert not frightened.

1. *Outl.* O help! where am I? drawn from one
hell into another? ha!

Maf. Come, leave your fooling, what money
have you?

1. *Outl.* Had I the price of Kingdoms I'd give all
But for one bit of meat; but I have none.

Smi. Slid, he would cosen us; how do you look
when you lie?

Oh me!

Maf. What ailest thou?

Smi. This is not he; it is a gasty spirit.

1. *Outl.* What? are you men?

Maf. Yes, but we have play'd the Divels, till
we have

Got a spirit betwixt us.

1. *Outl.* If you be men, help me to food, a little
food.

Maf. What art thou that canst look thus
Piepickt, Crowtrod, or Sparrow-blasted? ha!

1. *Outl.* O, I am pin'd with hunger.

Maf. Here, stay thy stomach; there's a crust I
brought

To stop the open mouth of the Mastive, if he had
flown at us.

Carp. O pull, pull away.

Smi. There he is now I am sure.

Carp. I shall be devour'd else.

Maf. What's the matter Fellow?

Carp. Take his teeth out o'me, I cannot tell you
else.

(Pull up Carp. an Outl. hanging on him.)

Maf. O Cannibal! wilt thou eat a Carpenter?

2. *Outl.* O meat, meat, if you be men.

Maf.

Maf. No, we are Divels ; but here's. another
crust for thee
What e're thou art ; we have play'd the Thieves to
Very good purpose.

Carp. He has gnaw'd a piece of my Flank out
with's teeth ;
And mis'd very narrowly certain members of more
moment,
They'd have gone down glib with him ; now in the
Divels name, what are ye ?

Smi. Until their crusts be done they cannot
tell us.

Maf. Come, I do suspect the subtilty of this
cruel politick
Lord ; would we were well out on's house. No
noise my
Masters, and we'll bring you to meat enough ; and
then
We'll hear your story, and tell our own ; a word more
Here, may cost all our lives.

Smith. Take up your tools and lead the way.

Enter Mildred and Edith.

Smi. Come, softly, softly then.

Mild. I will away this night.

Maf. Peace, hark.

Ed. But Madam.

Mil. Had you the only Tongue of all perswasion,
So much I prize my life, and honour more,
I would not misse this opportunity
For all that you could say.

Smi. Are not these Sprites ?

Carp. No evil ones I'll warrant, they are so white ;
Hark a little more.

Ed. To night he's troubled 'bout *Anthynus*
coming,
So that he will not think of lust or wantonneffe.

Mild.

Mild. That trouble keeps him waking; and I fear
Will rather spur him forwards then withhold him.

Smi. They talk methinks; but I cannot hear
what

For shaking.

Carp. Take heed thou dost not jingle thy Pick-
locks; slid,

They'l ring up the house like a larum bell.

Ed. Well, since you are so resolute, would we
were out of the

House once, if we be taken, 'tis not the price of
A million of Maiden-heads, as the market goes,
can save

Our lives.

Carp. Good, I have found what sprites they be.
They

Must needs be the wenches that I suspected were in
The Butlers chamber, and made the stiff standing
bedstead that

I set up but last week, crack like a wicker chair.

Ah Rogues! I heard ye.

Ed. Oh me! we are undone and taken.

Maf. I'm glad 'tis no worse.

Carp. Peace, if you have a mind to scape out
oth' house alive.

Mild. Come Nurse, my fear is over, if they be
Men, and bring us out oth' house,

They cannot be so dangerous as he I scap'd.

Carp. Did he so put thee to't, my little Buffle-
pate? what a stout blade's this Butler?

Mil. These are good Fellows Nurse.

Carp. Yes faith, and fear you nothing for all our
divelish

Outsides; if we scape out o' the house, you scape,
and

If we fail, our necks are sure to hang by 't; and so
On there afore once more in the name of darknesse.

Off.

Off. If my attempt now fail, may my repulse
Strike lust for ever out of countenance.

(Ent. Offa, light and Dagger.)

It is decreed she sleeps with me or death.

1. *Outl.* S'death, it is he.

2. *Outl.* Let us fall to and beat him.

Carp. As you can hope for meat again, or life,
Look big, and use no words ; and so glide by.

Off. The night, the place, her fate, and my
desire,

Do all conspire unto my wish'd advantage.
And so I come coy Damofel.

*(Hide the women under their habits, and so Exeunt
all but Offa.)*

Ha ? how ? why ? where ? who ? or what can you
or I be ?

They are all gone, and I am tottering left
Upon an Earthquake ; gentle, holla, holla,
Set not too hard old Ops, thou'lt shake thy rider,
Through thy chinky wrinkles into Limbo.

I shall sinke piecemeal if thou trot so hard.

So, so, so, Holla, holla, gentle earth.

Open not here, not near that part of thee
That has but now disgorg'd those famish'd ghosts,
That with the Furies would have beckned me

Along to hell with 'em ; so, let me down,

I must not follow yet, but sleep and think upon't.

I will come time enough you need not fear.

But first creep back to bed, as nothing were.

Enter Ofriick, Ethelfwick, Edelred, Alfride.

Ofr. You have told me wonders, which have
pierc'd my soul

With horror and amazement ; yet I must confesse,
In

In all that I am like to suffer, heaven is just,
Whilst wrath my wilfulnesse has pull'd upon me ;
Yet pardon, since thou gav'st me that affection
That wandred with me in this oblique course,
This unquoth way, with which I have not stray'd *
Further then love might lead an humane frailty.

Eth. You do consider well, my Lord, and we
Beseech you strive to counter-check these crosses
Still with your Kingly reason.

Ofr. Yes, and fall upon our present businesse;
there you find me

Out of a spacious Kingdom of mine own,
Shut in a narrow Prison ; whilst the brother
Of her, whose love I came to seek, has married
The Queen I might have had ; before I have seen
His Sister ; there was a quick expedition.

Eth. My Lord, for that before you left the
Court

In your suppos'd distraction ; the ore-busie Lords
Eaufride and *Theodwald*, out of strong conceit
The sight of her would cure you, feign'd your
letters

Which fetch'd the Queen ; then banish'd us the
Court,

Before we could take notice ; we had been
Strong Traitors else to let that match go forwards.
Nor heard we of it until now the Post
That brings the news oth' Kings and Queens
approach

Arriv'd here in the City.

Ofr. All think him then their King still ?

Eth. Yes, yes, and though he told us who he was ;
The overwise Lords imputed that to his madnesse.

Ofr. It seems he was not so mad, but he could
take

The Queen into my bed.

Eth. Where she lik'd him so well

That

Keep. You are call'd unto your Trial.

Ofr. Who are my Judges?

Keep. Those that are bribe-free I dare warrant 'em.

It may perhaps go somewhat the harder with you ;

For nothing but white innocence can quit you,
Pray heaven you hav't about you ; even the King
And Queen, the Queen and King I should have said,

For she's our Sovereign, 'tis her Law must do it.

Ofr. What King do you mean then ?

Keep. King *Ofriick* ; you know nothing.

Ofr. Yes, I know him as well as he knows himself.

Keep. Take heed Sir what you say.

Ofr. I fear him not,

But am as good as he ; now carry me for something.

Mild. O pray take heed.

Keep. How ?

Mild. Peace, he did not say so.

Keep. Slid, he's as mad as his brother *Offa*.

Ofr. Is *Offa* mad ?

Keep. O quite besides himself, and talks the strangliest

Of his fathers murder, your running away

And the desire he has to hang his brother here ;

And then he is haunted with sprites too, they say ;

You will know all anon ; will you go my Lord ?

Ofr. Yes, will you be so kind as to see my Trial ?

Mild. Indeed I must not leave you.

Keep. 'Tis a kinde part indeed, and may become
A Sister ; like the wife that would not leave
Her husband till she saw him totter.

Set the best foot forward, and the best face

You can, my Lord, upon the businesse. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes.

Hoboys.

Enter Theodwald and Eaufride, Kelrick and Elkwin, Theodrick, Anthynus and Bertha.

Omn. Long live King *Osfrick* and Queen *Bertha*.

Anth. I joyn with ye in your wishes for the Queen ;

And wish well to King *Osfrick* as a stranger.

Omn. How's this ?

Anth. But will no longer personate him ;
For now be it known to you that I am no *Osfrick* ;
But he that warns you call me so no more.

Bert. What means my love ?

Anth. Nay, Madam, 'tis most serious.

Kelr. Elkw. Blessè us !

Theodw. He's madder now then e're he was.

Eauf. I am at my wits end too ; if marriage
Will not tame him, I know not what to say to't.

Anth. I have told you truth, and your fair grace
can witnesse

How violently I was thrown upon the fortune,
I thank those provident Lords, against my vow.

Bert. I take it as the providence of Heaven ;
And from the Son of that most injur'd Father,
Whom now in my joys strength I could shed tears for.
I yield you are my head, and I your handmaid.

(She sets him down, and kneels ; he takes her up.)

Eauf. So, so, a few nights trial has got her liking
For ever fast enough ; what notable old Cock-
combs

Have we been made ? nay, made our selves indeed.

Anth. Now further know, my Lords, I am

Anthynus,

The Son of that old honest Lord, 'gainst whom
Your sulphurous malice kindled the Queens anger.

Elkw. Who'l have an head now for an half-
penny ?

Kelr.

Kelr. And for tother two Tokens mine into the Bargain.

Enter Keeper, with Ofriick, Ethelswick, Edith, Alfride, Edelred, Guard.

Keep. Make way there for the Prisoner.

Eauf. See King *Ofriick*.

Theodw. I, this is our King indeed.

Theodr. O let me wash your feet Sir with my tears.

Ofr. Thy trespasses is thine honour my *Theodrick*, And I must thank your care my Lords, as it deserves,

Your over-reaching care to give my Dignity As much as in you lay unto another.

And for your Letters counterfeit in my name, By which the Queen is mock'd into a marriage.

Theodw. That was your policy, your wit, my Lord.

Eauf. A shame on't. Would I were hang'd, that I

Might hear no more on't.

Bert. Fair Sir, the Queen is pleas'd, and hopes you are

In her that's so much fairer in your thoughts.

Anth. My Sister Mildred.

Ofr. Yes, my noble Brother, She stands in fortune equal with your self, In being mine.

Anth. But not great Sir, untill You are acquitted of my fathers murder.

Ofr. I am clear of that, as I am not *Anthynus*.

Anthynus is accus'd, not *Ofriick* Sir, Your father is required at your hands.

Bert. Ha!

Arn. But his accuser reads another lesson
Now Madam, *Offa* brought bound in a chair.
Off.

Off. Whither do you hurry me ?
If I must answer't, give me yet some time,
To make provision of befitting Presents,
To supply the hard hands of my stern Judges,
Into a tender feeling of my cause:
I know what *Eacus* loves, what *Minos* likes,
And what will make grave *Radamānthus* run.

Anth. He is distracted.

Arn. Yes, and speaks hainous things
Against himself, both of my Lords murder,
And an intended rape against his Sister.

Anth. Incestuous monster !

Off. Hark, how the Divil lies ;
I have no Sister.

Ed. How he's possess'd
Of that strange error ? I must satisfy you ;
That was meerly feign'd by me to save her honour
From his outrageous lust.

Arn. But here comes that
Clears all at once.
Welcome my honour'd Lords.

(Enter *Segebert*, *Alberto*, *Jeff.* Outlaw.)

Jeff. A boon, a boon, my gracious Liege.

Arn. Hold your peace fool.

Seg. My Son *Anthynus* living ?

Ofs. You are my Father in your Daughters right

Seg. My blessing on my Girle.

Ofs. But see *Anthynus* at a greater height.

Anth. My Father.

Bert. And my Father noble Sir.
Your pardon, and for ever welcome.

Seg. If this were real now, and not a Dream !

Jeff. Come, leave your fooling, hear a wife man
speak :

Great King according unto thy behest

With Knights adventurers I went in quest,

³⁵ VOL. III.

Through

Through the Woods and Forrests wild
 To scoure the Dens of Outlaws vild ;
 Whence these old men, this Knave I bring
 Together with this Starveling ;
 Whom I present not dead, but quick
 Unto thy grace King *Ofriick*.

Arn. Look this way fool,
 This is King *Ofriick* man.

Jeff. Whose fool am I then ?

Ofr. Mine.

Mild. And mine.

Anth. Mine.

Bert. And mine.

Jeff. Whoop, hold a little, best let me be every
 bodies fool

Round about the house.

But amongst you all, let me not lose reward ;
 I must not fool for nought ; the times are hard.

Ofr. Still the fool's covetous.

Bert. I ow thee a just reward, for I proclaim'd
 To him that brought this man alive or dead
 A thousand crowns ; but since thou art so fortunate
 To bring him home alive and well recover'd
 Out of such danger—

Jeff. I shall have nothing shall I ?

Bert. I'll double thy reward, give thee two thou-
 sand crowns.

Jeff. It is enough in conscience ; who bids more ?
 For till you are out-bidden, I'll be your fool.

But can you tell whose Favourite you are then ?

Theodr. Where I was first, I'll ever wish to be.

Ofr. And I'll be thine, *Theodrick* ; for thou in this
 Hast above favour shewn me unto blisse.

Seg. I have perform'd your Majesties command,
 Though not in sending, yet in bringing home
 My banish'd friend, Lord *Alberto*, the preserver
 Of my now happy life.

Bert.

Bert. It shall be to his honour ; welcome *Alberto*,

Outl. Oh what an heavenly smell of meat is here !

Seg. All the unhappiness I now can see
Is but an argument of tears for thee,
In whom I'm justly punish'd.

Anth. Take him hence
From my grieved fathers sight.

Seg. And pray let care
Be had for his recovery ; his senses may
Bring a new soul into him, for which I pray.

Off. What am I freed ?

Arn. Yes, yes, my Lord, all's well.

Off. I knew my bribes would do it.

Jeff. I'll off with him, for 'tis unknown to you
What good a fool may on a mad man do.

Ex. Arn. Offa, Jeffrey.

Seg. This sword was evidence enough against
him ;
But here's one of the Outlaws that confess'd it ;
For whom, since he is penitent, I beg pardon.

Mild. The other two his fellows are both extant :
For whom together with three theevish workmen
That were strong instruments in my delivery,
Let me beg mercy.

Anth. I have heard of them that robb'd my
brothers Jewel-house.
'Tis a day of grace,
And we are taught by heavens abundant mercy
Shewn upon us beyond our expectation,
To imitate that goodnesse.

Bert. I forgive
All on my part.

Ofs. I pardon all on mine.

Bert. And now right royal Sir, let me entreat
For former love, to make our last compleat,

You

You will be pleas'd a month with us to stay
In triumphs to commemorate this day.

Ofr. Next to my sum of happineffe my Bride,
I should have fought that honour, royal Sister.

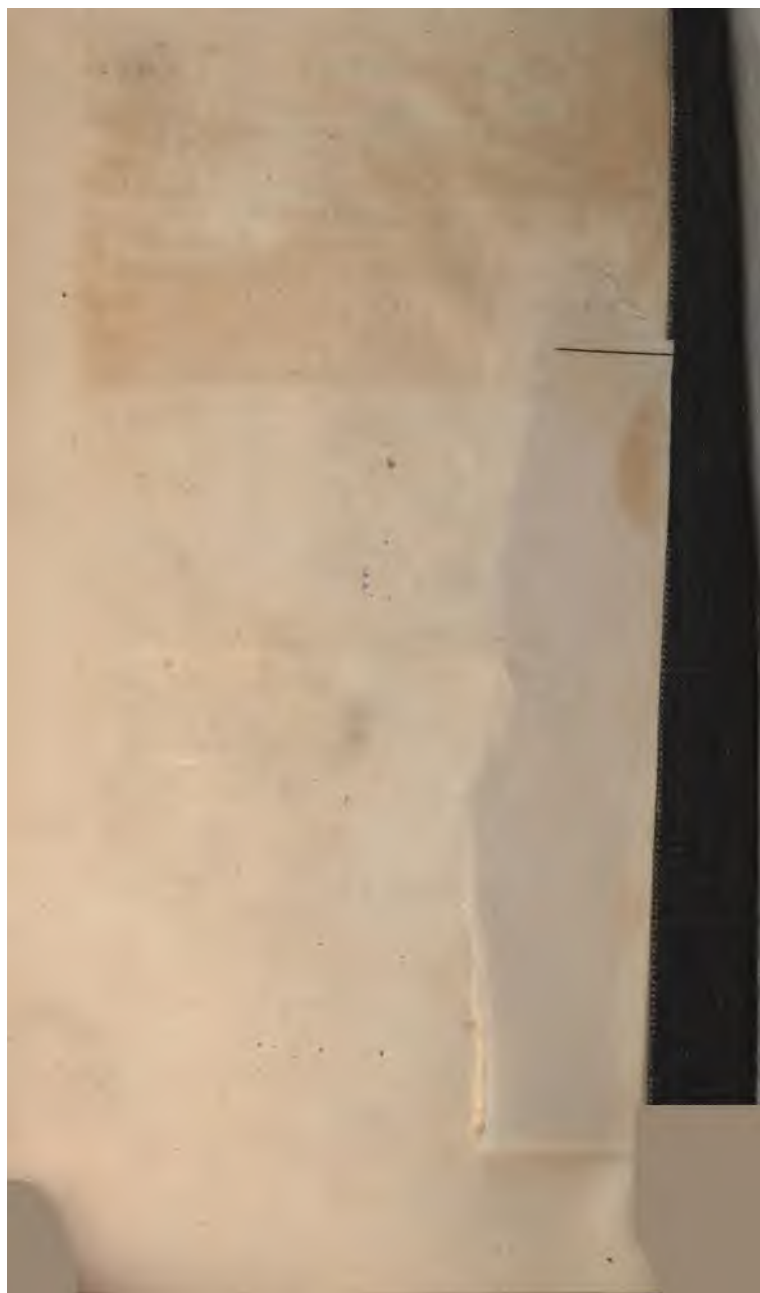
Anth. Thus through tempestuous sighs and
showres of tears
Joy at the last more cheerfully appears.

Exeunt.

RIC. BROME.

Deus dedit his quoque Finem.

FINIS.



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